"Londuḃ an Ċairn"

SONGS OF THE IRISH GAELS

MARGARET HANNAGAN
AND
SEAMUS CLANDILLON

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Londubh

"Londuḃ an Ċairn"

BEING

SONGS OF THE IRISH GAELS

IN STAFF AND SOL-FA

With English Metrical Translations

VOL. I

EDITED BY

Máiġréad Ní Annagáin agus Séamus de Clanndiolúin

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Díonḃrollaċ

Binn sin, a Loin Doire an Ċairn
Ní ċualas i n-áird 'san mbiṫ
Ceól ba ḃinne ná do ċeól
Agus tú fá ḃun do nid.

Aen ċeól is binne fá'n mbiṫ
Mairg naċ éisdir sir go fóill
A ṁic Alpṗruinn na gclog mbinn,
'S go mbéarṫá arís ar do nóin.

FOREWORD

Melodious are thy lays, O Blackbird of Derrycarn!
I have never heard in any place on earth
Music sweeter than thy tune
While perched beneath thy nest.

The one music sweetest in the world
Pity thou hast not heard it for awhile,
O son of Alphruin of the sweet bells,
You could then resume your chanting.

—(*Dialogue of Oisin and St. Patrick.*)

i gcuiṁne ar

Risteárd de h-Indeberg,

Sagart breáġ Gaeḋealaċ

Cuisle na h-Éigse

agus

Ceoltóir binn rug bárr na hÉireann,

do cuireaḋ an leaḃar seo le ċéile.

Solus na Soillse dá anam gléigeal.

To the Memory of

THE REV. RICHARD HENEBRY, Ph.D.,

an ardent champion and an able exponent
of the Music of the Gael,
this book
is respectfully and affectionately dedicated.

PREFACE

Since the publication of the first "Londubh" collection of twelve songs in 1904, the possibility has always been before our minds of editing and publishing a large selection of the best songs which had come down to us by family tradition or been collected by us. Of this collection of seventy-five songs, most have been handed down traditionally in the family of Máighréad Ní Annagáin (Margaret Hannagan), one of the two Editors; and were taken down by herself, as she and her people before her sang them. This family was celebrated for musical skill in West Waterford for generations back, and they are mentioned by John O'Daly in his *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*, and by Thomas O'Flannery in his notes on the *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amaráin* ("The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow"), written by Donnchadh Ruadh MacConmara (Red Donough MacNamara). O'Flannery in his notes states that Thomas O'Hannagan, who lived at Tinnekill, Sliabh gCua, Co. Waterford, in 1730, was himself a poet, and the intimate friend of Liam O Moráin, another member of the famous bardic school of Sliabh gCua. The family belonged originally to the Co. Limerick, but came into the Déisi territory of Co. Waterford, settling at Sliabh gCua and Cruadhbaile after the siege of Limerick in 1690. Most of them were very long-lived, including one in particular, "Sean Éamonn (old Eamonn) Ó hAnnagáin, of Cruadhbaile, who lived to the ripe age of one hundred and ten. Máighréad herself belongs to the sixth generation from the first settler, Liam Ó hAnnagáin. In the first step the tradition goes back direct a hundred years, as Máighréad's father was born in 1825. On her mother's side she claims descent from a family perhaps the oldest in the Déisi, the Foleys of Ath-na-Croise, or Crossford, who were famous as scribes and musicians, and had a wonderful wealth of tradition. The "Muilleóirí," or millers, as they were called, owned the mill at Ath-na-Croise since the time of St. Declan, who according to local tradition was before St. Patrick. From the fact of St. Declan having had his mission here, the district is called Seana-Phobal or Old Parish. It may, therefore, be legitimately claimed for this book that it is the only publication in which traditional Gaelic songs have been recorded by the very people who had the tradition as a family heritage, and simply record this heritage at first hand.

Of the songs composing the remainder of this collection, particular attention is drawn to those taken down in the parish of Beagh, near Gort, in the Co. Galway. They are specially interesting as they come from the borderland of Connaught and Munster, and represent a district where the tradition has passed only in the last twenty years, most of those from whom they were taken down having now gone to their reward. The remaining songs were taken down in places as far apart as Falcarragh in Donegal and Clonakilty in Cork, with the exception of four or five songs composed in purely Gaelic strains by Máighréad Ní Annagáin and one humorous song by the other editor.

As to the correct method of rendering these songs, it will be found, owing to their length of range and sweep of melody, as well as their frequent ornamental passages, that they call for a high degree of vocal culture, flexibility, and particularly for breath control. We have purposely avoided expression marks, as the sense of the words must be the guide to the interpretation. We would warn singers, however, to avoid changing the

tempo of the songs, except where indicated, and particularly to shun exaggerated declamatory effects, as these songs are purely lyrical in character. The ideal to be striven after is a subdued intensity of expression, realising to the full the meaning of the words, and making the music subservient to that meaning. The singer is always to preserve a dignified restraint, even to a certain extent in the humorous songs. In the sad songs anything like "sobbing" effects is absolutely out of place. We are really Orientals in our singing, and the gravity of our Gaelic singers is that of the East. As a consequence of this, women in Gaelic Ireland never sang humorous songs, as such songs were supposed to detract from their dignity.

"Abair amhrán," says the Gaelic. "*Say* a song"—tell it as a story in other words.

From this it follows that the first essential for Gaelic singing is a thorough knowledge of the Gaelic tongue. The proper pronunciation of Gaelic vowels, and of the broad and slender consonants and gutturals, gives a peculiar colour to the vocalisation, and there is no question that a great deal of the effect produced by native Gaelic singing is due to the fact that both vowels and consonants get their proper native blas (sound).

In teaching Gaelic songs, the teacher should write out the words on a blackboard, and get the pupils to repeat them until the pronunciation is thoroughly mastered before they are allowed to sing a bar. Gutturals and broad and slender consonants should be carefully watched and a correct pronunciation insisted on. Care should be taken that the meaning be properly understood, and when every pupil has overcome these difficulties, then only should the air be taught.

Though we have been very sparing of expression marks, it will be seen that breathing marks are shown throughout. In singing Gaelic, it is most important that the phrases should never be broken. This is the bed-rock of Gaelic singing. A phrase in spoken Gaelic is really a modified but continuous vowel-sound ; such is the softening effect of aspiration, eclipsis and elision. The breath control shown by good native singers is really wonderful. The musical phrase generally coincides with the sense phrase; hence the importance to the interpretation of keeping the phrases unbroken.

The chief characteristic of the metric system on which these songs are built is assonance or internal vowel rhyme. In singing, the rhyming vowels always fall upon the accented notes of the music. As all the words of the songs in this collection have been carefully written to their proper notes, no difficulty should arise on this score.

Triplets are frequent in these songs, and when they occur they must be taken rather slowly, the first note of the triplet being held a shade longer than the others.

Perhaps at a later date it may be possible to have gramophone records made by the Editors, showing how they themselves sing these songs, example being better than precept. Those readers of ours who have the good fortune to live in Gaelic-speaking districts should study carefully the methods and interpretation of the old singers. They may not have very much in the way of voices, though we have heard some very beautiful voices among them; but they have the secret of the rhythm and interpretation of these songs, and that subtle understanding which means so much in the rendition.

It was not our intention originally to publish these songs with translations, but we have decided, after discussion with the Trustees of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, to give as an aid to students English metrical renderings of the Gaelic words. In doing this, we have endeavoured to keep the English version as nearly literal

as possible ; and at the same time have endeavoured to preserve the very Gaelic flavour given by the internal vowel-assonances. The following stanza will serve as an example of what we mean:

> " Oh, bird that dances g*ai*ly, a-*sway*ing from bough to bough,
> If you but heard my st*o*ry, I kn*o*w you would aid me now,
> Bear a message to my sth*o*reen, my N*o*ra of the snow-white brow,
> That my poor heart is br*o*ken, because she will not heed my vow."

All these assonantal vowels fall upon strongly accented notes in the music, as mentioned in a preceding paragraph.

The English version of the " Páistín Fionn " is by Edward Walsh, from his *Irish Songs with English Metrical Translations;* the version of the " Jail of Clonmel " is by James Joseph Callanan of Cork, and that given as the translation of the " Díbirteach Ó Éirinn " (Exile of Erin) is the version usually attributed to Thomas Campbell. All the rest are original with the exception of " The Pretty Girls of Loughrea," which is an adaptation of a traditional English version, and the " Shúle Agrá," which is also an adaptation of an English version, following Dr. Hyde's Gaelic words.

The Editors in conclusion wish to offer their sincerest thanks to the members and the staff of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, who by their help have enabled us to publish this work. Our thanks are also due in a very special manner to Professor J. B. Whelehan for his advice and constant encouragement while the book was in preparation; as well as to Dr. R. I. Best, Librarian, National Library, Dublin; Dr. J. F. Larchet, Professor of Music, National University of Ireland, and Mr. Wilson of the Irish Advisory Committee of the Trust. We also wish to acknowledge particularly our indebtedness to a gifted member of the Community of the Dominican College, Eccles St., Dublin, for revising the musical settings before publication; to Mr. Vincent O'Brien, Musical Director, Dublin Broadcasting Station, for reading the music proofs; and to Professor Tadhg O'Donoghue, University College, Cork, for his reading the proofs of the Gaelic words.

Do scríoḃaḋ an méid seo i mBéarla, de ḃríġ gur i gcóir luċt foġlumṫa na Gaeḋilge naċ mbéaḋ mórán taiṫiġe aca ar an dteangain, do cuireaḋ an leaḃar seo le ċéile.

Sinne,

MÁIĠRÉAD NÍ ANNAGÁIN,
SÉAMUS DE ĊLANNDIOLÚIN.

Mí Deire Foġṁair, i mbliaḋain ár dTiġearna, 1925.

The Introduction to this book has been written in English, because the book is intended for students whose knowledge of Gaelic might not be sufficient to enable them to understand the technical points if the subject were dealt with in Gaelic.

We are,

MARGARET HANNAGAN [Mrs. Clandillon].
SEAMUS CLANDILLON.

October, 1925.

ERRATA:

No. 9. Fourth verse of the English translation reads as follows:—

" Who sees my house indeed,
'Tis thatched with sedge and reed,
  And it stands close beside the highway ;
Where the merry hum of bees
Comes in Summer from the trees,
  And the sun shines on lane and by-way ;
When the tree's no longer green,
No fruit on it is seen,
  But the young branch will bear in plenty ;
My darling flower-like one,
Who now from me is gone,
  A thousand farewells I have sent thee."

An Clár

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"Londuḃ an Ċairn"

1. De Ḃárr na gCnoc (*Over the Hills and Far Away*).

"Over the Hills and Far Away." This fine Jacobite song, by Seaghan Clarach Mac Domhnaill, is one of the best of our old airs. The subject is treated in a somewhat unusual manner. The singer is Eire, personified, and she imagines her lover, the exiled Stuart, on board ship ploughing the waves to her rescue, and desires to be with him. The second stanza imagines the clash of arms, the beating of drums and sounding of trumpets calling the clansmen to his support ; while the third pictures him crowned. relieving the sorrows of the Gaedheal and receiving homage.

I have heard this air sung by Bobby Tutty of Dungarvan to the words of Byron's "Dark Lochnagar."

M. Ní A.

2. Na Sláintí (*The Farewells*).

This is the air to which my father always sang the "Sláintí," and I have never heard it sung to any other. The place-names mentioned in the Gaelic version were in the border-territory of the Déisi and South Tipperary. The song was composed by an ecclesiastical student in Rome. The words are interesting as showing the hold athletics, jumping, running, swimming, hurling, etc., had on the people then as now. The writer's great regret is that deprived of the freedom of the green fields he has lost his fine physical training. His companions in the hurling and hunting field are mentioned with affection. This song was only sung in my memory by the older generation, people who, if alive now, would be bordering on the century. I got the words from Patrick Power of Stradbally Co. Waterford, as I had forgotten most of them, having been so long away from the Déisi.

M. Ní A.

3. An Craoiḃín Aoiḃinn (*The Fair Little Branch*).

There are many songs to this air and refrain ; the "Craoibhín Aoibhinn," or "Beautiful Little Branch," being the exiled Stuart prince. The words given here were by Father William English, a contemporary of Sean Clarach, Tadhg O Tuama, and the rest of the galaxy of poets who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century. Father English died January 13th, 1778. I had the air from my mother, Máire Ní Mhuirithe (Mary Murray), who learned it from her grandmother, Síle Ní Fhoghludha (Sheela Foley) of Ath na Croise (Crossford), Ardmore, Co. Waterford. My great grandmother died in 1856 at the age of 84. My mother was then ten years of age. This

brings the present setting of this air back 150 years, or almost to the time Father William English was writing. I always sang the song at the Oireachtas in the old Gaelic League days, in compliment to Dr. Douglas Hyde, who took the title of "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn" as his pen-name, and was indeed as well known by that name as by his own.

O'Daly, in his *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*, 1866, says: "'An Cṗaoiḃín Aoiḃinn' (pr. 'An Chreeveen Eeving') means the gentle young Branch, allegorically used for Prince Charles Edward. The air is very beautiful and soul-stirring, and was popular in Munster in our time, being a great favourite with the peasantry; and we often heard it played by some of the most eminent performers on the bagpipes, viz, the O'Clearys, O'Farrells, *O'Hannigans*, Fitzgeralds, Crottys, Creeds, and a host of others that followed the musical profession in that province."

O'Daly is wrong, however, in saying that the O'Hannigans followed the musical profession, they were all farmers, but most of them played fiddle, uillean pipes (the so-called "union" pipes), or fideóg (flute), and they were noted as singers.

Treating of the Gaelic poet O'Moran, Fleming—or O'Flannery—says in the Notes to *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amardáin* (The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow): "In the second volume of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (p. 211), John O'Daly says that he had in his possession a copy of O'Brien's *Irish Dictionary*, on which there was written in Latin: 'This book belongs to William O'Moran, year of Our Lord, 1774.'

"Four-and-forty years before that time a traveller of the name of O'Coffey, from Co. Limerick, passed through Slieve gCua, and got a night's lodging in the house of Thomas O'Hannigan in Tinakilla, in that district. O'Hannigan was a poet, and in the course of the evening a learned argument arose between himself and the stranger, and seeing that his visitor was too learned for him, he sent word privately to the house of O'Moran, to Tigh-na-Laghaire (Tinalyra). O'Moran came and questioned the stranger in English, in Latin and in Irish, and found him proficient in each of these languages, and too clever for him in the sciences. A school-house was set up for the stranger in Baile na Giolcaighe, and from that time, about the year 1730 to 1825, there was a Latin school conducted in the neighbourhood, at first by O'Coffey, and then by Thomas O'Lonergain and Thomas O'Keefe successively." m. ní a.

4. Bruac na Cairrge Báine (*The Brink of the White Rock*).

An interesting note in James Duffy and Sons' *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, identifies this Carrick with the townland of Carrick Blacker, near Portadown, and states that the song was composed as a welcome home in the year 1666, to Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Robert Stuart, of the Irry, Co. Tyrone, grand-daughter of the first Lord Castlestewart. An English metrical translation by a Colonel Blacker, a descendant of this lady, is also given in Duffy's edition.

It is certain, however, that the people in the Déisi always identify the Carrick of the song with Carrick-on-Suir. This air was the one sung to the words in my family. I sang it first in Cork in 1901. m. ní a.

5. Seana-Ċúirt na nDéisi (*The Old Court of the Deisi*).

This song was composed by Tadhg Gaedhealach O'Sullivan in praise of Piaras O'Faolain, who obtained his release from Cork prison, where he (the poet) had been confined on a charge of drinking the health of the Pretender. I hoped that when our country attained freedom this air would be adopted as our National Anthem. Though in a minor mode and in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, it is sung in a bold, martial manner, every note being distinctly accented. The strain is intensely Gaelic, though the manner of rendering is most unusual in Gaelic songs; being sung staccato and absolutely without ornamentation. I have never heard even a version of this air from anyone except my father, though a very incorrect version of the air was supplied to the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* by someone who heard it sung by me or by Seamus Clandillon in Dublin years ago.

The song was a great favourite of my father's, who had it from my grandfather, Séamus O'Hannagáin, of Old Parish, who as a boy knew Tadhg Gaedhealach well. My grandfather was born in 1782, and died in 1868, aged 86. M. Ní A.

I sang this song on one occasion in public at the reception given to the prisoners of the 1916 Rising, in the Mansion House, Dublin, when released by the Amnesty of 1918, as I thought it appropriate to the occasion. S. C.

6. Brigid Geal Ḃán (*Fair Bright Bridget*).

The words of this touching little love-song were composed by the last of the line of Gaelic poets, Bob Weldon, the poet of the Comeraghs, who lived in Glenmahon, Co. Waterford. He was a fine old man with all the native courtliness and dignity of the old Gaedheal. His appearance at the Oireachtas in 1911 or 1912 created a great sensation. Ríobard generally sent me a copy of any new song or poem he thought would suit me since 1901, when I won the Oireachtas gold medal. On that occasion he sent me the following, through Domhnall O Fearachair (Dan Fraher) of Dungarvan :

An Comrac, Cill Ṁic Ṫomáisín,
4.6.'01.

Do Ḋomnaill Ó Fearaċair.

A Ḋomnaill dil,

Cuirfiḋ tú mé fé oiblioġáid mór an rann a leanas do ċur go dtí an ṁnaoi óig uasail Máiġréad Ní Annagáin, mar mo ċomġárdaċus (sic) léi ar son an ċéad uair do ṫabairt go Dúngarḃáin le n-a gaḃailt d'Éamonn an Ċnuic ag an Oireaċtas. Níl fios a h-ionad comnuiġṫe agam féin.

Do ċaraid bioṫ-ḃuan,
Ríobárd Beldon.

" Admuiġim féin gur glé liom tú,
A ainnir ṁín féiṁ do ḋéanfaḋ sult,

Go mba fad' é do ṡaoġal ad' sgéiṁ is ad' ċrut
Is nar ċaillir le céim go h-eug do ġut."

I was then living in Cork city, and when Riobard got my address he sent me the following lines.

Riobárd Ḃeldon, .i. File an Ċomaraig, cct., do Ṁáiġréad Ni Annagáin, an t-an do molaḋ an ċéad áit di san aṁránuiḋeaċt, ag Oireaċtas na nGaeḋeal do tionólaḋ i mḂaile Áta Cliat i mbln. d'aois ár dTiġearna a 1901.

" Guiḋim Dia leat a Ṁáiġréad Ni Annagáin,
Níor ṁaireaċ do ċáil a ḋearmad,
Is binnear tú id' ṡeasaṁ ar ċlár,
Is ni ḋíolfainn do ṗáirt ar airgead.
Ó Corcaig na gCuan go dtí an Át,
Ó Ḋún na mḂád go hAlbain
Ḃa leat a ġaḃ buaiḋ in gaċ áit,
Do ċeileaḃar binn breaġ nár ċaillig ort."

An Át is, of course, Baile Áta Cliat (Dublin), Ḋun na mḂád is Dungarvan, and the reference to Alba (Scotland) was because of my first appearance in Glasgow on a concert platform.

To this song I adapted an air I had heard sung to an old ballad with English words called the "Cailin Ruadh," of which I only remember the following words :

"And the blackbird's notes are not half so sweet
As the voice of my Cailin Ruadh."

I should be glad to get this pretty ballad in its entirety. In all Weldon's poetry there is a great love of nature and of the mountain scenery of his native district.

M. Ni A.

Comeragh, Kilmacthomas,
4.6.'01.

To Domhnall O'Fearachair.

Dear Domhnall,

You will place me under a great obligation by sending the following verse to Miss Margaret Hannagan, as my congratulations on bringing the first prize to Dungarvan by her singing of "Eamonn An Chnuic" (Ned of the Hill) at the Oireachtas. I do not know her address myself.

Your lasting friend,
ROBERT WELDON.

" I freely admit you are bright to me,
O gentle sweet maid who maketh glee;
In beauty and youth, may you long rejoice,
And till death may no plague destroy your voice."

Robert Weldon, viz., Poet of Comeragh, *cecinit*, to Maighréad Ní Annagáin, when the first place in singing was adjudged to her, at the Oireachtas of the Gael which was assembled in Dublin in the year of Our Lord, 1901. :

" I pray God with thee, O Maighréad Ní Annagáin.
It would not be seemly to forget your fame.
You are sweetness itself, when you stand on the boards,
And I would not sell your friendship for any money.
From Cork of the Harbours to the Ford (Dublin)
From the Dun of Boats to Scotland,
It was with you that victory went in each place,
Your sweet melodious bird-voice may you never lose."

7. Baile Locha Riabhach (*The Pretty Girls of Loughrea*).

A version of this song from the late Micheal Breathnach (Cois Fhairrge) appears in " Amhráin Muighe Seola," by Senator Mrs. Costello of Tuam.

The air as given here is quite different in rhythm though the words are very similar. I learned it from my mother; it was one of her favourite songs. It is a lilting air and gives a nice swing to the words. M. Ní A.

I append an English metrical version which used sometimes be sung alternately with the Irish words. I got it in 1902 from Tadhg O Donnchadha (Torna), now Professor of Old Irish in University College, Cork. He had it from an old man named Seamus O'Riordan of Carrignavar. I have slightly adapted it for my English singing version:

I

" Molly Bawn a chuid s'a ghradh, s'a chuisle geal mo chroidhe,
Let me touch your snowy neck, or I'll never live a year,
I'd swim the lovely Siuir, and the Shannon after thee,
And your equal 'mong Loughrea's lasses I ne'er can see.

II

I would rather than the mare and the bridle to steer
And the income of the field where they often hunt the deer
Than all the boats that came to Carlow for the year
That I'd mention not those fair maids of Baile Locha Riach.

III

If I were possessed of Portumna and Loughrea's town,
Dublin's fair county, and Limerick all around,
I would part with them all for the sake of you my dear,
To conceal (!) with you, my darling, a long day and a year.

IV

If you go to Kinnitty, that airy fine place,
Take my blessing to my Valentine, I wish to see her face,
For the hills, they being so high, and so mighty far away,
And the Bonny Shannon water are the cause of my delay."

This is one of the most widespread of our folk-songs, as I have heard versions of it even in Tirconaill.

Eoin MacNeill tells me that the spelling of the name should be Riach and not Riabhach, and states that the word appears as Riach in the earliest annals. I always associated greyness with the lake, especially as in childhood I heard that the original site of the town is now covered by the waters, which flowed over it when a well was left uncovered (as in the legendary story of Lough Neagh). S. C.

8. An Beinnsín Luachra (*The Little Bench of Rushes*).

This air was taken down by me from "Morrissey" Linnane, of Ballinakill, Gort, Co. Galway, in my native parish of Beagh. The Linnanes, mother and sons were very musical, and had a fine store of songs, and as they lived in the next house to my own home I had ample opportunities of hearing them in my early days. In fact I often listened to Tim or "Morrissey" lilting or whistling an Irish tune while working on their land, while I read a book at the end of our garden, and the first Irish song I ever noted down was the "Cailin Deas Doun," which I got from the mother, a fine old woman, then about 70, who in her young days could vie with the men of the parish in weight-lifting. I have heard her say that she could hold two half-hundred weights out at arm's length. On comparing "Morrissey's" version of the words with those in the Hardiman collection I was astonished at their accuracy, but I found that all the songs I got from this family were very well memorised and very accurate in tradition.

Having sung this once or twice in public it was heard by my partner and collaborator, who promptly made it her own, and for a long time kept it as the principal song in her repertoire—a tribute from the Déisi to the musical value of a South Galway air.

A version of this air, rather denuded of ornamentation, is sung in the South to the "Bonny Bunch of Roses" I first heard it in the Shannon Rowing Club in Limerick, from the gifted Secretary, Mr. Michael Hartigan:

"I'd raise a mighty army,
And through great dangers I would go,
Like the deeds of great Nap-o-le-on,
When he won the bonny bunch of Roses O!"

A minor version of the air appears in O'Daly's *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*, to the words of Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan's "Filleadh Ri Shéarluis" (The Return of

King Charles), with a metrical translation by Edward Walsh, published 1866. O'Daly —or Walsh—has the following note :

"The meaning of the word "Beinsin" (little Bench) is mistaken by some of our most eminent writers, who suppose it to mean "a Bunch." In our youthful days it was a general custom with the peasantry to go on Midsummer Eve to the next bog, and cut a "beart Luachra" (bundle of rushes), as much as a stout lad could carry home on his back; and this they strewed on benches of stones made for the purpose inside and outside their cottages, where the youth of the neighbourhood spent the evening in their usual pastimes. The custom generally prevailed in the days of our boyhood, but probably has now died away like everything else."

"Monsieur Boullaye Le Gouz, who travelled through Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century, tells us that : 'Les Irlandois ornent leurs chambres de iong (Jonc), dont ils font leurs lits en été, et de paille en hiver. Ils mettent un pied de iong autour de leurs chambres, et sur leur fenestres, et plusieurs d'entre eux ornent leur planchers de rameaux.'—*Les Voyages et Observations de Sieur Boullaye de Gouz.* 4to, á Paris, 1657 476."

S. C.

On the eve of Ascension Thursday the practice is still carried out in the County Waterford, of spreading rushes outside and inside all doors in the houses and on the sills of the windows. The practice was so general that as children we always called the festival "Rushy Thursday." The blessed palm of Palm Sunday was generally placed in the reed lining of the thatch, and kept there till the following year, which would explain the Sieur de Gouz's remark : "plusieurs d'entre eux ornent leur planchers de rameaux."

m. ni a.

9. Bean Duḃ an Ġleanna (*The Dark Woman of the Glen*).

This air of the "Dark Woman of the Glen" has never before been published It lost its vogue to a great extent in the Déisi, through being associated with the English words of the song "Winding up my little Ball of Yarn." A story told in connection with the English song was that a priest, going on a sick call, delayed on his way, hearing a voice of great sweetness singing the song from a field. When the song ended he looked over the fence, but saw to his horror a great black dog, and no trace of the singer. Hurrying to his destination he found the sick man had died, and in his grief he "put a curse on the song."

A precisely similar story is told of the well-known air "Cailin Deas Crúidhte na mBó" (The Pretty Girl Milking her Cows). The original words are, as far as I know, lost ; but there are several religious songs to the air, the most notable being that beginning :

"A peacaiġ déan maċtnaṁ is múscailt."
"O Sinner consider, and awaken."

attributed to Patrick Denn of Cappoquin, who lived at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. The words now usually sung to the "Cailin

Deas" I have seen attributed to an eighteenth century poet, Michael O'Sullivan. The author, a neighbour and old friend of mine, died in August, 1925, leaving the Gaelic movement the poorer for the loss of an energetic worker and graceful writer. His composition has all the grace of the old-time Gaelic song writers.

The air most commonly heard to Bean Dubh an Ghleanna is major.

M. Ní A.

10. Táim-se im' Ċoḋlaḋ (*I am Asleep and don't waken Me*).

This version of the well-known "I am in my sleep," was taken down by me from an old woman who was employed in the house of John McGrath, Tallow, Co. Waterford, about twenty years ago. It was also a great favourite with the late Rev. Dr. Henebry whom I often heard play it on the fiddle. It is very beautiful, and quite out of the ordinary. We give also a variant air, which is more usually sung throughout Co. Waterford (No. 29). Personally I prefer the Tallow setting. This is a "treason song."

M. Ní A.

11. An Draiġneán Donn (*The Brown Sloe Thorn*).

This version of the air is not sung outside of West Waterford. It is evidently, in mode and construction, one of the oldest of Gaelic melodies, and being in the Fah mode has a peculiarly quaint and sad cadence. There are two other well-known versions of this song, a minor one common in Connaught, a setting of which appears in Senator Mrs. Costello's "Aṁráin Ṁuiġe Ṡeola," and another major version published in "Cláirseaċ na nGaeḋeal" (Gaelic League, Dublin) some twenty years ago.

M. Ní A.

12. Cois Aḃa Móire na nDéisi. (*Beside the Blackwater*).

This glorious air was noted down by Miss Lucy Broadwood, near Cappoquin, and two alternative versions published in the *Journal of the English Folk-Song Society* some years ago. Miss Broadwood was at the time in correspondence with me, and sent me before publication copies of all the airs she collected in West Waterford, which she subsequently published with my remarks. I was glad to be able to supply her with the words, taken down by Padraic Mac Suibhne (Patrick McSweeney) of Dungarvan from an old woman in Ballyduff, Co. Waterford. A delightful metrical translation in English was supplied to the Folk-Song Society by Miss Dorothy Knox, but I have not used it, as though very literal, it was slightly defective in rhythm. I have been singing this song in public for the last eighteen years. It has a great sweep of melody, and in my opinion is one of the best in this collection. In this copy I have omitted the last stanza.

M. Ní A.

13. Taḋg Buiḋe (*Yellow Tim*).

This is one of my father's songs. The air is very quaint and beautiful. It is in the Ray mode. The words are a good example of chain-verse, i.e., the final word of one stanza is used again as the first word of the following verse. This is a very good song for bass or baritone.
M. Ní A.

This song describing the forlorn plight of the rakish but good-hearted Tadhg Buidhe, owing to his drinking habits, was well known through the Gaedhealtacht generally. The words of the present version I got from Tadhg O Donnchadha, Professor of Old Irish, University College, Cork. I also heard another more incomplete version from the late Seamus Hallissey, go nḋéanaiḋ Dia trócaire air. It contained, however, a stanza not in this, which may have crept in from another song of similar metre. He had a beautiful tenor voice, and his untimely death was a great loss to the Gaelic concert platform. It is interesting to find a version of the song (words only) in Henry Morris's “Céad de Ċeoltaiḃ Ulaḋ” (one hundred Ulster songs), which he took down in Teelin, Co. Donegal. Except for two stanzas the song has been completely localised to Tirconnaill in this version. References are made to Fanaid and Cashel, Glen-Colmcille and to Colmcille himself. The song probably found its way to Teelin from Munster through Galway and Mayo. It would be interesting to get the air to which Conaill Cunningham of Teelin sang it.
S. C.

14. Teanga na nGaeḋeal (*The Tongue of the Gael*).

The words of this song were sent me by the poet of the Comeraghs, Riobard Weldon, who wrote them. Not knowing an air to suit them, I composed this one in 1910, to answer to the rhythm. The words are very beautiful and recall the names of the great men who spoke the Gaelic, and reproach the present generation with neglect. I have been careful to keep the air quite Gaelic in character. This air I sent to the Oireachtas, 1910, as an original composition, but the first prize was awarded to my other song, “Rosc Cata na Muṁan” (The Munster War Song) No. 35.
M. Ní A.

15. An Díbirteaċ ó Éirinn (*The Exile of Eirinn*).

The English words of this air are commonly attributed to the poet Campbell, but the authorship has been attributed to several others, including many Irishmen. Almost as much controversy has raged about this song as about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. I should be loath to stir up another, but I must say that I heard it seriously put forward that the English version was made by one of the Scullys of Ardfield, Clonakilty, from the Gaelic song to the same air and on the same subject composed by Seán Collins of Myross, Clonakilty (1754-1817). Collins was a Gaelic poet of no common order, who wrote among other memorable pieces the “Lament on the Ruins of Timoleague Abbey,” which appears in O'Daly's *Miscellany*, with a fine translation by Mangan.

Collins, in both the "Lament" and the "Exile," has been accused of breaking away from tradition; but both pieces, from the point of view of metre are thoroughly satisfying to the ear attuned to Gaelic measures. I saw in the possession of Mr. Scully of Ardfield a time-stained copy of the English words, stated to have been the composition of his eighteenth century ancestor, and I got from the same gentleman a manuscript in the handwriting of Seán Collins of the "Comḋáil Coitċionn Clainne Ṫómair" (The General Assembly of Clan Thomas), a satire on the Munster planters. The MS. is in bad condition, but the handwriting is most beautiful, and bears the signature of the poet in Irish and English, with the colophon: "Written in the parish of Myross, 1782." Campbell was born in 1777, when Collins was in the height of his powers, so there is at least a possibility that the Gaelic Exile of Erin was the first to be written. S.C.

My father sang this very frequently, with alternate verses in Irish and English. This song seems to have died out within the past twenty-five years. I have never heard it sung even at Feiseanna in my native county. I give the air exactly as my father used to sing it. M. Ní A.

16. An Ḃrianaċ Óg (*Young O'Brien*).

This is one of the first songs I learned from my father. It is in the Fah mode. I have sung it at concerts all over Ireland since 1901. I personally have never heard another version of this melody. M. Ní A.

A Kerry version of the air appeared some time ago in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society.* S. C.

17. Caoine Cill Cair (*Lament for Kilcash*).

The Castle of Kilcash is situated at the foot of Sliabh na mBan, not far from Kilsheelan. It was one of the chief seats of the Butler family. A note in Duffy's *Poets and Poetry of Munster* states that the song is the composition of a student named Lane, who was educated for the priesthood by Lady Iveagh, the deaġ-ḃean (good lady) of the song. The song in its entirety runs to seven stanzas of eight lines each, and may be found in the *Poets and Poetry* with a metrical translation by Mangan. I vividly recollect an enthusiastic Gaelic friend from Dublin who came to see me in Clonmel in 1904, got me to guide him to Kilcash, and when we were on top of the castle, producing the *Poets and Poetry* from his pocket, made me sing the eight stanzas from beginning to end, so as to get the local colour! S. C.

This is one of the most beautiful of our Gaelic melodies, and in my opinion is the air on which Moore founded "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded." As the assonances indicate, this is a purely Deisi poem, the words binn, doiṁin, coillte, being pronounced to rhyme with aḃmad and teaġlaċ, i.e., with the sound of "i" in vine, or the English word "my." Probably I have sung this song oftener than any other on account of its beautiful assonances. M. Ní A.

18. Siuḃal a Ġráḋ (*Shule a ghra*).

This Waterford version of Suibhal a Ghradh has never been published. It was usually sung in English to "I wish I were on yonder Hill." I have sung it repeatedly using Dr. Douglas Hyde's Gaelic words, to which it is here set. This version is major. Two minor variants have been published, both in the lah mode. My mother used to sing this air to the English words. M. Ní A.

19. Réiḋ-Ċnoc Mná Siḋe (*The Gentle Hill of the Fairy Woman*).

This is sung in Kerry as "Réiḋ-Ċnoc Mná Duiḃe," but not to this air, which is my father's version. The air in this form has never been published previously. The song, which in its complete form runs to eight four-line stanzas, deals with a girl who was taken away by the fairies into the liss or fairy-rath of Cnoc Gréine. Such abductions by the fairies of young women and of children were very generally believed in throughout Ireland, particularly during the month of May (the Gaelic Bealteine). A child who fell asleep in a neighbour's house was not allowed to be brought home until some grass, clay and salt were got, wrapped in a handkerchief and put inside the child's dress next the skin, to protect the child from the fairies. Older people never made a short cut at night without having some blades of grass next the skin on back or bosom. Many other charms were resorted to in order to prevent abduction by fairies. I have seen the grass-charm worked repeatedly. M. Ní A.

20. An Bacaċ, nó Ḃfuil tú Sásta (*The Beggar, or are you Satisfied*).

The words to this air I got from a notebook of Bunting's, lent me when I was a student at University College, Dublin, by the late Revd. Edmund Hogan, S.J. There was no air in the book to fit the words, but Maighréad Ní Annagáin (Mrs. Clandillon) gave me this one about 1902. It was usually sung in the Deisi to the words of "Tá na Lá" (It is Day), but it fits the Bunting words as if they were written to it. Further on I give a Donegal version of "Tá na Lá" which I consider is better than the Deisi one.

The subject of this song is a proposal by one of the "sturdy beggars" of the eighteenth century, to a young lady, probably the daughter of the farmer in whose house he had got lodging, to join him in his wandering life. He depicts humorously the many good things a prosperous beggar could offer her. She however declines, saying that she will not have him as long as there is a ferrule (fáinne or bianna) on a beggar's stick. The ferrule was generally a weighty affair of solid iron and was often called in to settle disputes among the wanderers, and of course the point of the lady's refusal is that she hints it might be applied to herself. S. C.

21. Cailín Deas na Luaċra (*Little Maiden of the Rushes*).

This was the first song my father taught me, when I was about eight years of age. This air has never before been written down. The song was composed to celebrate

the return of Daniel O'Connell as member for Clare. Muiris and Morgan were the son and brother of O'Connell.

When I was at school in the Mercy Convent, Dungarvan, Mr. Foley, the National Teacher of Ring, a great Irish enthusiast, came into our school accompanied by Father O'Growney. Most of the children in the school then spoke Irish—though all would not admit it. However, I was asked to sing, and I sang for him the "Cailín Beag na Luaċra" for which he gave me my first fee—a shilling, which to me at that age (about nine or ten) looked as big as five guineas would later on.

The Cailin beag na Luachra of the song was, of course, Ireland ; and this was long considered a "treason song," only to be sung when in safe company.

M. Ní A.

22. Fead an Ḟiolair (*The Eagle's Whistle*).

This is supposed to be the eagle's lullaby for the young eaglets. In the first part the mother eagle tries to get the young ones to sleep. In the second she tells them where they are to go in search of food. The young eagles being still restless, she asks them to wait till the snow melts, when they will have food in plenty. (In this part the time changes from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{4}{4}$ while she reasons with them). Evidently they do not want to wait so long, so the mother bird raises her voice and commands them to "lie down, lie down." This evidently has the desired effect ; the lullaby is repeated, dropping one note, and repeated again, dropping still another note till at last it closes on a monotone, the young birds being at last asleep.

This lullaby was used in my own home when we were children. I think my father must have put the words to the tune himself. I myself used it, and all my children know it, too, from hearing it when they were babies.

A version of the *Eagle's Whistle* was the Clan march of the O'Donovans, though in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Miss Broadwood published a version of this tune also, in the *Journal of the English Folk-Song Society*. She took it down near Cappoquin. M. Ní A.

23. Caṫair Cuḃar-Ḃán na Trága (*The Foam-White City of the Strand*).

I composed this air, arranged for two voices, for the Oireachtas, 1911, and it was awarded first prize. M. Ní A.

The prize in this instance was offered for an original air with words, arranged for two voices. We could find no words to fit this air which Maighréad composed. We were then living in the Darrara Agricultural Station, Clonakilty, on the summit of a hill overlooking the Atlantic. One bright summer morning, having gone through a number of editions of Gaelic poems for suitable words, I came out, and seeing the sun shining over the waves, was reminded of a story told about Helvick, Dungarvan; that at certain times, in fine weather, a beautiful white city was visible out at sea, with trees growing in the streets. An old man, Liam Cundún (Condon), who used to live in Dungarvan, saw it twice. It

was from his description, evidently one of the coast-cities of France seen in mirage. My mind was full of the tune at the time, and taking out a notebook, I endeavoured to picture the scene as the old man described it. As the Deisi dialect is used throughout, the words, roillre tuinn, coill, etc., are pronounced with the sound of y in " my," as already noticed in Cill Cair.

S. C.

24. Tommy mo ṁíle Stór (*Tommy my Thousand Treasures*).

The words of this song I took down at the Connaught Feis, 1902, from an old man who had just sung it in a competition. Maighréad knew the air from her father's singing of it. It was also sung in Dungarvan to English words, of which we can only remember the following :—

" Red and rosy were her cheeks and coal-black was her hair,
And costly were the robes and gold my Irish girl did wear."

If any reader knows the rest of this ballad, I should be glad to have the words.

S. C.

25. Róir Geal Duḃ (*The Fair Dark Rose*)

This is an ornamented variant of " An Róir Geal Duḃ," No. 49 in this collection. The latter setting was printed in our 1904 collection, "An Londuḃ." Both were sung in my family. This version is more beautiful than the other, but much more difficult to sing. It is my favourite setting. The air is also sung in Kerry, and I remember hearing the late Thomas Ashe sing it. There are several different airs to the " Rois Geal Dubh, the subject being constantly wrought on by both poets and singers. The " Fair Dark Rose " was emblematic of Ireland, and was one of the many names under which the poets in troubled times sang the sorrows of their native land.

M. Ní A.

26. Ar Éire ní 'neorfainn cia h-í (*For Ireland I'd not tell her name*).

This is one of my father's songs. There are several variants of this, but the closest to the present setting I ever heard was an air sung by M. Constantin Stroesco, of the Paris Opera House, at a concert in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, a few years ago, to the memory of that sweet Irish singer, the late Mr. Patrick O'Shea. I was singing at that concert, and was surprised to hear Constantin Stroesco, a Roumanian, sing this purely Gaelic melody. I asked him where he got it, and he told me it was a Roumanian folk-song. He was equally surprised when I hummed it over for him. I am still wondering what forgotten soldier of fortune among the " Wild Geese " brought this air to Roumania. It is a very pretty little love-song, words and air are of a delicate beauty.

M. Ní A.

27. Agallam an Maidrín Ruaid (*The Fox's Conversation*).

This introduction to the " Maidrin Ruadh " is, I believe, a part of the descriptive piece, " The Fox Chase," set to words. The " Fox Chase " was one of the great " show " pieces of the old pipers. All the pipers up to twenty years ago played it : Thompson, of Cork; Martin Reilly and Denny Delaney, of Galway; Sullivan, of Sneem. All of these players were blind, with the exception of Thompson, and all were great masters of the Uillean pipes. One could clearly distinguish in their playing the gathering of the huntsmen, hounds, and followers at the meet ; the sound of the horn ; the cry of " gone away " as the fox broke cover ; and the music of the hounds as the chase led them across country, horses galloping after until checked ; then the scent taken up again, with a single note from an old hound, followed again by " full cry," and finally the cry of the fox when at last run down, followed by the lively foxhunter's jig.

In the words here given, three old cocks around the fire are lamenting their fate, and praying that the fox may not get them for his Friday dinner. Then the lilt of the foxhunter's jig is heard, showing that the horses are gathering to the meet. Next we have the fox's " apologia pro vita sua," saying that he only takes an occasional small turkey, a goose if handy, or, if hard pressed, a duck, to make soup for his family, and that the whole world is " on his back." Again we have the foxhunter's jig, leading into the " Maidrin Ruadh." This " Discourse " and the following " Maidrin Ruadh " were sung by my father. M. Ní A.

28. An Maidrín Ruad (*The Little Red Fox*).

This old version of the " Maidrin Ruadh," with the flattened seventh, has never been published. I have never heard it outside my own home. It was probably taken from the pipe version of the "Maidrin Ruadh" which was included in the " Fox Chase."
M. Ní A.

29. Táim-se im' Codlad (*I am Asleep and don't Waken me*).

Another version of this air is given in No. 10. This version, No. 29, is the one my father usually sang, and many will, no doubt, prefer it. However, both settings are very beautiful. M. Ní A.

30. Amrán na bPrátaí Duba (*The Song of the Black Potatoes*).

This, the real " famine song " of the '47 period, was taken down by me as to the words, from an old man, Tomas O'Briain, locally known as "An Feirmeóir," (The Farmer) a native of Ring, who was living in Dungarvan in 1902. The air I had previously noted, but with an inferior setting of the words, from an old man, a native of Kilmacthomas, who was caretaker of the Corn Exchange, Burgh Quay, Dublin, about the same time. He had a wonderful tenor voice. The song was composed by Máire Ní Droma about 1850.

This is a most beautiful Gaelic melody, and is matched by the intense pathos of the words. The great dread of the people in the famine times was not so much death, as the poorhouse, and its inexorable separation of husband and wife, and of parents and children. There is no complaining at their hard fate ; it is accepted as the punishment due to sin, and the heartfelt cry goes to God to let one drop of His great sacrifice again atone for them. In the last stanza allusion is made, however, to the rapacity of the landlords, which forced the people to sell their corn to pay the rent, and try to support life on the black potatoes ; which “ left their relations scattered, put them in the poorhouse or overseas, and stretched them by hundreds in Roilig an tSleibhe.”

Roilig an tSleibhe (pr. Relig-a-tLaya) “ The mountain graveyard,” is a lonely graveyard among the heather about two miles and a half to the south-west of Dungarvan, on the way to Youghal. There is only one large wooden cross to mark the place where the victims of famine and cholera were buried in hundreds—sometimes so hastily that when people in later times sought out their own dead, they found them face downwards in their coffins. A case is on record of a woman who, on her way to the mountain burial-pit, came back to consciousness, was taken out of the coffin, and recovered, to live afterwards to a good old age.

There is another of these famine-pits, much smaller in extent, however, close to the entrance to Dungarvan Railway Station. S. C.

31. Inġean an Ṗailitinig (*The Palatine's Daughter*).

This, my father's version of the air, was taken down by me in 1902, and sung by Seamus Clandillon at the Oireachtas of that year to words supplied by Fionan McColum, and afterwards popularised by Seamus all over the country. It is a great favourite with the Queen's Hall, London, audience. Other versions have been published, but none with the characteristic flattened seventh which comes in so effectively at the beginning of the refrain. My father sang it to words which began :—

“ Lá breaġ aoiḃinn aeraċ,
Is mé ag siuḃal na Mall 'san Eoċaill.”

“ One fine airy day, as I walked the Mall in Youghal,”

but I do not remember any more of it.

Mr. Domhnall O'Sullivan has published a version of the “ Palatine's Daughter ” in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, and, in the notes accompanying the setting, makes a complimentary reference to the fact that the air was popularised by Seamus. The version which he published, however, is not that which Seamus sings.

The Palatines were planters brought from the Rhine Provinces of Germany to West Limerick about 1725 by Sir Thomas Southwell. They were planted in the vicinity of Rathkeale and Castleoliver. At the time of Young's Tour in Ireland, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the Palatine colonies had declined very much ; but they still survive in Rathkeale, Killikan, Ballingran and Adare. Many of these people retain

markedly the facial characteristics of their German ancestors. They have rarely intermarried with the native Irish. They have distinctly German names, such as Bovenizer, Switzer, Teskey, and I have met Rheinharts and Hudners, but not in Limerick. Occasionally one meets people in Kerry with very German facial characteristics.

M. Ní A.

32. Casaḋ an t-Súgáin (*The Twisting of the Rope*).

This beautiful air I took down from the singing of Fionán McColuim, when he visited our house in Darrara, Clonakilty, about fourteen years ago. It was one of the most difficult tunes I ever wrote down, owing to the free rhythm and ornamentation. It is also peculiar in the number of times the mode is changed. I never use changes of time-signature in taking down airs such as this, as it makes the music difficult to read for the average person. I rely on the rhythm of the words, placing the bars so as to fall immediately before the accented assonantal vowels. The story of "The Twisting of the Rope" formed the subject of the first Gaelic play performed in Dublin, "Casaḋ an tSugáin", by Dr. Douglas Hyde. A wandering poet, entering a farm-house, is so struck with the charms of the farmer's daughter, that there is no getting him away. The old woman, however, hits on the stratagem of getting him to twist a straw rope (sugaun), and as in twisting the rope he steps backward and out through the open door, there is a sudden rush, and the door is banged in his face.

To a version of this air, Moore composed the well-known song, "How dear to me the hour when daylight dies."

M. Ní A.

33. Muinntir Conaire (*The Connerys*).

"The Connerys," two brothers from Bohadoon, Dungarvan, were transported to New South Wales about eighty years ago. This is a most unusual rhythm, and the air has the peculiarity of having the fourth sharpened in the middle phrases. The first and last phrases are really in the key of D, and the repeated middle phrase in the key of A. I took down the song from Micil Ṡíle (Micil Shíle), in Ring, in August, 1902. From the same man, and on the same day, I took down the words of "Éire" and also of "Taim-se im Ċodlaḋ."

Another version of the song which I have heard alludes to the birth-place of the Connerys, in this line :—

> "Culaiṫ fairrge, níḋ nár ċaiṫeamar i mḃoṫ-a' Dúin na gCraoḃ."
> "A seaman's suit, we did not use, in Bohadoon of the branches."

S. C.

34. Beannaċt is Buaḋ Dé (*A Blessing and God's Grace*).

I learned the words and music of this song in 1900 in Cathal McGarvey's "Stad," in North Frederick Street, Dublin, from Seán Burchell, "An Réalt Eolais," "the Star of Knowledge," who in turn learned it from his grandmother in Skibbereen.

The song was made for a Father Eamonn Cotter on his being changed from the parish of Skibbereen to another part of the diocese of Ross. The " Paorach " referred to in the last stanza was the Father Power who revived the " pattern " at St. Fachtna's well, Rosscarbery, and was reputed a miracle-worker.

The air resembles " Savourneen Dilis." It was often sung by Cathal McGarvey in the early Gaelic League days, and I remember one occasion when his eldest son, Sammy, a young singer of great promise, was awarded first prize at the Oireachtas for a very beautiful and sympathetic rendering of it. By the early death of this young boy, Ireland lost a gifted vocalist. " Go ndéanaiḋ Dia trócaire ar a anam." S. C.

This air was sung in my home to Gaelic words which I completely forget. It was also sung in English to " Emmet's Farewell," of which I only recall the following words :

" Farewell, love, farewell love, I'm now going to leave you,
The pale moon is shining its last beams on me,
'Tis true, I declare, I would never deceive you,
For next to my heart lies green Erin and thee."

I am sure a great many people about Dungarvan remember this song.

M. Ní A.

35. Rosc Caṫa na Muṁan (*The Munster War Song*).

This fine warlike sea-song, of the Jacobite days, was written by Piaras Fitzgerald, of Clashmore, Co. Waterford, about 1780. For resonant assonance it is, I think, unsurpassed, and at the same time the meaning of the poet, the vision of the ships which he sees cleaving the waves towards him, is perfectly clear. His call to the clansmen of the Gael to unite, shake off their bonds, and strike for freedom, is not veiled by any allegorical allusion whatever.

The first time I saw the words was in 1904 in an old bound volume of a magazine called " The Celt," published in Dublin about 1858. The words were contributed by an enthusiast in Gaelic studies who signed himself " Éirionnach." I believe it was the pen-name of the late Senator Dr. Sigerson. He contributed several other Gaelic poems to the same magazine.

The air given here was composed by Maighréad for a competition at the Oireachtas of 1910, on which occasion she also submitted No. 10 in this collection. The first prize was awarded to the " War Song," and I have since sung it at all the principal concerts at which I have appeared, including several occasions at the Queen's Hall, London.

S. C.

36. An Páisdín Fionn (*The Fair Little Child*).

This Co. Waterford "Paisdin Fionn" I learned from my father. I committed it to manuscript for the first time in 1901 when living in Cork, and sang it several times at concerts in that city, as well as in Dublin and elsewhere. There are several versions of the

"Paisdin Fionn" published ; in fact, every county almost has its own, some minor and some major. This is the only one which has the flattened seventh (ta), which gives a quaint touch to the refrain. M. Ní A.

I heard a Galway version of the "Paisdin Fionn," or rather a border version, from Brigid Ni Dhuibhne (Brigid Mhor), Mrs. Linnane, Ballinakill, Gort, Co. Galway. She regarded the words as the perfection of Gaelic poetry. Her version more nearly approached that published by Joyce. S. C.

37. An Londuḃ 's an Ċéirseaċ (*The Blackbird and the Missel Thrush*).

The words of this pretty love-song I found in a note-book of Bunting's, lent me by the late Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., when I was a student at University College, Dublin. There was no air given in the notebook, but Maighréad supplied me with the one given here, which seems to suit the words and sentiment of the song as if it had been composed expressly for them. This air she had heard sung in Dungarvan, to an English ballad, "My charming blue-eyed Mary," of which she cannot remember the words. It began :

"Where are you going, my pretty maid,
Where are you going so early,
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said——

This is another of the melodies with the flattened seventh. S. C.

38. Cuṁa Eoġain Ruaiḋ Uí Néill (*Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill*)

This is an air I took down from the playing of Mr. Michael Hamill, of the Central Hotel, Linenhall Street, Derry. Mr. Hamill is a native of Strabane, and learned the tune from his mother, who lived to a very great age. The air is intensely sad, and has the characteristics of a caoine. In construction it is not unlike An Raiḃ tú ag an gCarraig ? ("Were you at Carrick ?")

Mr. Hamill had no words to this beautiful air, but seeing that it comes from Tyrone, I think it most appropriate to the "Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," the words of which I have taken from Mr. Henry Morris's book "Céad de Ċeóltaiḃ Ulaḋ" (One Hundred Ulster Poems), by permission. M. Ní A.

39. Éamonn an Ċnuic (*Ned of the Hill*).

This begins the series of twelve songs originally published by us in "An Londuḃ" in the year 1904. We have re-edited them in this collection, and they are given here, numbers 39 to 50 inclusive, in the order in which they were originally printed.

The original air of "Eamonn an Chnuic," and that commonly sung by the old people in the County Waterford, was the version which was published by the Gaelic League in "Cláirseaċ na nGaeḋeal." Another somewhat similar version of the old air

appears in the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (Duffy & Sons, Dublin). The version which I give here was composed by me in 1901, and was sung by me at the Oireachtas competition in that year, when I was awarded first prize. I may say that I had to obtain special permission to sing it, as the older version was the test piece. The air is thoroughly Gaelic in structure, and became at once immensely popular, so that it has passed into currency as the original "Eamonn an Chnuic."

After its publication in "The Londubh," it appeared in collections by Father Walsh, was arranged by Carl Hardebeck and Hubert Rooney, formed part of a symphony arranged by Signor Esposito, and played by the Hallé Orchestra under Hamilton Harty, and finally appeared as the only chorus in Mr. Molyneux Palmer's opera, "Sruth na Maoile." It has since been arranged by Signor Viani, to English words, and as a three part chorus by Kendal Irwin. All these collectors and arrangers must have thought it an ancient folk-tune.

Perhaps the greatest honour of my life was when I had the privilege of singing this song by special request before His Eminence Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, on the occasion of his visit to the Oireachtas in 1904. His Eminence sent me on that occasion a most gracious message, and a short time ago I had the pleasure of receiving through the hands of Marquis MacSwiney an autographed portrait of the Cardinal, with the following inscription in his own hand :—

"Alla Signora Margherita Clandillon, augurii e benedisioni, del gia Legato di Pio X. in Armagh.

Roma, 20 Gennaio, 1922.

✠ VINCENZO CARD. VANNUTELLI.

M. Ní A.

40. Ar Bruach na Laoi 'san Oidhche Casadh Mé (*On the Banks of Lee as by Night I wandered*).

This is probably one of the oldest airs in this collection. I have never heard anybody attempt to sing it since we published it in "An Londubh" 1904. People probably think it "out of tune," beginning, as it does, with a flattened seventh. However, it was a great favourite of my father's, and I like it very much myself. I have never heard it outside my own family. The words also are unusual. It is an "aisling," or vision song, but incomplete, as I have not the stanza in which the speir-bhean (vision-woman, lit., sky-woman), declares herself. The weird and wild scenery which the poet introduces, with dark cliffs and booming cataracts, and hosts of wild birds, is quite out of the common in this style of composition, but is wonderfully in harmony with the air.

M. Ní A.

41. Sliabh na mBan (*Slieve-na-Mon*).

This song celebrates one of the incidents of the '98 rising. the battle fought on the slopes of Sliabh na mBan (The Mountain of the Women), near Clonmel. It was evidently

an isolated conflict, in which the hastily-armed country people were defeated. This is a very beautiful melody, and breathes the spirit of the Deise. The words, too, are full of heroic courage and pathos. The song was first published by us in "An Londubh," 1904.
M. Ní A.

This was one of my favourite songs during the early days of the Gaelic revival. I remember once singing it at the Croppies' Grave on the Hill of Tara on the occasion of an Oireachtas excursion to that historic spot. I was astonished to find that my old neighbour, Brighid Linnane, in Beagh, Co. Galway, knew the song. In fact, it had made such an impression on her that she always compared any great battle she heard of to "the Battle of Sliabh na mBan."
S. C.

42. Bháb na gCraobh (*The Maid of the Branching Tresses*).

This is a quaint but very pretty love-song, which for some reason was not taken up by the public like "Eamonn an Chnuic" and the "Druimfhionn Donn Dilis." Perhaps the fact that there were some misprints in the staff notation in the old "Londubh" had something to do with this. The song was composed in honour of some now-forgotten beauty in the neighbourhood of Lismore, and should be sung in rather a light and delicate style.
M. Ní A.

43. Cois Leasa dam go h-Uaigneach (*Beside a Liss all Lonely*).

The words of this song—a triumph in assonance and rhythm—were composed in 1773 by Sean Lloyd, a Co. Clare poet. It is a perfect example of the "Aisling," or "Dream-poem," in which the poet sees the spirit of the country embodied in the shape of a beautiful maiden. The words were, however, originally composed to the air of the "Flowers of Edinboro'" reel, but as this had too long a range, the country people generally sang the song to a sort of recitative. I wrote the air here given, and was highly complimented on it by the late Rev. Dr. Henebry, who admired it very much, and was so taken by it that he used to play it on the fiddle in slashing hornpipe time, and taught it to his favourite piper, Byrnes, as a hornpipe, and I have often heard them play it together. From the latter source, apparently, the air got into the Roche collection of dance music as a hornpipe. As sung to the words, it must be taken in a broad legato time.

I sang the air for the first time at the Oireachtas of 1903, and well remember the impression it created amongst the Gaels. Our dear old friend "Beirt Fhear" in particular (J. J. Doyle), told me that though he had heard the words all his life, he had never before heard it sung. The air was published for the first time in "An Londubh," 1904.

A splendid metrical translation of the first stanza appears in Dr. Douglas Hyde's *History of Irish Literature*.
M. Ní A.

44. Príosún Cluain-Meala (*The Jail of Clonmel*).

This is another song of the '98 period. The air is particularly beautiful and touching, and was also sung to Edward Walsh's song with English words, " Maighréad Ní Cheallaigh." The song pictures the active youth closely confined in the old jail of Clonmel, while he thinks of the companions of his sport, of his trusty hurley (caman) warping in disuse, and his own limbs growing stiff from long confinement.

This song was sung both in Irish and English in my family, and first published by us in "An Londuḃ," 1904. The English words here given are by J. J. Callanan, a Co. Cork poet. M. Ní A.

45. Druimḟionn Donn Dílis (*The Faithful Brown Drimeen*).

This version of the " Druimfhionn Donn Dilis " was first sung by me at the Munster Feis in Cork in September, 1901. I noted down the melody, and Owen Lloyd, our great harpist, accompanied me. The older air of the " Druimfhionn Donn Dílis " is a little monotonous, and somewhat resembles No. 19, " Reídh-chnoc Mná Sidhe." I know the air as given here to be sung to the English words of that fine old ballad, " In Bodenstown Churchyard there lies a green grave," and I myself adapted it to the words of the " Druimfhionn Donn Dilis." There is a fine sweep of melody, and it suits the sentiment of the words admirably. As in the case of " Eamonn an Chnuic," this air which I adapted has taken the place of the older one, and we find it appearing in Father Walsh's collection among others. It has also been arranged with piano accompaniment by Carl Hardebeck. Father Walsh has also used this air as a hymn-tune. It was first published by us in " An Londuḃ," 1904. M. Ní A.

46. Ar ṫaoḃ Cill an Ḟuarṫain (*By the Side of Killoran*).

The townland of Cill an Fuarthain is close to Ring, Dungarvan. The poet, in a vision, sees a lady who reproaches him with neglect, in being unaware or heedless of the fact that a friend of his is almost at the point of death. He starts up and hastens to the side of his friend, and assists him as far as lies in his power, while he prays God to relieve his pain. The friend may have been another poet in the district, possibly O'Moran, but in the last stanza there seems to be a veiled allusion to the state of Ireland.

I took down the words from Micil Shíle in Ring in July, 1902. Maighréad supplied the air from memory ; her father used to sing it. Micil remembered him as " An rinncéoir a b'fheárr sa chondae "—" The best *dancer* in the county." The song was first published in " An Londuḃ," 1904. S. C.

47. Tórraṁ an Ḃaraille (*The Wake of the Barrel*).

This lively song was composed in praise of the parish of Ballymacoda, near Youghal, a place abounding to this day in Irish songs and Irish humour. I well remember the

fine contingent of Irish singers from Ballymacoda who competed at the Oireachtas in Waterford in 1917. The words are in the best classic assonantal style, the vowel rhymes

ó—ea—ó—ea—ó—ea—ú

being kept up throughout.

The hospitality of the district is praised in sounding phrases, but some rogue has added a stanza at the end making fun of the poet's pretensions—even the goats, he says, compose songs in praise of Ballymacoda.

This air has been very daintily treated in Colonel Fritz Brase's 1st Irish Fantasia. Its airy mischievous spirit is well brought out. The song was generally known throughout South Munster, but was first published by us in "An lonoub," 1904, since when it has appeared in other collections. I sang it all over Ireland. S. C.

48. Droiceaḋ na Tuaire (*The Old Bridge of Toor*).

I took down the words of this song from a woman named Bridget Hackett—or Ronan, to use her married name—at Knockmawn, parish of Ballynameala, near Dungarvan, in July, 1902. Maighréad knew the air well from hearing it sung at home; and shortly afterwards I sang it at the Oireachtas and elsewhere. Mrs. Ronan had a wonderful memory, and at one sitting I took down the words of several songs from her. She never had to search her memory for words, and I may say that in all my experience I never met anyone so thoroughly satisfactory to the collector.

The song, a story of an elopement in the best eighteenth-century style, with dashing brown steed and relatives in hot pursuit of the eloping couple, is a great favourite throughout the Deisi. There are several English ballads to the air, the most notable being "The Sweet Mossy Banks of the Lee."

Droichead na Tuaire—or Toor Bridge—is about six miles to the south-west of Dungarvan. The word Tuar means a "bleaching green," and the fact that it appears so commonly as a place-name in the south, shows that the linen industry in early days was by no means a monopoly of the north-east. This song was first published by us in "An lonoub," 1904. S. C.

49. An Róis Geal Dub (*The Fair Dark Rose*).

This is one of my father's songs. It is a noble melody, and easier to sing than the more highly ornamented one already given (No. 25). My father used also sing it to English words, of which I only remember the following :—

"With diamonds and pearls I would deck my bonny Brown Girl,
And with all sorts of jewels I would style her my queen."

Perhaps some reader may be able to supply the rest of this English version. The words of this song inspired Mangan to write his well-known "Dark Rosaleen." It was first published by us in this setting in "An lonoub," 1904.

50. Inġean an Ḟaoit' ó'n nGleann (*White's Daughter of the Glen*).

The words of this song were first published in Duffy's edition of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, with a metrical translation. The air, however, was not given. It was an old song in my family, and is really an unornamented version of the air known as the "Blackbird." In some of these airs there were well-recognised vocal and instrumental settings. The "Rois Geal Dubh," "An Londubh," and "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" are well-known examples of this. The development of the "set dance," a variety of hornpipe, to the tune of the "Blackbird," gave rise again to a distinct dancing version of the tune. The Gleann referred to in the song is the village of Glyn, between the towns of Carrick and Clonmel. I take this note from O'Duffy. "An annual fair was held here on the 28th of May. The Suir runs direct through the village, dividing it into two—hence the following proverb among the natives :—'Bíoḋ a leaṫ ar an dá ṫaoḃ ar nós Aonaċ an Ġleanna '—' Half on each side, like the fair of Glyn.' " The air of "Inghean an Fhaoit' ó'n nGleann" was first published by us in "An Londuḃ," 1904.

51. Uḋaċt Ṗáidín Toirḋealḃaiġ (*The Will of Turlough's Pat*).

The air and words of this song were taken down by me from the singing of Pádraig Connole, of Ballinalacken, Co. Clare, in July, 1901 ; and were published by me shortly afterwards in the *Gaelic Journal*, with topographical notes. It was afterwards included by the Gaelic League in one of the "*Cláirseach na nGaedheal*" series of song books.

The song was composed by Páidín Tréalach MacMahon, a native of Ennistymon, and is really humorous. Poor Páidín had not much of this world's goods, but that does not prevent him distributing the broad acres of North Clare and South Galway among his friends and benefactors. For the benefit of readers in the area mentioned, I give here the song in full.

I.

Anois i dteaċt an tSaṁraiḋ déanfaiḋ mé m' uḋaċt
As raċad ar mo ġlúinib dtí 'n sagart,
As roinnfiḋ mé an Ṁumain ar scafairib súgaċ'
Fad a ṁairfiḋ aon luġad ar mo ṫeangain.
Ag Aindréas Bán bíoḋ Innis Tiġe Máin,
Is a ḃfuil ó Ċallán go Bun Raite
Ċúig ṁíle 'na láiṁ le roinnt ar boċtáin
Agus tuillfiḋ sé grásta na ḃflaiṫeas.

II.

Ag Brian Ó Móráin bíoḋ Baile Ġúnáin
Caṫair Mionáin as Cill Caṫraċ
Ḃfuil ó Cill-as-Brunáin go Cladaċ Ġlinn Ṁeaḋoin
Is as sin go dtí bárr Ġort-a-daingin.

Aige n-a ḋearḃráṫar bioḋ Caṫair na nÁrd,
Aniar go dtí Fánta 'san Creagaċ
Ḃfuil ó Ḃaile Ḃrisleáin go Cill Ṁuire Ḃriocáin
Agus suas an Caisleán is mo ḃeannaċt.

III.

Ag Augustín Críonna bíonn maiṫiḃ na tíre
Níor ṁór do luaċ fíona 'gus leanna,
Mar caiṫeann siad mí ann ar meisce gan cuiṁne
Is a lán de'n cois-ṁuinntir na n-aice.
Ġeoḃaiḋ sé cúig míle de'n airgead síos,
As banncanna 'n Ríoġ béas 'á tarraingt,
Is bronnaim d'á ṁnaoi mar phroperty coiḋċe,
A ḃfuil ó Ḃlaṫ'n Ríoġ go Cinn-Ṁara.

IV.

Tabarfaiḋ mé Díleann do Ṁuinntir Ċuinn,
Baile Miċíl agus Faiṫċe,
Bioḋ Cnoc* na Ríġte ag Tomás Mac Suiḃne,
Mar ba ró-ṁaiṫ a tiġearaċ 'sa mbaile.
Bronnaim d'á ṁnaoi Gleann na Sealluiḋe
Cnoc Baile Gríobta 'gus Ceapaċ
Dá gcaiṫfeaḋ siad mí ann níor ṗinginn dá díol é,
Mar ba ṁaiṫ a gcuid bíḋ is a leaba.

V.

Ag Doċtúir Murray bioḋ Baile Briain
Paráisde na Díseard gan dada ;
A ḃfuil as siúd síos go Coilleán Uí hÍde
Fá bulláin fá ċaora 's fá ċapaill.
An dá Lios Láiṫrín agus Baile Ċaisín,
Cnoc-Leaḃar is an rí-Ċaṫair-Ḟada,
Gan sciling, gan ċíos, gan taxes ó'n Ríġ
Agus hogséḋ fíona gaċ Saṫarn.

VI.

Ag Donnċaḋ Caṫail fágaim talaṁ is áiṫreaḃ.
Níor ċóir dam é ċaṫaḋ gan dada.
Cota is Coilleán, is na sean-Túirlig Bána
Agus bun agus bárr Baile Ġáirdil :

* Cnoc pr. Croc throughout.

Gaċ a ḃfuil bán anoir ó Ċill Tártain
Go ndeaġaiḋ sé anall le Cinn Aille,
Siúḋ fa n-a láiṁ, gan pingin go bráċ,
Nuair ḋ'íocfaiḋ sé cárt uisce beaṫa.

VII.

Ag Seán Ó Móráin bíoḋ paráisde Ċláim
'S ar m'anam naċ gáḃaḋ ḋó beiṫ ceasaċt,
Ḃfuil ó Ḃun-an-Ċaisleáin go Teampoll na Ráiṫe,
Agus roinnfeaḋ sé a lán de le Harry.
Míle bulláin ó Aonaċ Cill-Ṁáile
Ar díolfaiḋ sé i mbáraċ na banaiḃ
Béiḋ sé lán láidir ar teaċt an Ḟéil' Ṗádraig
Tár éis iad tiomáint ċuig a' tsleatair.

VIII.

Ag Ó Flaiṫbeartaiġ fágaim Aċaḋ-Ṁionnáin,
Bun Guirt-a-Ċláir ar Sliaḃ Carrtain
Ḃfuil ó Ḃaile 'n Loċáin go bun an Ṗuill Ḃáin
Bun Baile 'n Ċláir is an Daingean.
An t-eallaċ is fearr d'á ḃfuil in mo ṗáirc,
Idir caora, bulláin, is ba seasgṫa,
Nuair a ḃí a lán atá árd de facta 'na láiṁ
Ḃí bágún go hárd i dtiġ a aṫar.

IX.

Ag Brianaċ 'sa ċlann a ḃí riaṁ ins an nGleann,
Mar a mbíoḋ greann agus aiteas,
Aimsear gaċ dream a beiṫ scréadaiġ le call,
Siúd iad a ḃí teann ann mar ċaraid.
Bronnaim dóiḃ siúd an Raḃaċán san Cúṁaḋ
Oileán na Súile gus Poplar
An Ċros is an Ċúirt, gan scilling gan púnt
Is cead fiaḋaiġ ar lár Ṁuṁan gan aon taxes.

X.

Tá go leór aca uaim ba ṁaiṫ liom im' raḃarc
Is go deiṁin duit go leiġeasfainn a n-galair,
Diarmaid Mac Ḟloinn 'sé do ḟéidfeaḋ an aḃarc
Is a ḃaileóċ' na gaḋair ċugainn go tapaiḋ.

Bronnaim Sliaḃ Éilḃe lug ar a ċloinn
Cnocán agus coillte Uċt Dara (Aċaḋ Dara ?)
'S agat-sa Ṗat Lysaght bíoḋ paráisde Cill Eiḃle
'S a bfuil in do radarc go Cuan na Mara.

XI.

Anois dar go deiṁin díb tá mo phroperty roinnte
Go dtí leiteaḋ béil adairce de talaṁ,
Boṫáinín fé ṗuill agus lag in a ḋruim,
'S mé im' ḋallaḋ gan radarc ag an ndeataċ.
Tá súil agam fós le huaislib Ċláir Fódla
Go bfuigiḋ mé sórt áitreaḃ fearta,
As siúd go dtí'n Spá no go hInnis Tiġe Máin,
Is go mbéiḋ mé im' ṗléireáċ' lem' phractice.

XII.

Ar maidin Dia Máirt bíoḋ an sagart ar fágail,
Ġeoḃaiḋ mise bás ċuig an tSeaċtrainn,
Is cuirigiḋ fé ċlár mé ag dorar tiġe 'n tabairne,
Mar ba ṁinic mé i bpáirt le mná'n leanna.
Nuair a ġeiḃinn-se spailp-ċáirde d'ólfainn mo sáiṫ de,
'S ba ṁinic na báillí am' stracaḋ,
'Nois ó tárla ar fágail é ólaigiḋ búr sáiṫ de,
Agus cuirigiḋ cárt de lem' anam. S. C.

52. An Goirtín Eornan (*The Little Field of Barley*).

This version of the "Goirtin Eornan" is that which I used to hear most commonly at home. The air is more stately than two other versions which I have seen published. It has got the characteristic flattened seventh in the ascending passages, which becomes natural in descending passages. It is a very beautiful love-song ; the words show a more than ordinary depth of feeling. This was the first song I taught to the class I had in Craobh na Cúig gCuigi in 1918. It is a fine song for bass or baritone voice.

M. Ni A.

53. An Túirnín Lín (*The Flax Wheel*).

This is the version of "An Túirnín Lín" I always heard from my father. It is a comic song, in which the husband complains of the contrast between his wife's output of spun flax before marriage and after. This air is remarkable in having not only the seventh, but the sixth flattened. This turn is most unusual even in Gaelic music.

M. Ni A.

This was one of my most successful concert numbers from 1901 onwards. S. C.

54. Cailín Deas Donn (*The Pretty Brown Girl*).

This song, both words and air, I took down from Brighid Linnane, Ballinakill, Gort, Co. Galway, about 1900. I think it was the first Irish song I ever took down. The air, though simple, is very pretty, and the conversation between the sister and the brother she does not recognise has the true folk-song flavour. This air, though noted in the Co. Galway, has a close structural relationship to the Highland Gaelic song, "Mo Dheachaidh." If put into $\frac{6}{8}$ time and the first note of each bar dotted, the resemblance becomes very apparent.

I published the song in the *Gaelic Journal*, and it was subsequently printed over my name in "*Cláirseach na nGaedheal.*" S.C.

55. Ó Ḃean a Tiġe cia'n Ḃuaḋairt sin ort (*O Van-i-thee, what Ails thee now?*).

I first heard this song on a phonograph, brought from Glasgow by an enthusiastic Gael named McGetrick (Tobar na Sidhe). It was sung by an old man named Pádraig Ó Duibhne, from Oughterard, Co. Galway. The song is reminiscent of the visit of the French to Killala in 1798. It is interesting to note that Henry Morris subsequently took it down from Eoin Ó Gallċoḃair (John Gallagher), of Mullaghduff, Annagry, Co. Donegal, who must have learned it in Glasgow, probably from the same old man whose singing I heard in the phonograph.

The song is clearly of Connaught origin. Mr. Morris kindly refers to its pleasing air having been popularised by me throughout Irish Ireland. The reference to the Duke of York he explains by suggesting a Jacobite origin for the song—Prince Charles Edward being regarded by the Jacobites as the legitimate Duke of York.

Mr. Morris is somewhat puzzled by the sudden change of the poet's theme from a rousing call to his countrymen to join the coming revolution, to a more-or-less common drinking song. This was a common device in what were known as "treason songs," so that if any strangers appeared the subject of the song could be quickly changed.

S. C.

56. Táim in Arréars (*I am in Arrears*).

This air I heard sung first by my friend and neighbour, the late Miceal O'Sullivan, author of "Cailin deas Cruidhte na mBo." To this pioneer is due also the credit of starting the Gaelic revival in Wexford. The words are as given in O'Daly's *Miscellany*. The air is a lively one, and was frequently sung at concerts in the early days by Cathal McGarvey and by myself. A version of the song appears in Mrs. Senator Costello's "Amhráin Mhuighe hEola," which was taken down from an old man in Connemara, showing that the song was widely popular in the Gaedhealtacht. S. C.

57. Séarlas Óg (*Young Charlie*).

Mr. Henry Morris in his book, "Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh" gives the words of this song as taken down from the singing of Anne Treacy, Greencastle, Co. Tyrone. This woman was afterwards visited by Carl Hardebeck, who took down from her and arranged the now well-known version of the air which he published.

The air as we give it here is a Waterford version, but I have used the words as given by Henry Morris.

It is interesting to note that Sir Richard Terry found an air closely resembling this, used as a "shanty" among West Indians, and it was one of those used to illustrate his lecture, "Songs of the Sea," given at the Abbey Theatre a few years ago. It was evidently brought to the West Indies by the children whom Cromwell exported some three hundred years ago from the Counties Kilkenny, Waterford, and South Tipperary. There were in all some 5,000 children sold as slaves in Barbadoes. The word "shanty," of course, comes from the Irish "Sean tigh," an old house. In other words, it was applied to the songs sung by the expatriated children in their old homes.

M. Ní A.

58. An Crann Ubhall (*The Apple Tree*).

This pretty air and the words to it were taken down by me from the singing of Tim Linnane, Ballinakill, Gort, Co. Galway. It seems to me to be a fragment of an "occupation song," sung when a number of women would be assembled for some task such as carding, spinning, or hackling flax. Most of the verses were improvisations, each singer taking turns at making a rhyme, and all joining in the chorus, to which they kept time while working. Not long ago I heard a number of girls mending nets in a shed at Bunbeg, Co. Donegal, lighten their work in this manner. I was careful to remain unseen, as at the sight of a stranger the singing would stop at once. In the present instance, each girl would praise some particular trade or occupation, the smith, carpenter, farmer, etc. The words of the refrain are supposed to be whispered by the buds of the apple tree to each other, "When you move then I'll move, etc.," as they prepare to burst into flower.

S. C.

59. Rinnce Philib an Cheoil ("*Phil the Fluter's Dancing*").

Another version of this little song for children is published by Fionán McColumb in his book, *Cosa Buidhe Arda*. The air as given here was sung by us as children at home, and it is a bright little lilt. We used to dance what was known as "Rinnce an Phreacháin," or the "Crow's Dance," to it for fun. The title literally means "The Dancing of Phil of the Music."

M. Ní A.

60. Bacaċ Buiḋe na Léige (*Yellow Beggar of the League*).

This song, both words and music, I got from Mrs. Ronan, Knockmawn, Dungarvan, in July, 1902. The beggars in old times in Ireland were a very well organised community, and in each district had something closely resembling a trade union for the purpose of excluding beggars from other districts. This is the League alluded to. Two versions of the air appear in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, but neither has the lilt of Mrs. Ronan's tune, nor the lilted chorus. An Ulster version of the words appears in Henry Morris' book. In my version the Bacach Buidhe appears to have been endeavouring to persuade a lady to join him on his travels, and holds forth at some length on the joys of the beggar's life, especially as summer approaches. Compare the Bunting beggar-song in this collection (No. 20), which we have set to the Waterford air of “ Tá 'na Lá ” (“ 'Tis the Day.”) S. C.

61. *I am a Young Fellow.*

This song, celebrating an elopement in the neighbourhood of Clonmel about fifty years ago, is a good example of “ macaronic ” verse. It is widely known throughout Munster, and I remember once singing it at a Feis in Timoleague, Co. Cork, where I noticed that several of the elder people of the audience were repeating the words a line in front of me, in a tone quite audible to me on the platform. I once got severely hauled over the coals by a London critic for pronouncing the words, means, etc., to rhyme with spré—as indeed they must if the assonance is to be preserved. I was told I was “ introducing the brogue of the Stage Irishman.” Evidently this critic knew nothing about the rules of Gaelic assonantal metre. The air is that usually sung in the Deisi. S. C.

62. *I am a Young Fellow* (second setting).

This version I took down from the singing of Mr. Tom Curran, Killosera, Dungarvan, who was one of the pioneer Gaelic singers in Dublin. This is a very bright and pleasing version, and the effect is accentuated by the quickening of the last phrase in each stanza. It is also sung to the words of “ An Táilliuirín Magaidh ” (The Funny Tailor). M. ní A.

63. Tarraing go Ciúin (*Draw Gently*).

This fine drinking-song I took down from the singing of Tim Linnane, Ballinakill, Gort, Co. Galway, about 1901. The words are mainly a nonsense rhyme, but the effect of singing them using the different numerals up to ten is very amusing. It was a great favourite with the “ Druids ” Society in Dublin some twenty years ago. The song as set down here is identical with the version sung by Maighréad's father.

There is a fine classical song to the air in the *old Poets and Poetry of Munster*.

S. C.

64. An Samhradh Cruaidh (*The Hard Summer*).

The words of this song have never before been published. It was taken down by me from Brighid Ní Lionnáin (Bridget Linnane), of Ballinakill, in the parish of Beagh in Co. Galway. The song is very interesting, referring back as it does in its opening stanza to the "Hard Summer" of 1654, when the crops failed to ripen over a great part of the country. The singer, however, having found welcome and hospitality in an island off the coast, praises the daughter of the house, with whose charms he was smitten, in really beautiful imagery.

Brighid sang the song to the air given here; and the same air was sung by Mrs. Clandillon's father to the words of "Mór-Chluana" (Mor of Cloyne). The air given as "Mór-Cluana" in Joyce is quite different, but then Piaras Mac Gearailt (Pierce Fitzgerald) who composed "Mór-Chluana" came from Clashmore, West Waterford, and Mrs. Clandillon's father came from Crobally, in the Old Parish close by. It is more than likely that this is the original air to which the words of "Mór-Chluana" were written. Dr. Joyce's version was taken down in Co. Limerick—a long distance away. I may say also that I heard "Mór-Chluana" sung to this air by Micil Shíle in Ring twenty years ago. S. C.

65. Tadhg a' Dá Thaobh (*Teig a Dhaw Haov—Tim of the Two Sides*).

A prize being offered for an original humorous song in Irish at the Oireachtas, 1911, I composed this song "Tadhg a' Dá Thaobh," the subject being the "Eloquent Dempsey" type of Irishman. I wrote both air and words, and was awarded first prize.

S. C.

66. Éire (*Erin*).

This is a favourite song in the Ring district, and I give the air as my father had it. It was arranged from my singing some years ago by Carl Hardebeck. His arrangement is very beautiful; but as the time-changes which he introduces may be puzzling to many, I give here my own setting of the air, indicating the pauses and notes to be held slightly longer than their time value. The words of the third stanza are of a rousing nature, but the singer should beware of shouting them, though there is a strong temptation to do so. Intensity of expression arising from a clear vision of the meaning is what is to be aimed at. The song is a rather late version of a vision-song.

M. Ní A.

67. Cnocáinín Aerach Chill Mhuire (*The Airy Wee Hill of Kilmurray*).

This was for many years a favourite concert-song of my own. Feeling the want of the swinging refrains so common in the Highland Gaelic Melodies, which make their songs so attractive, I improvised a chorus to the second part of the air, in keeping with the

spirit of the whole. I have been frequently asked for the words of the chorus, so I give it here.

I learned the song from the late Rev. Michael O'Callaghan, C.C., Clonakilty, at one time Professor of Singing at Maynooth College, who was one of the most finished Gaelic singers I ever heard.

There is an English version of the words current about Ardfield, Clonakilty, "The Flourishing State of Kilmurray." When we lived in Darrara, Clonakilty, we had a maid, Mary Cronin, from that quarter who used to sing it. S. C.

68. Tá 'na Lá (*'Tis the Day*).

This pleasing air I learned from the singing of Bob Wilkinson, Falcarragh, Co. Tirconnaill. I spent many pleasant evenings there at McGinley's Hotel, where Bob worked, and we generally had an impromptu ceilidh (a free-and-easy sing-song) whenever I reached the village. Bob was a good Irish step-dancer, a very good singer and a native speaker of Irish. The words I take from Henry Morris's book "Céad de Ċeóltaiḃ Ulaḋ." This typically Northern air has a good deal of the flavour of the Highland Gaelic melodies. A Waterford version of the air is given in No. 20; but as we did not consider the words quite suitable, I adapted it without any change whatever to the words of "An ḃacaċ nó ḃfuil tú sásta," which I got in Bunting's notebook. S. C.

69. Mo Ṡúil id' Ḋéiḋ (*Dreaming of Thee*).

This is a Highland Gaelic song which I learned from Roderick McLeod of Inverness. The singer is supposed to be a crippled lad, who is in love with a beautiful girl. He cuts the yarrow plant (athair thalmhan) and makes a charm by which to know her mind, and sees her with her back turned to him. Roderick McLeod had the air from an old woman, who told him that it was Irish. Sung slowly, it is a haunting melody. As is common with Scottish Gaelic songs, it begins with the refrain (luinneóg), which is again repeated at the close.

I was for a long time puzzled as to what Irish tune the melody was derived from, but the question was solved by Maighréad's lilting it in quick time. It is the first half of the well-known "Butcher's March" and is really a warpipe tune. S. C.

70. Duan Croiḋe Íosa (*Hymn to the Sacred Heart*).

This is perhaps the most beautiful of Tadhg Gaedhealach O'Sullivan's religious poems. It is a hymn to the Sacred Heart. The words express a deep religious fervour, and are in themselves very musical in their assonances. The air to which it is set is "Sa Ṁainistir Lá" (In Fermoy One Day), which is the tune given by Patrick Denn in his *Pious Miscellany* as that to which Tadhg Gaedhealach wrote the words.

I give this air here as it was sung by my father. A very similar version was frequently sung by the late Seamus O'Hallissey, one of the most gifted of our Gaelic singers, and a brother of Sighle and Maighréad Ní Ailigheasa (Hallissey), both well-known Gaelic singers. His early death was a great loss to the cause of Gaelic music.

Seamus O'Hallissey had a very beautiful tenor voice, and sang with great sweetness and expression and with pure native blas (pronunciation). This version of the air is very similar to that sung by the Hallisseys, which is remarkable considering the distance separating Dunmanway from Dungarvan, but we have also heard an almost identical version from Seán O Cadhla, from near Ballinamult, Co. Waterford. We have never heard it from any others. Personally, I consider it one of the most glorious things in Gaelic music.

M. Ní A.

71. Aiṫriġe Ṡeáin de hÓrḋa (*Seán de Hore's Repentance*).

This "Repentance" composed by Seán de Hore, a native of Doonaha, Kilkee, Co. Clare, where he carried on a blacksmith's shop, is a very fine example of Gaelic poetry, and the air may be described in the words of the late Father Bewerunge as "stately." Seán de Hore was a contemporary and friend of Seán Lloyd's, who composed "Cois Leasa dham go h-Uaigneach." There are many of his descendants living about Kilkee, and also near Kilfenora, Co. Clare.

I never heard this air from anyone but my father, and it was first printed in the programme issued by the London Irish Religious Celebration Committee in 1904, when I sent the late Canon Molony, of Westminster Cathedral, this air with the words, and also "Aréir is mé ag Maċtnaṁ" (No. 73) and "Pósaḋ Naoṁṫa Cána" (The Wedding Feast of Cana) (No. 72). This melody has never been used to any other words except this hymn; I never heard even a version of it in any other connection.

Carl Hardebeck has arranged the Aiṫriġe (Repentance) very beautifully for the organ, giving my name as the source whence it was obtained. If I have done nothing else but save this noble hymn from oblivion, I consider I have done a good work for Ireland. Tradition says that the song was composed by the poet on his death-bed. The stanzas most generally sung by us are the opening one, and the two last, which are metrical renderings of the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary."

The hymn is a very long one, but is so beautiful a composition that we give it here in full.

M. Ní A.

Aiṫriġe Ṡeáin de h-Órḋa.

I.

A Ṁic Ṁuire na n-grás, do cuireaḋ ċum báis, is d'ḟuiling an páis peannaideaċ,
Do ċeannuiġ Síol Áḋaim le h-allus do ċnáṁ, fola 'gus cneaḋa dearga,
Freagair mé a ġráḋ, beir m'anam i dtráṫ go Parraṫas lán-ġradamaċ,
Ag caiteaṁ an troláis fada ġil ḃreaġ, 'dir aspail is árd-aingealaiḃ.

II.

Freagair mé, a Ċríost, a ċara mo ċroiḋe—an ċarraig seo im' ċlí, corruig í ;
Is óm' ḋearca leig síos na srota aiṫriġe do ḃéarar go críċ Flaṫais mé.
Mar is peacaċ mé ḃí scannalaċ fíor-ḋroċ-ḃeartaċ fíor-ṁalluiġṫe
Is ná tagair-se baois beartaċ an tsaoġail lem' anam le linn scarṫa liom.

III.

Screadaim is éiġim, aitċim go séiṁ ar Ṁuire 'sa haon-Ṁac calma,
Teaċt sealaḋ fé ḋéin m'anam a pléiḋ 'sa ċosaint ó'n maor malluiġṫe.
Deisciobail Dé is a gcaraid go léir am' ṫarraint' sa réim ḃeannuiġṫe
Mo ḃearta ar an saoġal cealgaċ claon gangaideaċ baoṫ a ṁaiṫeaṁ dam.

IV.

A Ḋé tá ṫuas, féaċ anuas, is réiḋig mé ó ġuais anḃfainn,
Is léig mé ad' ċuan gléigeal suain naoṁṫa buain-tsearṁaċ
A Ḋé na mbuaḋ, déin dam truaġ ar ṫéaċt do'n uair ṁarḃṫaiġ,
Is na léig mé uait féin le fuaṫ i bpéin le sluaġ Aċeron.

V.

Is deacair dam labairt leatsa gan daḃt, ag tagairt ar do ċaḃair ċalma,
Is gur fada mé ag treaḃaḋ treasna le fonn aigne do ṁoḋaṁail-aiṫeanta
Níl ins an doṁain fairsing, mo lom ! peacaċ le toġa is measa loit,
Ná mise tá boḋar balḃ, am' loḃar, ceangailte ag an dream malluiġṫe.

VI.

Ní lia le ráḋ gainṁ ar tráiġ, ná drúċt ar ḃárr glasaraċ,
Ná peacaḋ le suiḋeaṁ ar m'anam, foraoir, ceangailte im ċroiḋe calcaiġṫe
Is mór a dtrían roṁam san tSliaḃ—ní ḟoġnann ciaċ eagla,
Is gur mó le léiġeaḋ grásta Dé ná a ndeárna an saoġal d'aimḃfios.

VII.

Molaimse Dia ṫar a ḃfaca mé riaṁ, is ar Ṁuire baintiġearna aitċim-se,
Peadar is Pól is na naoiṁ uile leó, is Tusa gan ġó, a Aṫair ġil,
Admuiġim dóiḃ, do Ṁíċeál is d'Eóin, 's do na hApstalaiḃ ró-ḃeannuiġe ;
Gur peacuiġeas am' ḋeóin, am' smaointiḃ go mór, am' ġníoṁarṫaiḃ, 's am ġlór labarṫa.

VIII.

An t-uaḃar ar dtúis, an tsainnt 'san drúis, an craos 's an rún feargaċ,
Formad an tsaoġail, 'san leisce go léir, ní scarann liom féin aga ar biṫ,
Is naċ mairg do'n té ṁaireas mar mé ins na seaċt bpeacaí claon-ṁarḃṫaċ,
Is naċ dána é an gnó do ḋuine dom' ṡórt tagairt ar ċoróin Ḟlaiṫeas dul !

IX.

Féaċ mar do ṡéan Peadar Mac Dé, an t-an laguiġ an tréad malluiġṫe é,
Is nuair d'aistriġ sé a ġreacaiḃ aiṫméil, gur glacaḋ 'sa réim beannuiġṫe é.
Dob' ḟeasaċ do'n tsaoġal fairsing go léir gur peacaċ ḃí ar strae i Magdalén,
Is dá cuirpṫeaċt é a beaṫa le léiġeaṁ, go dtug sileaḋ na mbraon Flaiṫeas di.

X.

Ár n-Aṫair atá ins na Flaiṫis go hárd, go naoṁṫar tráṫ t-'ainm-se ;
Go dtigiḋ do ríoġaċt ; do ṫoil ar an saoġal, mar déantar i gcríċ Ṗarratais,
Ár n-arán laeṫeaṁail tabair é ḋúinn ; is maiṫ ḋúinn ár gcionnta ainḃfis,
Mar ṁaiṫimíd do ċáċ ; is ná léig sinn i dtlás, aċt saor sinn ó ḃás an-obann.

XI.

A Ṁuire atá lán de ṫuile na ngrás, tá an Tiġearna gráḋa maille leat ;
Is beannuiġṫe táir sna Flaiṫis 'dir mnáiḃ ; go naoṁṫar tráṫ t-ainm-se,
Is beannuiġṫe an raḋarc toraḋ do ḃronn Íosa dá roinnt eadrainn,
Anois ar riaṁ, 's i n-am ár bpían, go raḃair ó Ḋia seasaṁ ḋúinn.

72. Pósaḋ Naoṁṫa Cána (*The Marriage Feast of Cana*).

This little hymn I learned from my mother, who had it from her grandmother, Síle Ní Ḟoġluḋa (Sile Foley) of Áṫ-na-Croise (Crossford, Ardmore). It is simple but devotional. The hymn has been attributed to O'Longan, but considering the fact that my great-grandmother knew it, this cannot be the case. O'Longan was a Dungarvan man, who wrote "Ar Maidin Luain Cingcíse" and "Máirín de Ḃarra." This was one of the hymns we supplied to the London Religious Celebration Committee in 1904.

M. Ní A.

The words as given here, and as supplied by us to the above Committee, were taken down by me from Neill Ní Annagáin—Nell Hannagan, or Nell Burke by marriage (Neill de Búrc) of Gort na Daiḃċe (Gortnadiha) Dungarvan, in July, 1902.

S. C.

73. Aréir is mé ag Maċtnaṁ (*Last Night as I was Thinking*).

This is one of the religious poems of Paddy Denn, of Cappoquin, Co. Waterford. It is a poem of repentance and calls on sinners to turn to God before the Day of Judgment comes upon them. The tune is noble and solemn, reflecting the sentiments expressed by the words especially in the stanza depicting the sufferings of Our Divine Lord.

Over twenty years ago the late Father Bewerunge sang for me a Gaelic air which he said he had found in an old manuscript in Ratisbon, and which he said was over four hundred years old. Imagine his astonishment when I asked him if he knew the second part of it. The air he found was note for note the first half of "Aréir is mé ag Maċtnaṁ." I sang the full melody for him, and he was delighted with it. This is one of the airs which we supplied to the London Religious Celebration Committee in 1904, and afterwards to Cuallacht Colm-Cille in Maynooth. I give the air as my father sang it. I have never heard a version of it outside my own family. The words as given here were taken down by "Torna" (Professor Tadhg O Donnchadha, University College, Cork) in 1898 or 1899 from Mrs. O'Brien (widow of Michael O'Brien) of Old Parish, Co. Waterford, a cousin of my father's.

M. Ní A.

74. Duan Ċríost (*The Hymn of Christ*).

This is one of Tadhg Gaedhealach O'Sullivan's compositions. My grandfather as a boy knew Tadhg Gaedhealach well, the poet having spent most of his life about Dungarvan and Seanaphobal (Old Parish). This air, which resembles "Seán O Duibhir an Ghleanna," has never been sung to any words but these. It is a most devotional melody.

We gave this air a few years ago to the Cuallacht Colmchille, Maynooth. Except in their booklet, it has never been published. I learned the air from my father.

M. Ní A.

75. Duan an tSlánuiġṫeóra (*Hymn to the Saviour*).

This air I got from my mother, Máire Ní Ṁuiriċe, (Mary Murray), who learned it from her grandmother, Síle Ní Ḟoġluḋa (Sheela Foley) of Crossford, Ardmore, Co. Waterford. My great-grandmother, this Siġle, died sixty-eight years ago (1856) at the age of eighty-four.

The words of the hymn are by Tadhg Gaedhealach. I gave the air about 1912 or 1913 to the late Father Bewerunge, who published it alone in a little booklet, which is, I think, now out of print. It had never previously been published, nor have I heard a variant of it anywhere. It is most devotional and suited to the words. Sighle Ní Foghludha probably heard Tadhg Gaedhealach sing it himself about Ardmore, where Tadhg was always a conspicuous figure on the "pattern" day. The festival of St. Declan occurs on the 24th of July. It is still kept up, and an ancestor of mine, Diarmuid O Foghludha, of Crossford (Diarmuid Dick), was instrumental in saving St. Declan's

Stone on the beach at Ardmore from destruction by a bishop of the diocese, who regarded the observances connected with it as relics of pagan superstition.

The stone was supposed, according to tradition, to have come from Rome on the waters, bearing St. Declan's Mass-book, bell and candles. It floated into Ardmore Bay, and when it came to rest where it now is, the bell rang and the candles lighted of themselves. St. Declan was at the time in Ardmore, but was unable to say Mass, not having a book. He is supposed to have preceded St. Patrick in Ireland, hence his parish is called Seana-Ṗobal, or the "Old Parish."

When the Bishop came to break the stone, Diarmuid O Foghludha read its history for him from a manuscript in his possession. The bishop, however, was still sceptical, and ordered somebody to bring a sledge. He then ordered Foley to break it, but received the reply: "Tabair-se a Ṫiġearna Easboig, an ċéad buille di, agus brisfiḋ mé annsoin í." ("Give it the first blow, my Lord Bishop, and I will break it then.")

The stone is still on the beach. People pass underneath it after doing the "rounds" at the Holy Well in order to be cured of pains.

M. Ní A.

Cuir, a léiġṫeóir Ġaeḋealaiġ, paidir le hanamannaiḃ na ndaoine atá luaiḋte againn ins an leaḃar seo agus a ṫug na haṁráin dúinn, agus do ċoimeád beó iad, idir ceól agus filiḋeaċt.

Sinne,

Máiġréad Ní Annagáin,
Séamus de Ċlanndiolúin.

I nDrom-Connraċ dúinn .i. ag 17 Bóṫar Droma Ċuilinn,
Mí Deire Fóġṁair againn i mbliaḋain ár dTiġearna, 1925.

"A prayer, O Gaelic reader, for all those whose names are written in this book, who gave these songs to us, and who kept them alive, both the music and the poems.

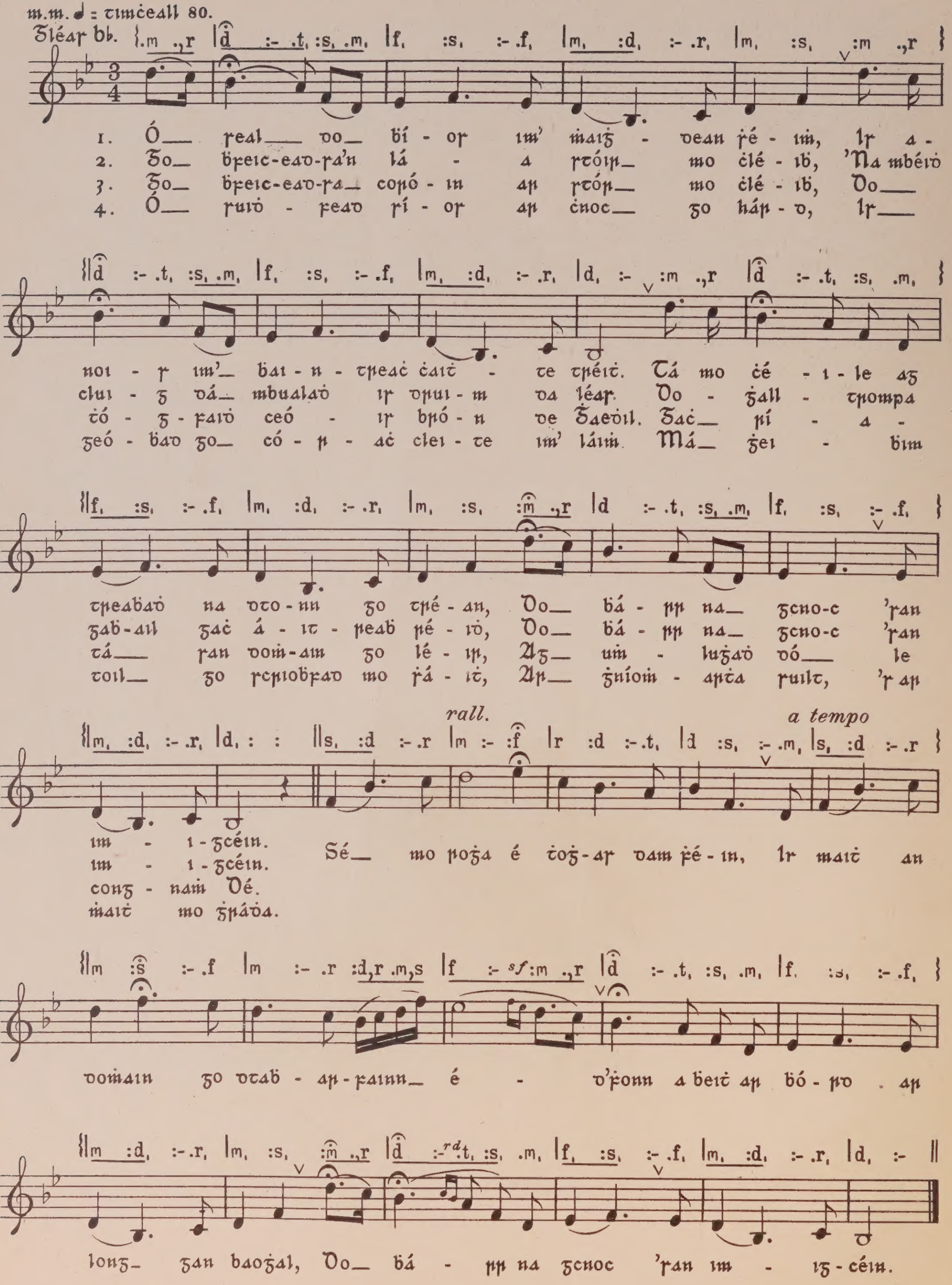
We are,

MAIGHREAD NI ANNAGAIN
SEAMUS CLANDILLON.

In Drumcondra to us, viz. at 17 Hollybank Road,
in the month of October, in the Year of Our Lord, 1925.

Volume I.

DE BÁRR NA GCNOC



DE BHARR NA GCNOC.

(OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.)

I.

Oh once I was a maiden gay,
But now am widowed, old and grey.
My true love ploughs the salt sea-spray
Over the hills and far away.

He is my love, while I shall live,
This world's goods I'd freely give,
On his good ship to be this day
Over the hills, and far away.

II.

Oh may I see, dear love, that day
When bells shall ring, and drums shall play.
Thy bugles sound, and trumpets bray
Over the hills, and far away.

He is, etc.

III.

To see him crowned were my delight,
Who saves the Gael in direst plight,
All kings that reign on earth beside
Salute his sway! My own, my pride.

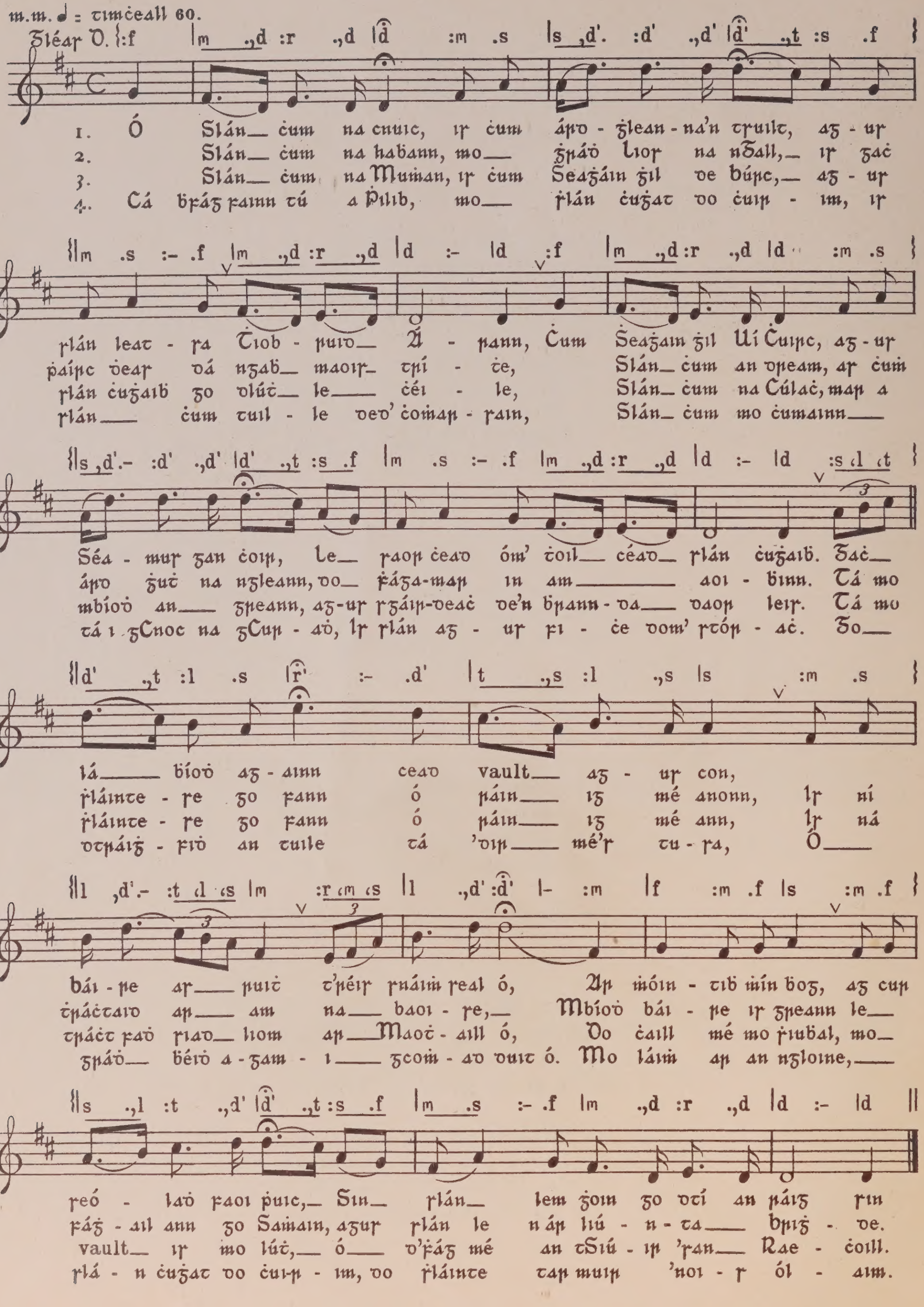
He is, etc.

IV.

I'll sit me down on yonder hill,
And take my pen, and write with skill;
My love I'll raise all else above,
His deeds I'll praise, his worth I'll prove.

He is my love, while I shall live.
This world's goods I'd freely give
On his good ship to be this day,
Over the hills, and far away.

NA SLÁINTÍ


m.m. 𝅗𝅥 = timċeall 60.
Gléas D.
1. Ó Slán — ċum na cnuic, is ċum árd-ġlean-na'n truilt, ag-us slán leat-sa Tiob-ruid — Á-rann, Ċum Seaġain ġil Uí Ċuirc, ag-us Séa-mus gan ċoir, le — saor ċead óm' ṫoil — céad — slán ċuġaib. Gaċ — lá — bíoḋ ag-ainn cead vault — ag-us con, bái-re ar — ruiṫ t'éis snáiṁ seal ó, Ar ṁóin-tiḃ mín bog, ag cur seó-laḋ faoi ṗuic, — Sin — slán — leṁ ġoin go dtí an páirc sin
2. Slán — ċum na habann, mo — ġráḋ lios na nGall, — is gaċ páirc dear dá ngab — maoir-trí-ṫe, Slán — ċum an dream, ar ċum árd ġuṫ na ngleann, do — ḟága-mar in am — aoi-binn. Tá mo ṡláinte-se go fann ó páin — is mé anonn, Is ní ṫráċtaiḋ ar — am na — baoi-se, — Mbíoḋ bái-re is greann le — fág-ail ann go Samain, agus slán le n-ár liú-n-ta — brig-de.
3. Slán — ċum na Muṁan, is ċum Seaġáin ġil de Búrc, — ag-us slán ċuġaib go dlúṫ — le — ċéi-le, Slán — ċum na Cúlaċ, mar a mbíoḋ an — greann, ag-us sgáir-deaċ de'n bhrann-da — daor leis. Tá mo ṡláinte-se go fann ó páin — is mé ann, Is ná tráċt faḋ siad — liom ar — Maoṫ-aill ó, Do ċaill mé mo ṡiubal, mo — vault — is mo lúṫ, — ó — d'ḟág mé an tSiú-ir 'san — Rae-ċoill.
4. Cá bfág fainn tú a Ṗilib, mo — ṡlán ċuġat do ċuir-im, is slán — ċum tuil-le ded' ċomar-sain, Slán — ċum mo ċumainn — tá i gCnoc na gCur-aḋ, is slán ag-us si-ċe dom' stór-aċ. Go — dtráiġ-fiḋ an tuile tá 'dir — mé's tu-sa, Ó — gráḋ — béiḋ a-gam-i — gcoṁ-aḋ duit ó. Mo láiṁ ar an ngloine, — slá-n ċuġat do ċuir-im, do ṡláinte tar muir 'noi-s ól-aim.

NA SLAINTI.

(THE FAREWELLS.)

I.

Farewell to the hills, the glens and the rills
  And farewell to my old Tipp'rary,
From the friends of my youth, in sorrow and ruth,
  I'm parting, in truth, heart-weary.
Where we leaped and we ran, where we hunted and swam,
  Where we fished in the Suir's bright waters,
To the bog and the mere, where we hunted the deer,
  To Clonmel's gallant sons and fair daughters.

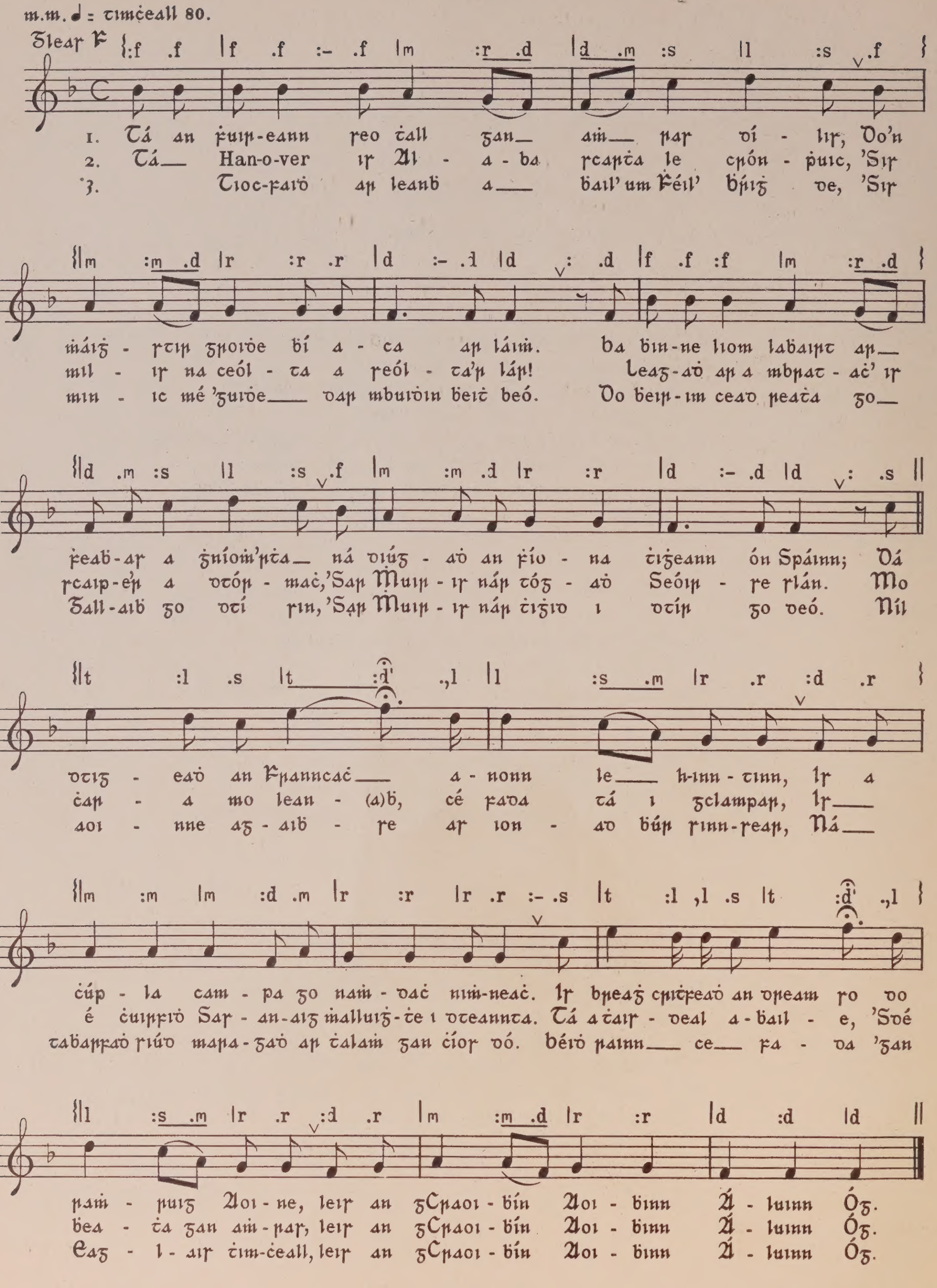
II

Farewell to the streams I see in my dreams,
  The fields where I used to ramble.
Farewell to my friends, from the hills and the glens,
  Farewell to the brake and the bramble.
I've bartered my health in seeking for wealth
  And I'm grieving in stealth to leave ye,
The hurling and fair, the comradeship rare,
  And the good friends that ne'er would deceive ye.

III.

Old Munster! Goodbye! For thee till I die,
  With tears in my eyes I'll be grieving;
Thy laughter and fun, thy stormclouds and sun,
  Till my brief days are done, I'm leaving.
Till dry is the sea that parts me from thee
  My heart's love Machree!—unending,
With glass in my hand, to Munster's bright strand
  From far foreign land I'll be sending.

An Craoibhín Aoibhinn.



AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.*

(THE FAIR LITTLE BRANCH.)

I.

The clans over-seas† are true no wonder
To their noble Master in weal or woe,
Sweeter his praises in song to thunder
Than to empty tankards from Spain I trow,
'Tis certain that soon will come fear and plunder
On those of our race who from us have sundered,
And the praises be sung by the Gael, no wonder!
Of the Creeveen Eeving Awling O.

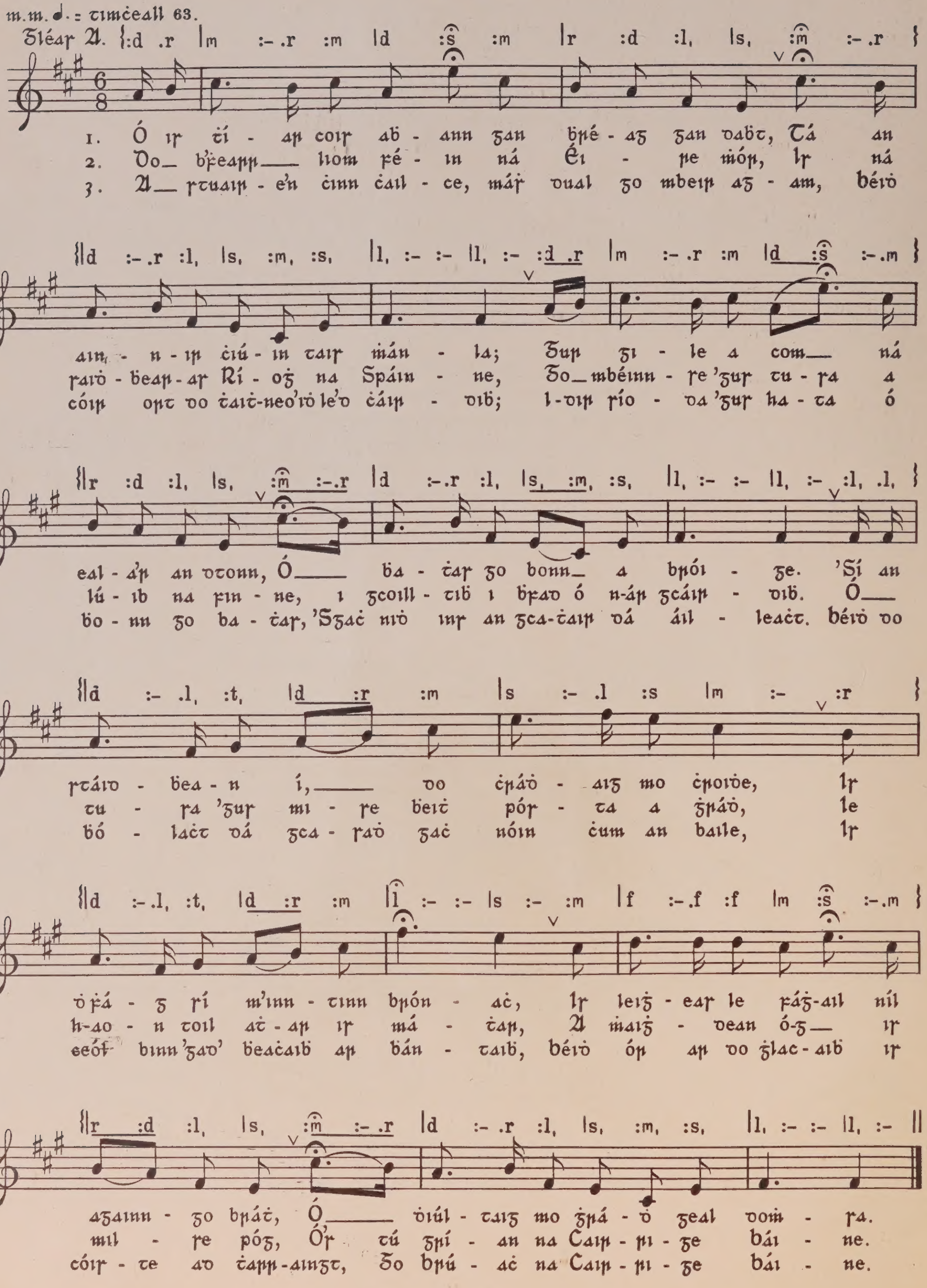
II.

On the feast of Bride comes our fair child to us,
And 'tis often I wish we may see it so!
The foreigner's pride shall till then pursue us,
But from this Island 'tis soon they'll go.
The Frenchman shall come, the high seas over
With his strong camp guarding our Royal Rover
And the Church shall exult, when she meets her lover,
The Creeveen Eeving Awling O.

*An Craoibhin Aoibhinn Aluinn O=The pleasant (or fair) beautiful little branch: a name applied to Prince Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie).

†The Clans over-seas=The Gaels of Scotland.

bRUAĊ NA CAIRRGE BÁINE.



BRUACH NA CAIRRGE BAINE.

(THE BRINK OF THE WHITE ROCK.)

I.

Beside the river there dwells a maid,
Of maidens she's the fairest,
Her white neck throws the swan in shade,
Her form and face the rarest.
O she's the maid who my love betrayed,
And left my soul all shaken ;
O there's no cure, while life endure,
Since my love has me forsaken.

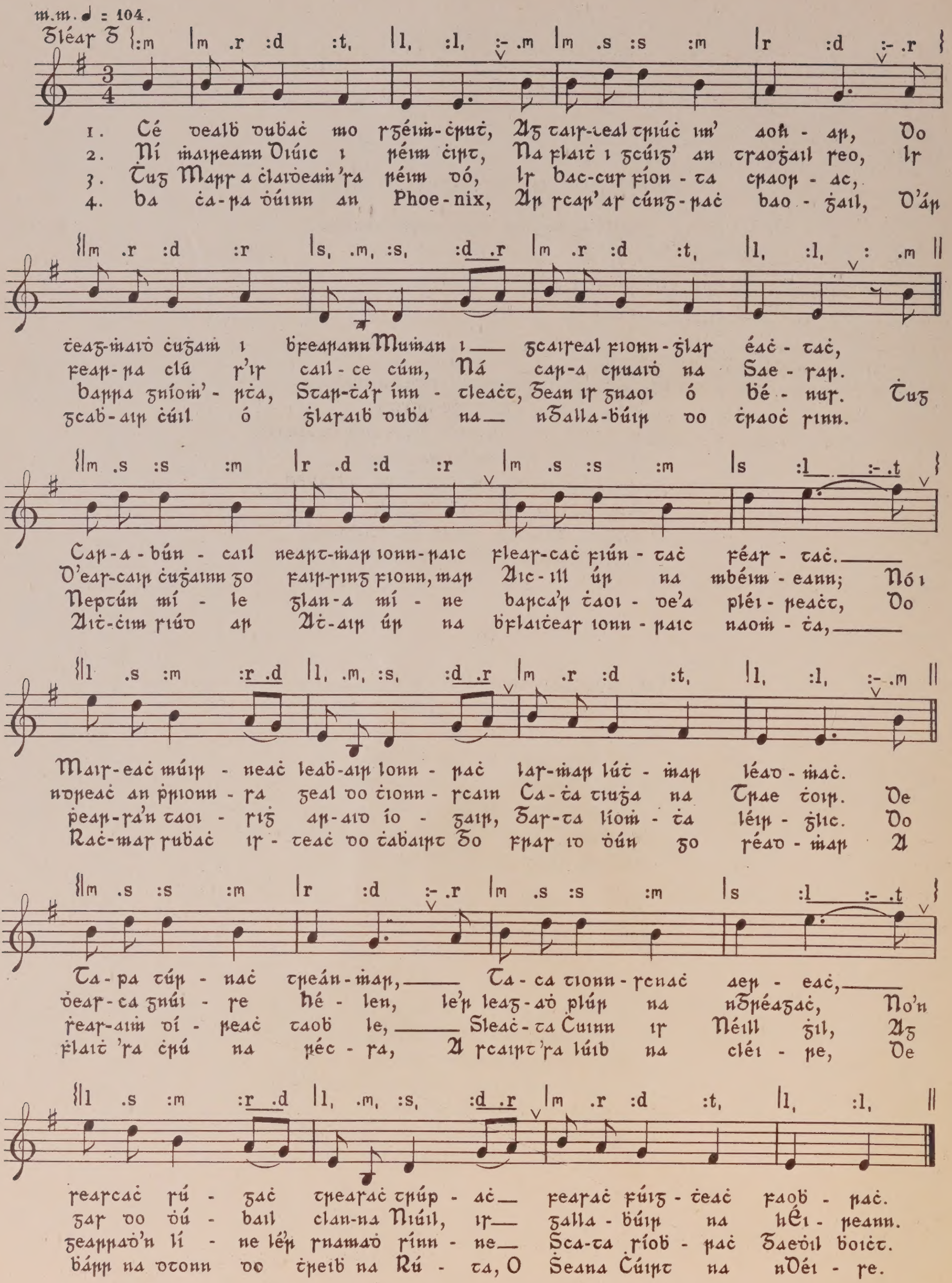
II.

I'd rather far, than Erin's shore,
Or the Spaniard's golden treasure,
Were you and I in the green woods nigh
To walk there at our leisure.
Or were we wed, dear love, instead,
Your parents both consenting ;
Sweet maid, your kiss would make my bliss,
If you're to me relenting.

III.

Oh ! if you'd freely come with me,
In fashion brave I'd dress thee,
In satin fine your form would shine,
And finest silk caress thee.
Your kine will come each evening home,
Your bees hum in the clover,
Your coach in golden pride shall roll,
When we drive to the white rock over !

SEANA ĊÚIRT NA nDÉISE.



SEANA—CHUIRT NA DEISI.*

(THE OLD COURT OF THE DEISI.)

I.

Though poor my state and lowly
As I wander here so lonely,
  I still have met
  And can't forget
One son of Cashel only.
Like a diamond is his high mind,
That bright chief, feast-giving,
  Gentle, loving,
  Honour proving,
The noblest chieftain living.
Active, supple, brave too,
He'll no favour crave too,
  Merry, bright,
  Both day and night,
And he his friends can save too!

II.

No duke there lives so famous
Nor prince in power in Eirinn,
  Has greater fame
  Or truer name
Than my hardy friend—my Caesar.
To us he's sprung, both fair and young,
As Achill-es in war is,
  Or like that prince
  Who did commence
The wars of Troy—bold Paris;
Because of Helen's beauty,
He took from Greece as booty,
  Or like the man
  Who led Niall's clan
At the noble call of duty.

III.

Bold Mars his sword did lend him,
And Bacchus wine in plenty,
  Grace most knightly,
  Mind most sprightly,
Fair Venus' self did send him.
Neptune gave him, on the wave,
Ships on waters rolling,
  To the chief
  Who now in brief
Is all our shore controlling.
He'll take, like those before him
His stand against all foemen,
  And break the bonds
  That have held us long,
The scattered Gaels! You know men!

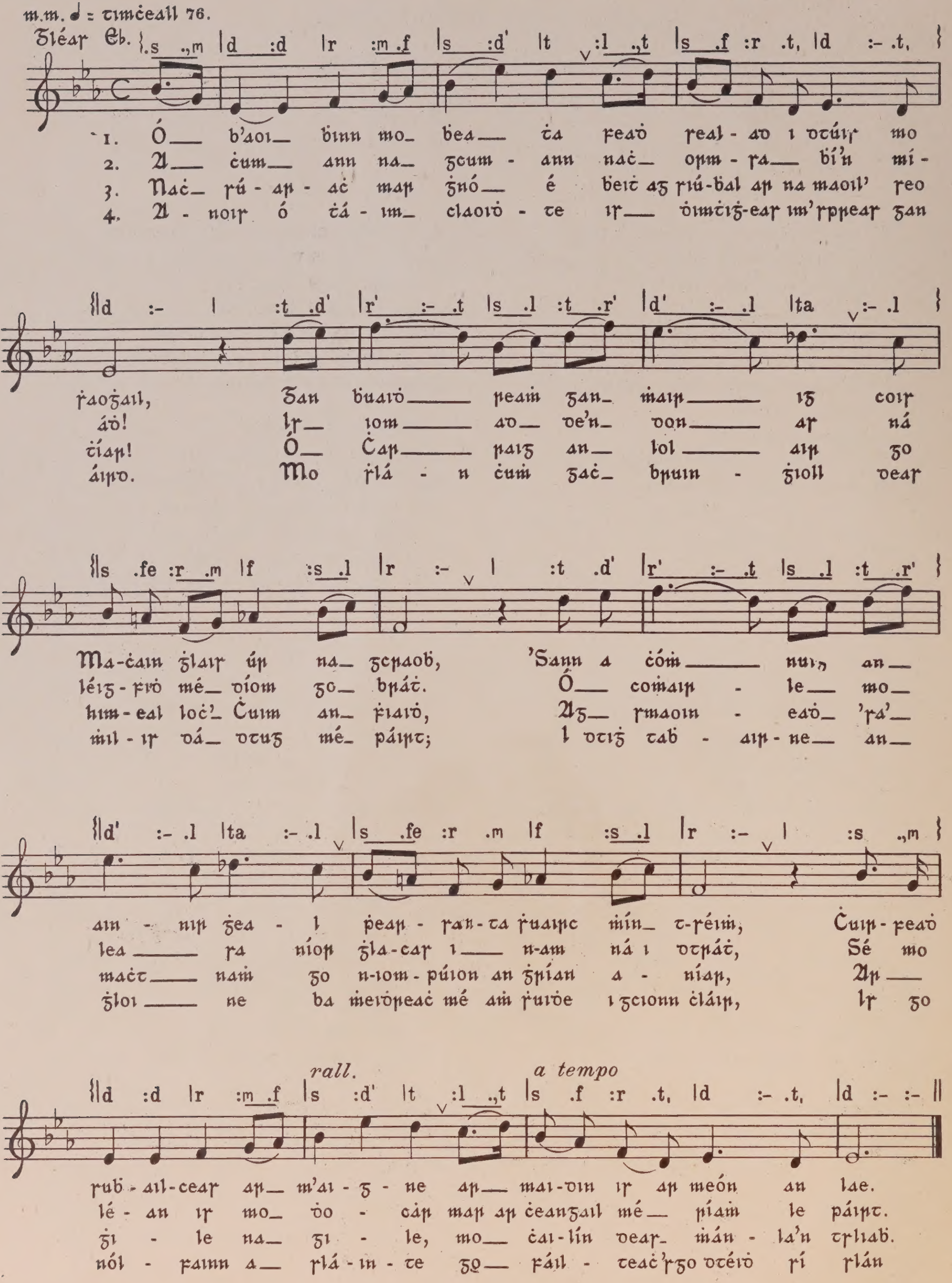
IV.

But now from fetters breaking,
His glorious way he's making.
  He'll come to power
  In his good hour,
And set his foemen quaking.
So I beseech the Powers above
To ever love and guard him,
  And lead him on
  Till life be done,
And 'gainst all danger ward him.
Oh Prince from line of kings sprung,
Of truest blood Milesian
  The very root
  And branch in truth
From Shana-Chúrt na Déisi.

*Seana Chúirt na Déisi, : — Pr. Shana-Choort na Day-sha. The Old Court of the Deisi. An old family residence of the O Faoláin or Phelan clan, near Dungarvan, Co. Waterford. The house still stands at Killongford, near Dungarvan.

bRIĠID ĠEAL BÁN.

Riobárd Beldon cct.



BRIGHID GHEAL BHÁN

(FAIR BRIGHT BRIDGET.)

I.

Oh pleasant my life was, a while in my boyhood's days.
No care and no strife, by the side of Bunmahon's bay,
Where the joy of my life lived, the quiet and bright-faced maid,
Who could lighten my mind in the morning or noon-tide gay.

II.

Oh ! the Pearl of the Bright Locks, is my choice of all Ireland's girls,
My heart's love and liking, her white face and golden curls ;
But, my grief, never-ceasing ! I'm wandering all my days,
For I'm parted for life from the sight of her gold hair's blaze.

III.

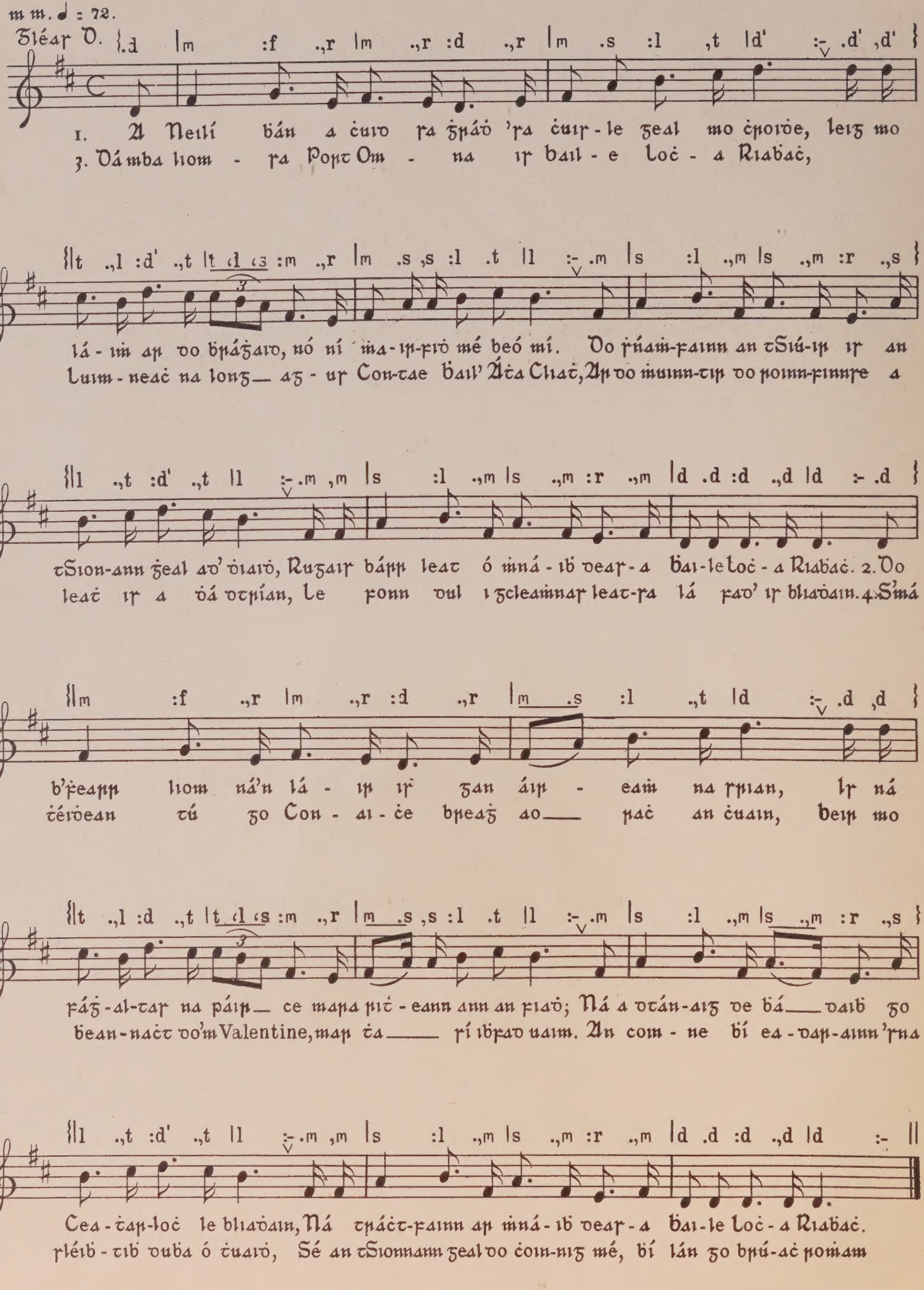
Oh ! Heart of my heart's core ! 'Twas on me misfortune fell,
My bitter luck grieves me, while here on this earth I dwell ;
Oh ! had I but hearkened, to counsels of aged and wise,
My life were not darkened, at parting from all I prize.

IV.

Oh ! Restless I rove o'er the bare hills both night and day,
From Corrig-an-Ullir,* to the dark loch of lone Coum-Fia.†
All weary with longing, till the sun westward wheels on high,
For the light of all brightness,—my mountain maid's clear blue eye.

*Corrig-an-Ullir=The Rock of the Eagle
†Coum-Fia=The Coom (Lake) of the Deer

Baile Loċ 'Riabaċ.



BAILE LOCHA RIABHACH.

(THE PRETTY GIRLS OF LOUGHREA.)

I.

O Nelly Bawn, my darling one, and bright love of my heart,
Let me touch your snowy neck, or from life I'll surely part
I'd swim the lovely Siuir,* and the Shannon after thee,
You're the pearl of the lassies from the Town of Loughrea.

II.

I would rather than the mare, and the bridle to steer,
And the income of the field where they often hunt the deer,
Than all the boats that came to Carlow for a year,
Not to speak of those fair maids, from the Town of Loughrea.

III.

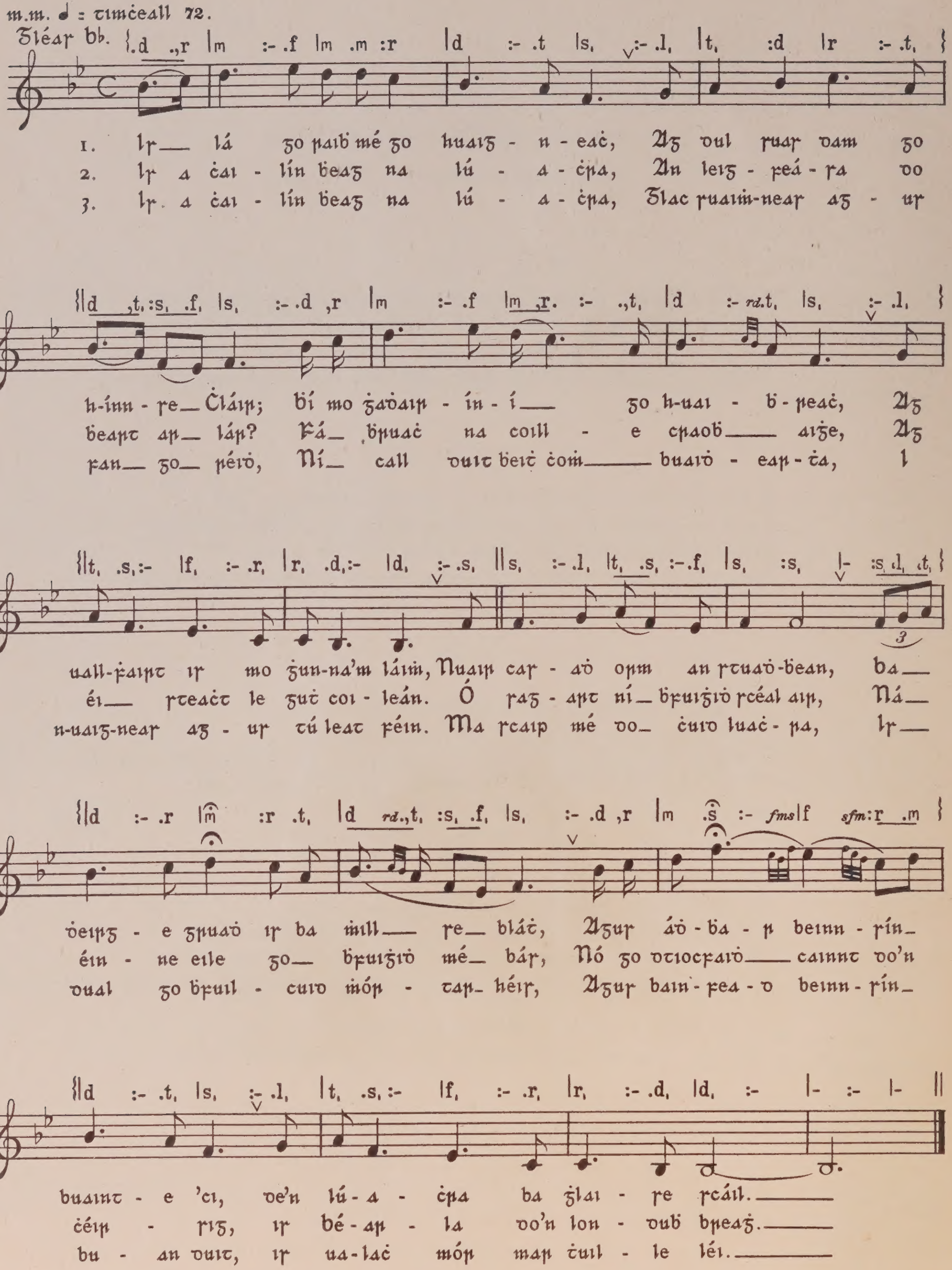
If I had Portumna, and Loughrea's fair town,
Limerick of the ships, and Dublin all around,
I would share them with your people, for the sake of you, my dear,
To remain with you, my treasure, a long day and a year.

IV.

And if you go to Kinnety, that airy fine place,
Take a blessing to my Valentine, I wish to see her face ;
In the dark hills to the northward, our meeting was to be,
But the Shannon's tide rolls dark and wide, between my love and me.

*Siuir: pr. Shure, the river Suir.

An Beinnsín Luaċra.



AN BEINSIN LUACHRA.

(THE LITTLE BENCH OF RUSHES.)

I.

One morning fair as early towards Ennis town I took my road,
My gundogs' barking clearly rang out as on my way I strode,
When I met a pretty maiden, with damask cheek of rosy hue
With a bunch of rushes laden, that glistened with the morning dew.

II.

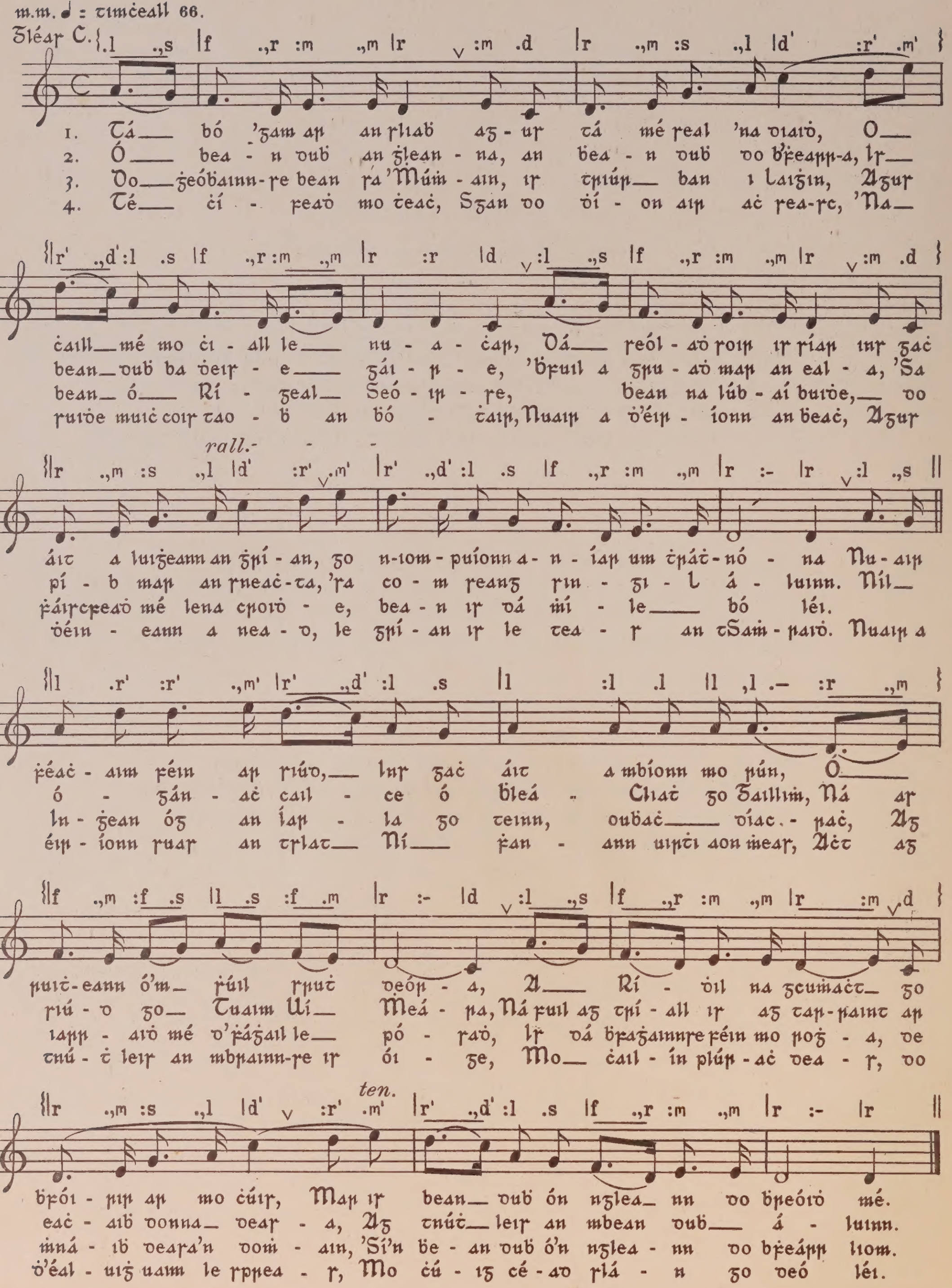
Oh maiden of the rushes, pray lay your glossy load aside,
Beneath the greenwood's bushes, come stay with me and there abide,.
The priest will never hear it, nor e'er another till I die,
Till the blackbird speak the " Bearla,"* and Gaelic is the thrushes' cry.

III.

Oh Maiden of the rushes, pray pity me and longer stay,
Till night doth hide thy blushes, oh wait with me the livelong day,
Your fragrant glossy burden, oh maiden rare, you'll never rue,
For to my woodland fairy, I swear I will be ever true.

*Pr. "Bae-ar-la"=" English."

Bean Dub an Ġleanna.



BEAN DUBH AN GHLEANNA.

(THE DARK WOMAN OF THE GLEN.)

I.

On the mountain I've a cow,
I have herded her till now,
  Since a woman my sense has stolen ;
And west and east she goes,
From morn till evening's close,
  Till the sun sinks in twilight golden.
When I look at each loved place
Where your absent form I trace,
  My tears come like a shower
O King of nature's laws,
Give heed unto my cause,
  And help me in darkest hour.

II.

Dark Woman of the vale,
Before whom all others pale,
  Dark Woman whose smile is sweetest,
Whose cheek is like the swan,
Or snow the hills upon,
  Whose light step of all is fleetest
There is no gallant youth
In Erin's isle in truth
  But thy beauty in sooth, does rally ;
They swiftly speed away
On their noble steeds this day,
  To see the dark maiden of the valley.

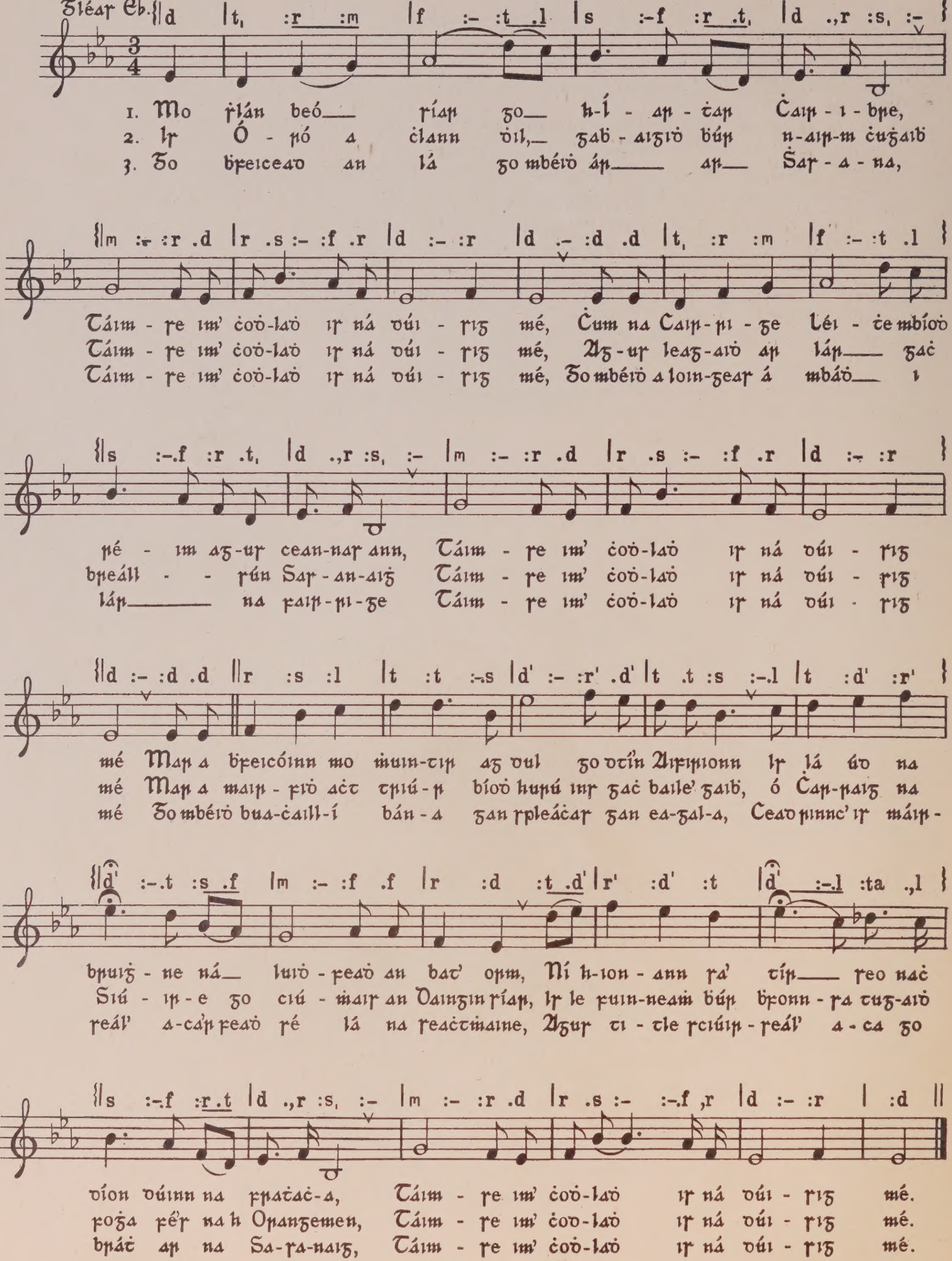
III.

In Munster I'd get a maid,
And in Leinster three indeed,
  And a wife from His Royal Highness ;
A maid of yellow hair,
Who would cherish me and care,
  And a woman who sheep and kine has.
The daughter of the Earl
Sheds tears as bright as pearl,
  In hopes that my bride I'd make her ;
But if my choice I'd make
She's not the maid I'd take,
  For my Dark Maid ! I'll ne'er forsake her !

Táimse im ċodlaḋ.

m. m. ♩ = timċeall 69.

Gléas Eb.



TAIM-SE I'M CHODHLADH, IS NA DUISIGH ME.

(I AM ASLEEP AND DON'T WAKEN ME.)

I.

Farewell now for aye to Carber'ys islands,
 I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me,
To old Carrig Lea's rock, and it's bleak bold highlands,
 I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.
Where my people I'd see to the Mass-Rock repairing,
And when storm came or grief, my pain they'd be sharing,
'Tis not so in this land, where no hand's for me caring,
 I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.

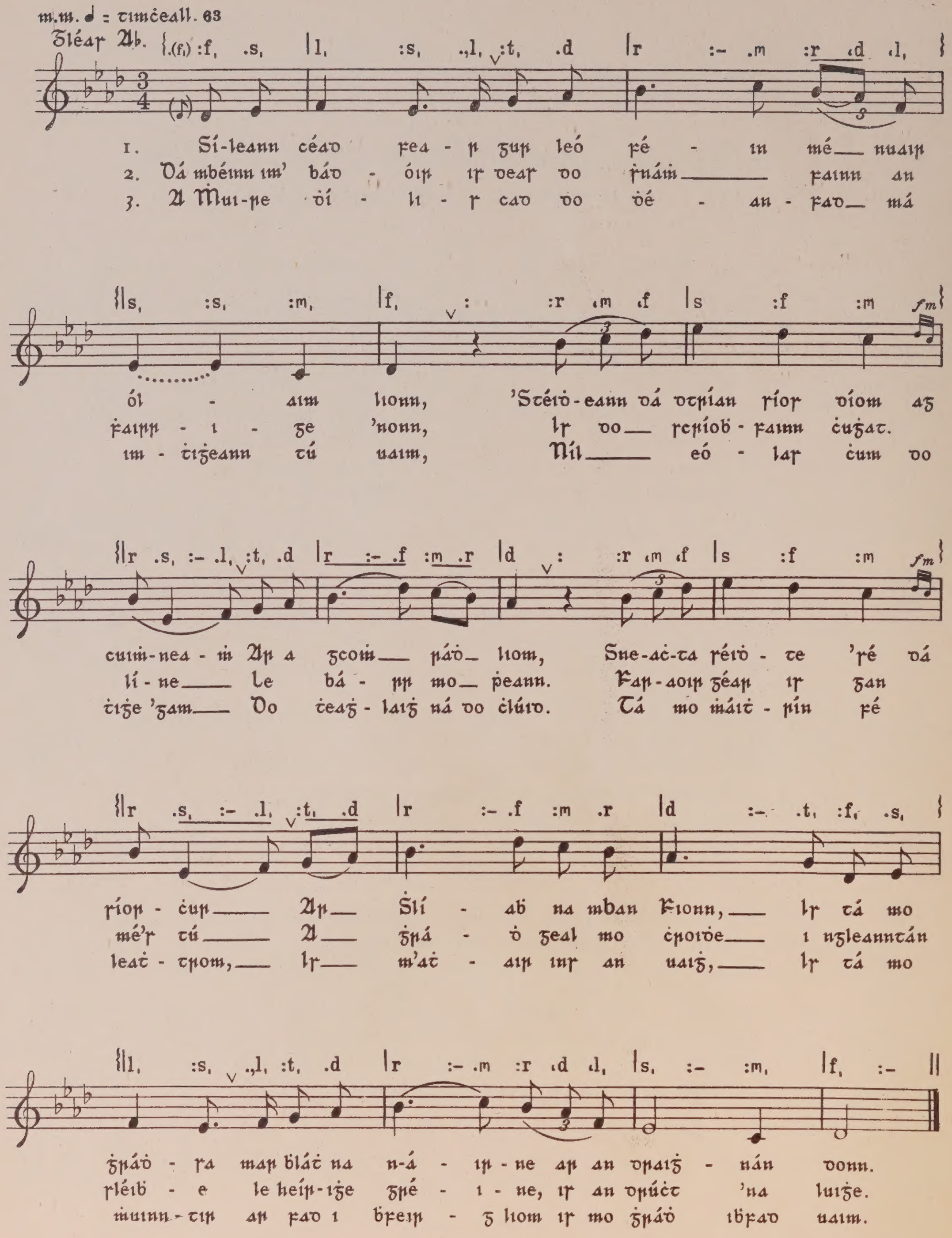
II.

Oh rise up ye clans! Each man spring to arms now!
 I dream as in sleep and don't waken me.
On the Sassenach bands, let loose war's alarms now!
 I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.
Should you conquer them too, be sure you will honoured be
From Corrig na Shure, to Dangan, beside the sea,
And the Orangeman too, be sure he'll remember ye!
 I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.

III.

Oh the day may I see, when misfortune may follow them,
 I dream as I sleep, and don't waken me,
When their proud vaunted fleet, the green seas may swallow them,
 I dream as I sleep, and don't waken me.
When the Whiteboys may roam o'er the hill-tops both night and day,
With dancing and marching, Oh! while they the time away!
And the Orangemen no more, on our shore may have any sway!
 I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.

An Draiġneán Donn.



AN DRAIGHNEAN DONN.

(THE BROWN SLOE-THORN.)

I.

A hundred men think my mind to gain
 When the ale goes round;
And there's many deem, when me they leave,
 That my secret's found.
But the cold snow blows, and still deeper grows
 Upon Slieve-na-mon.
And my love is bright as the blossom white
 On the Brown Sloe-Thorn.

II.

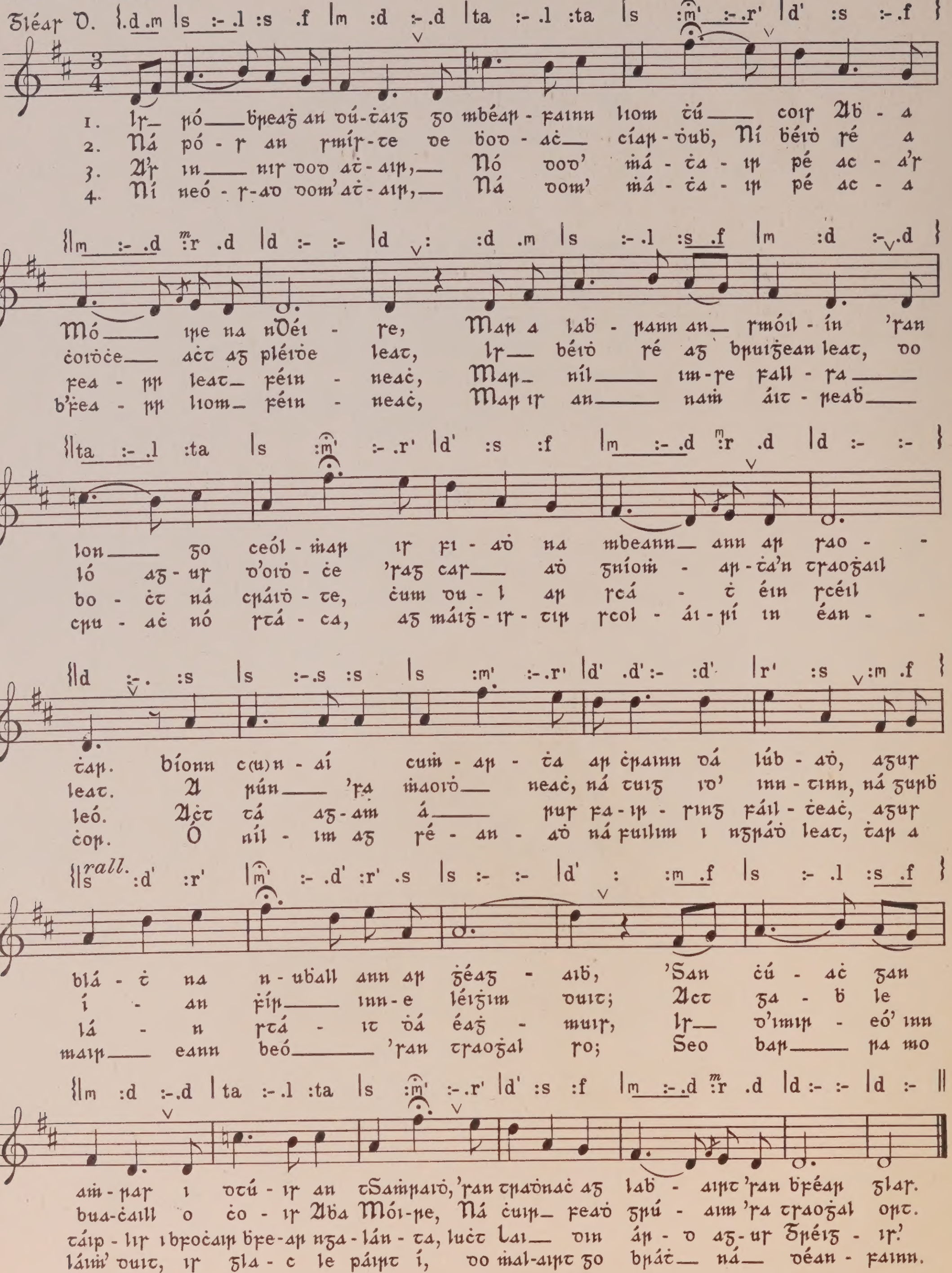
If I had a boat, it is soon I'd float
 Upon the seas,
And a line I'd write, with my pen so light
 My love to please.
But woe is me! that I'm not with thee
 My love so true,
In mountain glen, far away from men
 In the sun-bright dew.

III.

Oh Mother Mary, if he goes from me
 Deep is my woe.
For his dwelling place I know it not
 Nor the road to go.
My mother dear is broken-hearted here
 My father in the clay,
My people all from me have parted, and
 My love's far away.

COIS ABA MÓIRE NA NDÉISE.

m.m. ♩ = timċeall 76.



COIS ABHA MOIRE.*

(BESIDE THE BLACK WATER.)

I.

O sweet is the country where I would bring you,
Beside Abha-Mor† of the Deisi,‡
Where the merry blackbird and thrush will sing you,
And the antlered deer will race you.
The fragrant nuts on the branches bending,
And the apple blooms on the spray there,
And the cuckoo in Summer his message is sending,
And the corn-crake speaks in the May there.

II.

Don't marry the bodach,§ dark and surly,
He'll wrangle with you for ever,
He'll argue with you, both late and early,
And comfort he'll give you never.
My love and darling, I now implore you,
Give heed to all that I'm saying,
And marry the boy from beside Abha-Moire,
Who never from you will be straying.

III.

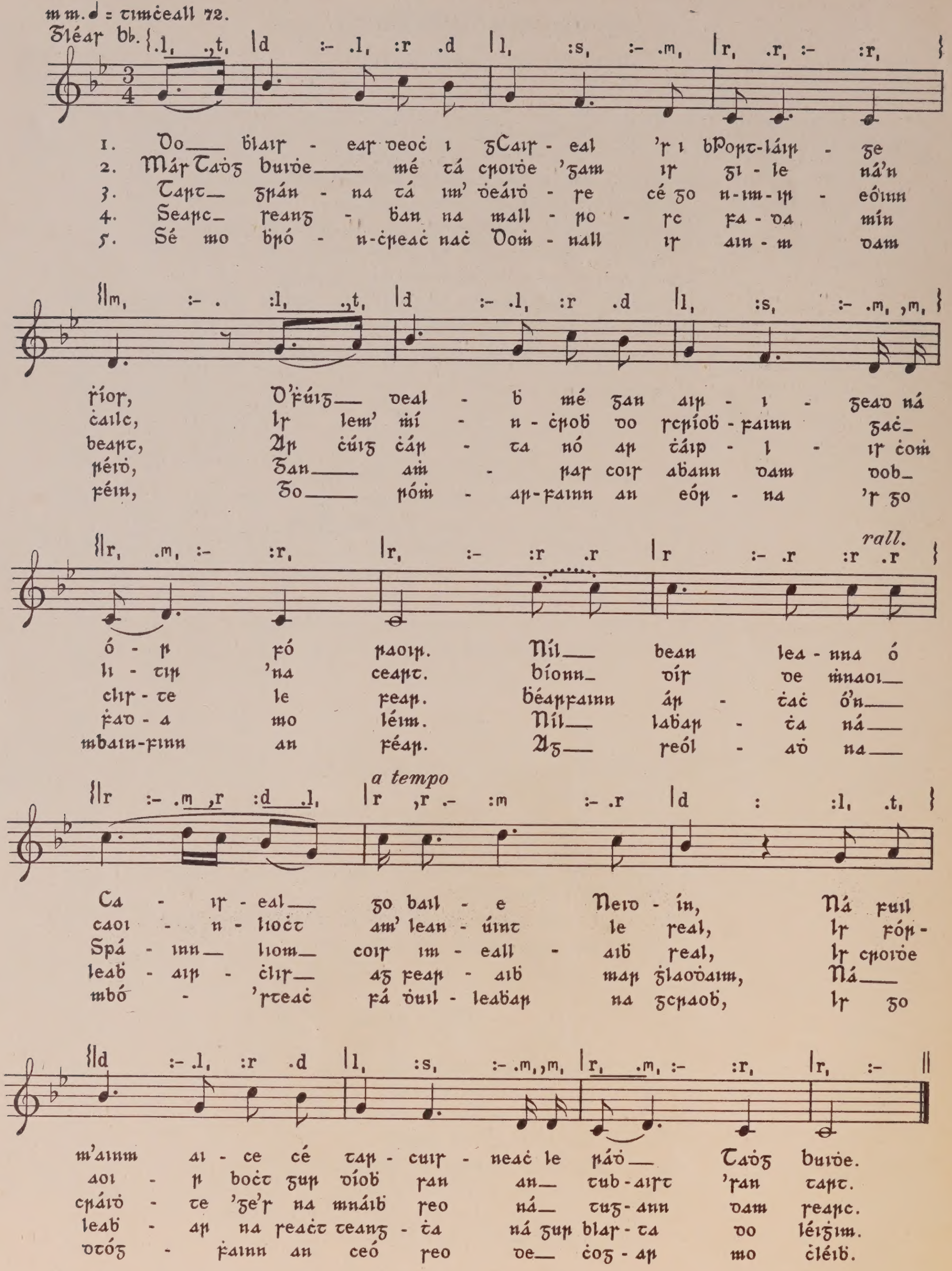
Oh say to your father, or your mother,
Whichever to you is dearer,
That I'm not lazy, like many another,
Of no false news the bearer.
I have a place where there's full and plenty,
And a full estate beside, too,
I'd play at back-gammon with noble gentry,
And Latin and Greek I'd write too.

IV.

I'll not tell my father nor my mother,
Whichever to me is pleasing,
For 'tis seldom a turf-stack or rick of clover
A schoolmaster lad is raisin'.
But I'll not be denying that still I love thee,
Of all men that dwell in Eirinn.
My hand I'll give thee, my faith I'll prove thee,
'Tis for thee alone I'm carin'.

*Abha Moire = Ow Moir.
†Abha-Mor: pr. Ow More = The Blackwater
‡Deisi: pr. Daysha.
§Bodach = A vulgar person.

Taḋg buiḋe.


m m. ♩ = timċeall 72.
Gléas bb.
{.l, .,t, |d :- .l, :r .d |l, :s, :- .m, |r, .r, :- :r, }
1. Do— ḃlais - eas deoċ i gCais - eal 's i bPort-láir - ge
2. Már Taḋg buiḋe— mé tá croiḋe 'gam is gi - le ná'n
3. Tart— grán - na tá im' ḋeáiḋ - se cé go n-im-ir - eóinn
4. Searc— seang - ḃan na mall - ro - sc ḟa - da mín
5. Sé mo ḃró - n-ċreaċ naċ Doṁ - nall is ain - m dam
{|m, :- . :l, .,t, |d :- .l, :r .d |l, :s, :- .m, ,m, }
síos, D'ḟúig— deal - ḃ mé gan air - i - gead ná
ċailc, Is leṁ' ṁí - n-ċroḃ do sgríoḃ - ḟainn gaċ—
ḃeart, Ar ċúig ċár - ta nó ar ṫáir - l - is ċoṁ
réiḋ, Gan— aṁ - sar cois aḃann dam doḃ—
ḟéin, Go— róṁ - ar-ḟainn an eór - na 's go
rall.
{|r, .m, :- :r, |r, :- :r .r |r :- .r :r .r }
ó - r fó raoir. Níl— bean lea - nna ó
li - tir 'na ceart. ḃíonn— dís de ṁnaoi—
clis - te le fear. Béarrfainn ár - ṫaċ ó'n—
ḟad - a mo léim. Níl— laḃar - ṫa ná—
mbain-ḟinn an féar. Ag— seól - aḋ na—
a tempo
{|r :- .m ,r :d .l, |r ,r .- :m :- .r |d : :l, .t, }
Ca - is - eal— go bail - e Neid - ín, Ná fuil
caoi - n - lioċt aṁ' lean - úint le seal, Is fóṙ -
Spá - inn— liom— cois im - eall - aiḃ seal, Is croiḋe
leaḃ - ar - ċlis— ag fear - aiḃ mar ġlaoḋaim, Ná—
mbó - 'steaċ fá ḋuil - leaḃar na gcraoḃ, Is go
{|d :- .l, :r .d |l, :s, :- .m, ,m, |r, .m, :- :r, |r, :- ||
m'ainm ai - ce cé tar - cuis - neaċ le ráḋ— Taḋg buiḋe.
aoi - r boċt gur díoḃ san an— tub - airt 'san tart.
cráiḋ - te 'ge's na mnáiḃ seo ná— tug - ann dam searc.
leaḃ - ar na seaċt teang - ṫa ná gur blas - ta do léiġim.
dtóg - ḟainn an ceó seo de— ċog - ar mo ċléiḃ.

TEIG BWEE,* (YELLOW TIM).

I.

I've drained a glass in Cashel, and Portlaur-ge† too
That left me poor and ragged, in faith 'tis true;
There's no ale-wife from Cashel, to beyant Tralee,
But knows my name, and more's the shame, the famed Teig Bwee.

II.

If I'm yellow sure, my heart 'tis true, is bright within,
And my gifted hand can wield a brand, or scholar's pen.
Two sweethearts still besiege me, they love me dear,
But their names alas! are "Thirst," and "Misfortune" drear.

III.

If misfortune is still on me, and thirst the same,
I can take a hand, like any man, whate'er the game,
I can reef, sail and steer, and tell fortunes too,
And torment take the woman my tongue can't woo.

IV.

I'd woo them with the language of the soft eyes brown,
With my leaping and my hurling—From Kerry to Down;
I'd woo them with learning, and with Latin too,
In the books of seven tongues I have learned to woo.

V.

'Tis my grief that my father didn't christen me Dan,
Set me reaping like a farmer, ere I grew up a man,
With my cows and green meadows, no more I would roam
But my troubled heart would be a while, at rest, at home.

* Teig: pr. Thyge.
† Portlaurge, recte Portláirge the Gaelic name for Waterford.

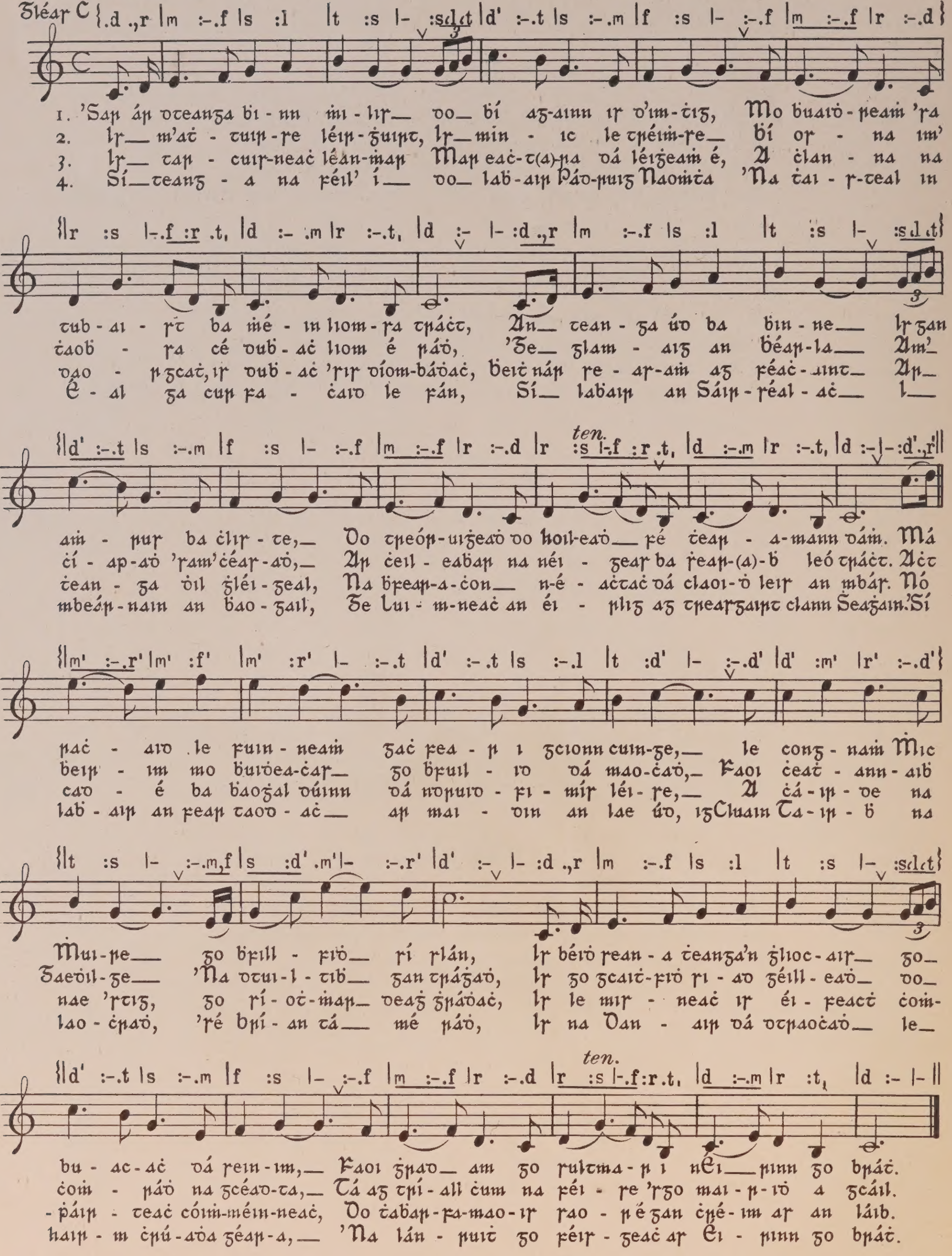
Teanga na nGaedheal.

Riobard Weldon cct.

M. Ní Annagáin do ċum an ceól.

M.M. ♩ = timċeall 76.

Gléas C



TEANGA NA NGHAEDHEAL.

(THE TONGUE OF THE GAEL.)

From the Irish of Robert Weldon, of Comeragh, Co. Waterford.

I.

On our sweet tongue so flowing, that from us is going,
My woe, ever-growing! I'm wishful to speak,
That tongue that was sweetest, it's phrases the neatest,
'Twas the proud chieftain's language, and scholar's so meek.
Let ev'ry good man put his hand to the plough now,
With God's help above! 'twill return once again,
And the old tongue among us be gloriously sung, as
It was by our fathers on Erin's green plain.

II.

Oh shameful the story, that language, our glory,
That from us is going, oh painful the tale!
Shall we stand idly by then, and look on in silence
While the old language dies from the hill and the vale?
Or what's there to fear, should we clansmen draw near her,
Oh friends ever dear, and come to her aid?
With courage to free her, with bright hope to cheer her,
And save her from silence, from sorrow, and shade.

III.

'Tis the language, we know, that St. Patrick himself spoke
When he banished from Erin the serpents for aye.
And Sarsfield too spoke it in battle's commotion,
At Limerick of old in that red angry fray.
'Twas spoken by Brian, war's mighty old lion
At Clontarf on Good Friday, when facing the Dane,
When his clans dashed to meet them, and with bright steel did greet them,
And chased them for ever from Leinster's bright plain.

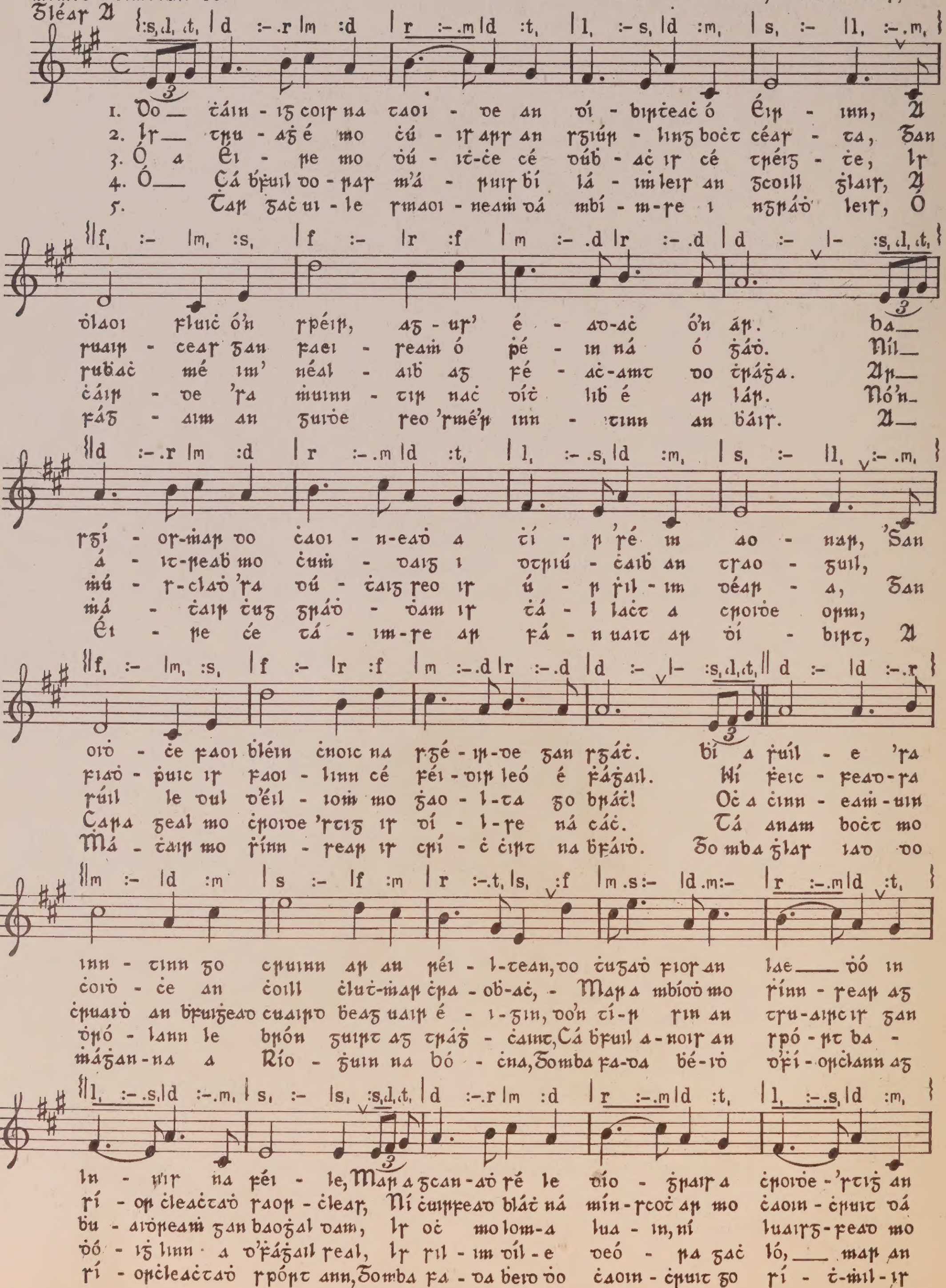
IV.

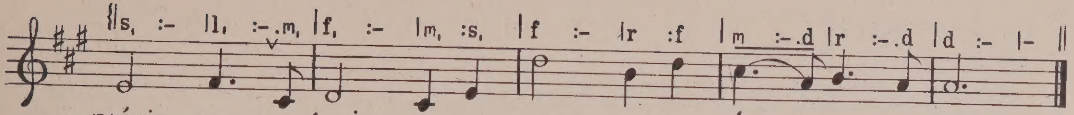
I call on each brave man, each gay and each grave man
From Shannon to Erne, and through Innis-fail,*
To work on unceasing, his knowledge increasing
Till our Gaelic is saved, and is spoken by all.
And every stout player, who a hand in the game takes
Let him make no mistake, but still answer each call,
Let him fail in no duty, till the old tongue of beauty
In victory rings through both cottage and hall!

* Pr. Innis-fawil.

An Ḋíḃirteaċ ó Éirinn

M.M. ♩ = timċeall 76 — Seán Ó Coileán, ó Ṁíḋ Ruis, cct





dréaċt seo, — buaḋ ag - us trei - se leat, Éi - re go bráṫ.
gléas - aḋ, Guí buail - feaḋ a téaḋ - a ar Éi - re go bráṫ.
ġéag - a, Mo ċáir - de táid traoċ - ta nó ag géill — eaḋ ḋá náṁaid.
ṁ báis - tig, Gan aoiḃ - neas gan ḋó - ċas le ró - ġ-ċas go bráṫ.
ceól - ṁar, a Éi - re mo ṁúir - ní - n! Éi - re go bráṫ.

AN DIBIRTEACH ·O EIRINN.

(THE EXILE OF ERIN.)

Thomas Campbell.

I.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh !*

II.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to their covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh !

III.

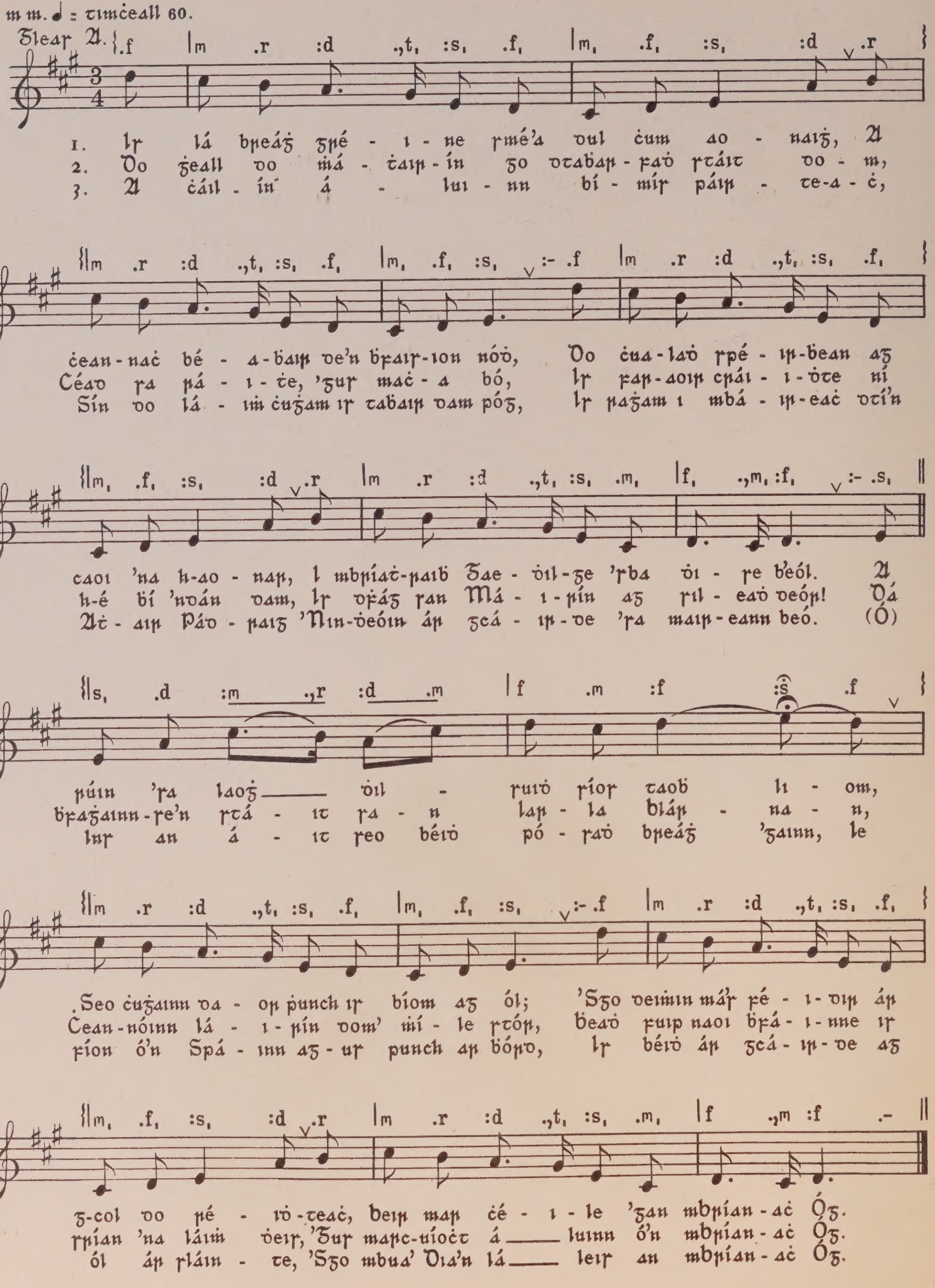
Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But alas in a far foreign land I awaken
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me !
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

IV.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood ?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
Where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?
Oh my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot restore.

*Erin-go-bragh, recte Éire go brath, Ireland for ever.

An Brianaċ Óg.



AN BRIANACH OG.

(YOUNG O'BRIEN.)

I.

As to the fair I went, one morning early,
  To buy a beaver, of fashion new,
I heard a lady who made lamentation
  In sweetest Gaelic—as she well could do.
Oh lovely angel, come sit here near me,
  We'll call for dear punch, and here we'll dine,
And if we can, dear, we will make our plans
  To join wedlock's bands with your Young O'Brien.

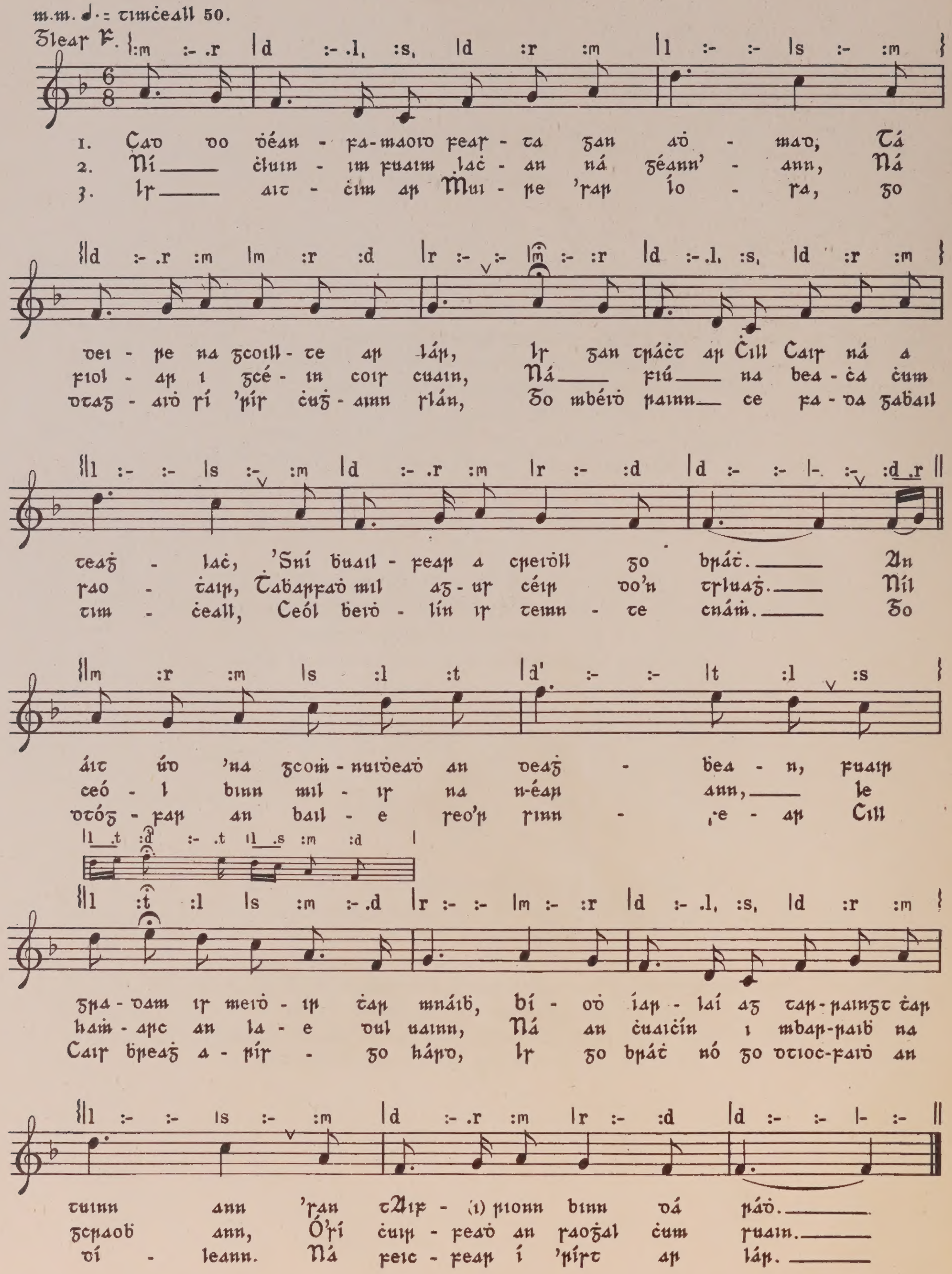
II.

My mother promised me she'd give me fortune,
  A hundred each quarter, and fields of sheep.
But alas for me, that was not my portion,
  And that leaves your Mary salt tears to weep.
If I had Blarney for my estate now,
  I'd buy a mare for my loved one kind.
A whip with rings, and silk reins to finger,
  In hope you'd linger here with Young O'Brien.

III.

Oh lovely maiden, pray cease from mourning,
  And give your hand and fond kiss to me.
We'll go next morning to Father Paudrig,
  And despite all warnings we'll married be.
A wedding fine we'll have here in style, dear,
  With punch at table and Spanish wine,
Our friends we'll gather, the board surrounding,
  The praises sounding, of Young O'Brien.

Caoine Ċill Cais.



CAOINE CILL CAIS.

(THE LAMENT FOR KILCASH.)

I.

Where now is the sheltering wildwood
  That we in our youth have known?
Oh gone are the groves of our childhood
  And even the birds are flown.
It was there that dwelt the good lady
  There the sweet bell was daily rung,
Great Earls came over the wave there,
  And the deep-intoned Mass was sung.

II.

No wild-goose is heard on the lake now,
  No wild-duck now haunts the stream,
The eagles their eyrie forsake now,
  No bees hum in day's bright beam.
No voices of birds now entrance us
  As they once sang at evening's fall,
No cuckoo is heard in the branches
  To utter his slumb'rous call.

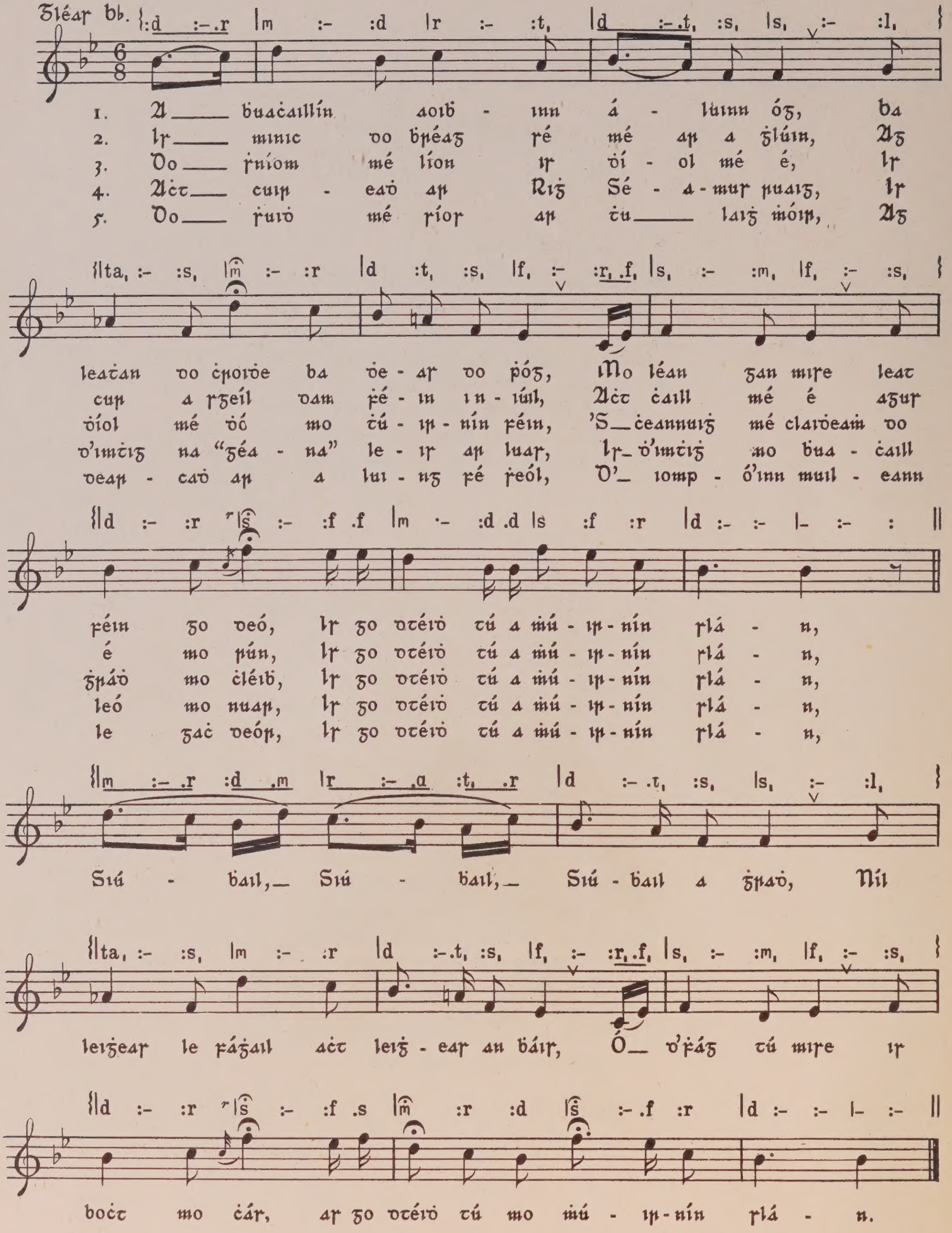
III.

To Mary I pray, and the Saviour,
  May our exiles return again,
With dancing and bonfires blazing
  And violins' sweetest strain.
That the Castle that now is so humbled
  May rise with strong keep and wall,
And till earth into ashes has crumbled
  In ruin no more may fall.

Siúḃal a Ġráḋ.

M.M. ♩. = timċeall 40.

Gléas B♭.



SIUBHAL A GHRADH.

(SHULE A GRÁ.)

I.

Oh bouchal mine, my heart you charm,
Your love was kind, your kiss was warm,
I'd wish to shield thee from all harm
  Iss go day thoo avourneen slawn !*

    Shule, Shule Shule a ghra,†
    Only death can heal my woe,
    Since the boy of my heart from me did go,
    Iss go day thoo avourneen slawn.

II.

'Twas often he'd court me on his knee,
And tales of love he'd tell to me,
But now my love is o'er the sea,
  Iss go day thoo avourneen slawn.

    Shule, Shule, etc.

III.

I'd sell my rock, I'd sell my reel,
I'd sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel
  Iss go day thoo avourneen slawn.

    Shule, Shule, etc.

IV.

King James was routed in the fray
The " wild-geese " went with him away,
My boy went too, that dreary day !
  Iss go day thoo avourneen slawn.

    Shule, Shule, etc.

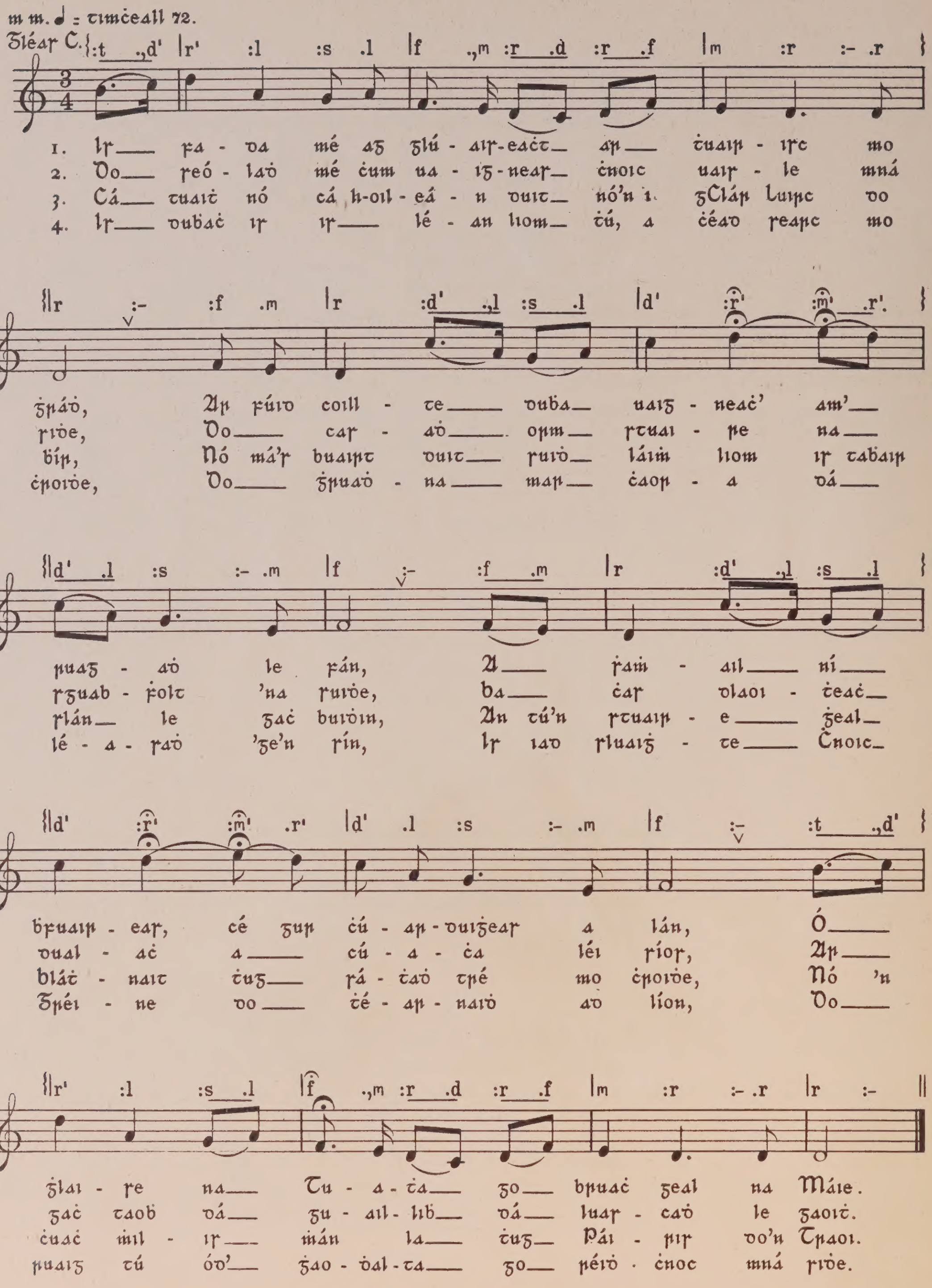
V.

I sat me down on yonder hill,
I watched the sail the wind did fill,
And all my tears would turn a mill,
  Iss go day thoo avourneen slawn.

    Shule, Shule, etc.

* Iss go day, etc. : May you go, my love, in safety.
† Shule a ghra : Come, beloved.

Réiḋ-ċnoc Mná Siḋe.



REIDH-CHNOC MNA SIDHE.

(THE GENTLE HILL OF THE FAIRY WOMEN.)

I.

'Tis long I have wandered, still seeking my love,
Through the dark gloomy wild-woods, all lonely I rove,
Her likeness I found not, though I searched far and wide,
From the bright streams of Kerry to Maigue's silver tide.

II.

I met in my rambles the green fairy rath,
Where the fair-haired bright maiden I saw in my path,
Her hair long and heavy, about her entwined,
And caressed her fair shoulders when touched by the wind.

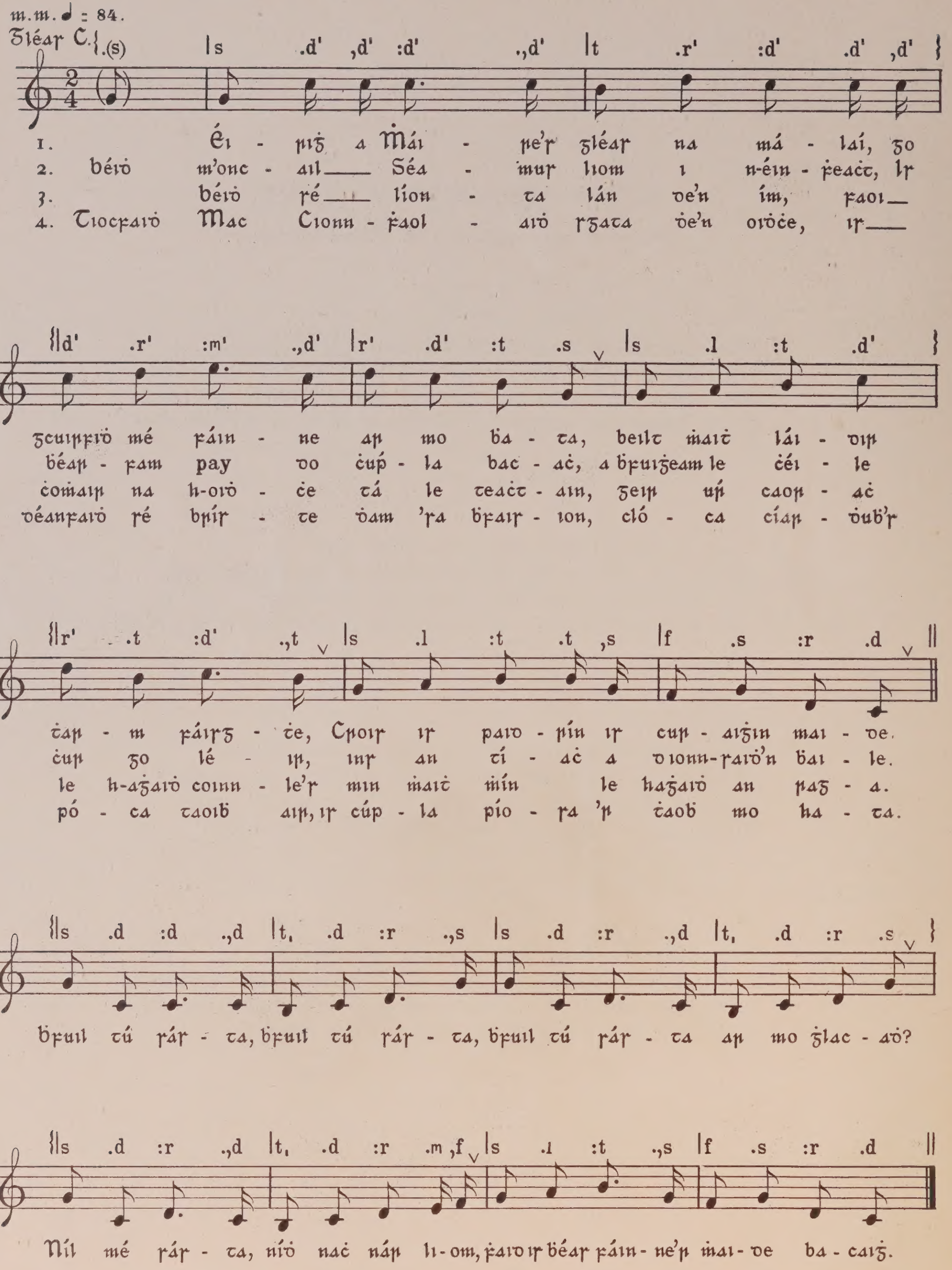
III.

What country or island claim you for your home,
Or will you sit by me, since from far lands you come?
Are you Blanaid, the fair, who my heart moves to joy,
Or the Lady who came with bright Paris to Troy?

IV.

Oh sad is your fate, dear love, to my mind,
Your cheeks like bright berries, whipped by the wild wind,
'Twas the host of Knock-Greine that took thee from me,
And bore thee away, to the Rath of the Shee!

AN BACAĊ, NÓ ḂFUIL TÚ SÁSTA?



AN BACACH, NO BHFUIL TU SASTA?

(THE BEGGAR, OR ARE YOU READY.)

I.

" Listen Mary, now be aisy,
While I pare a sturdy wattle,
While my belt I squeeze around me,
With my beads and bag and bottle,
" Are you ready, for to roam,
From your home with me, my pearl ? "
" I'm not ready, 'tis no shame,
While the Bacach's stick has got a ferule."

II.

" My Uncle Seamus will be there
We'll lift the pay of two strong beggars,
All we get we'll put away,
While we stray back home together.
" Are you ready," etc.

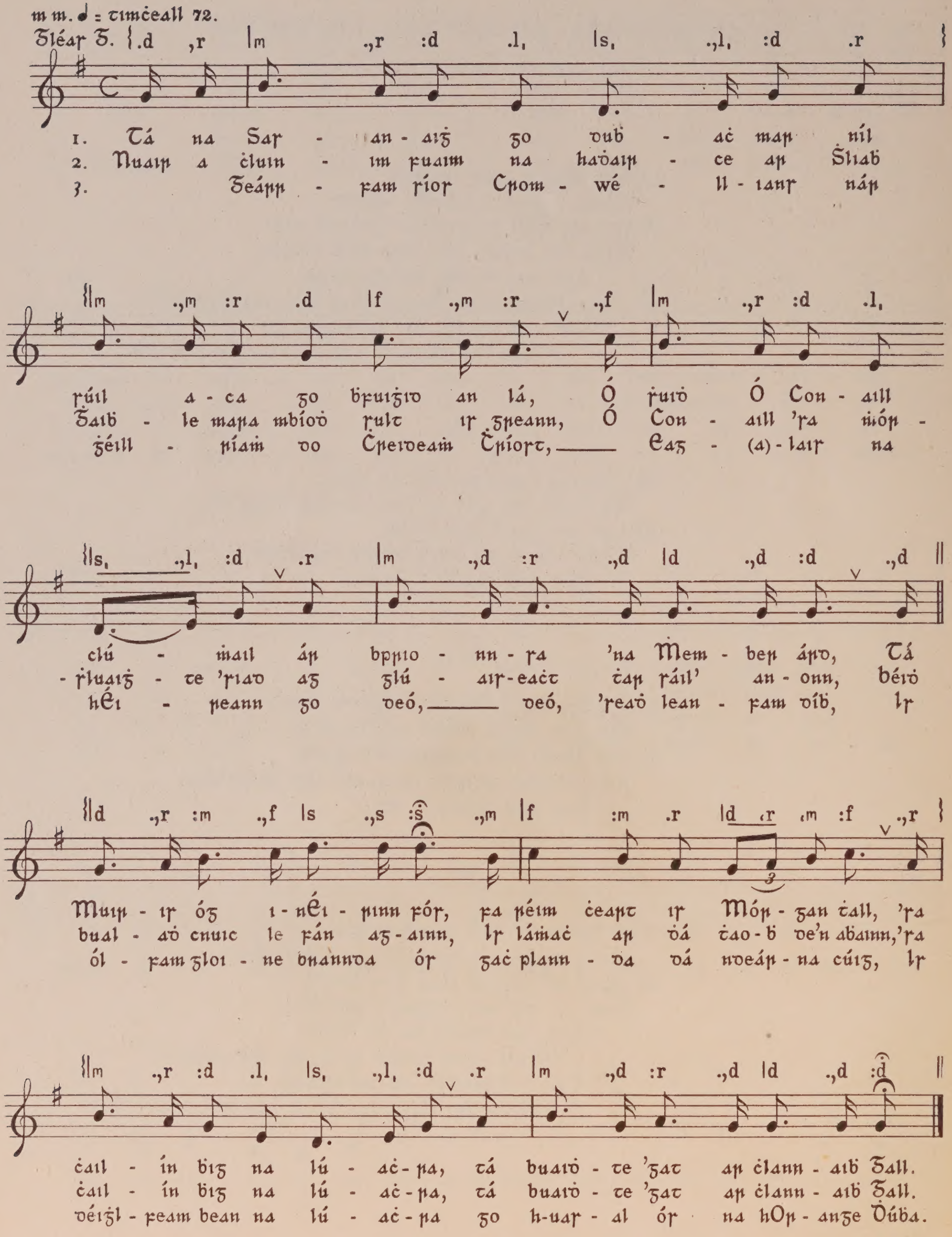
III.

" Our bags we'll fill with yellow meal,
Mutton fat to make our candles,
Butter from the housewife's store,
And berries bright from off the brambles,
" Are you ready," etc.

IV.

" The tailor he will come at eve
He'll make me breeches in the fashion,
A cloak of nap so fine and black,
And on my hat a dandy patchin',
" Are you ready for to roam,
From your home with me my pearl ? "
" I'm not ready, 'tis no shame,
While the Bacach's stick has got a ferule."

Cailín Beag na Luaċra.



CAILIN BEAG NA LUACHRA.

(LITTLE MAIDEN OF THE RUSHES.)

Composed on the occasion of O'Connell's election for Clare, 1828.

I.

The foreigners are broken, they hope not to bear the sway,
O'Connell and his forces most gloriously have won the day,
Young Maurice is behind him too, the tidings I've heard this hour,
And he'll save the Maid of Rushes for ever from the foreign power.

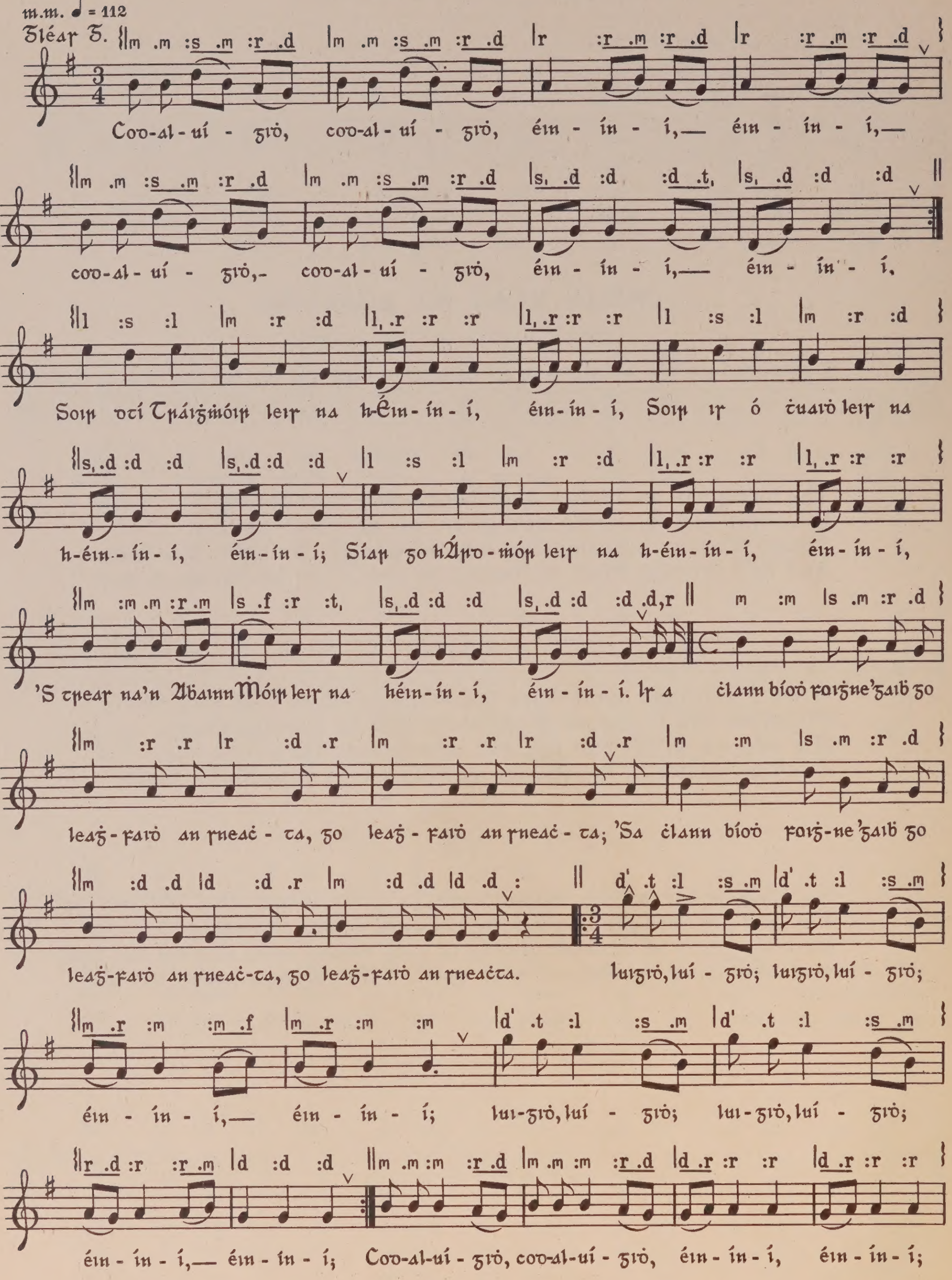
II.

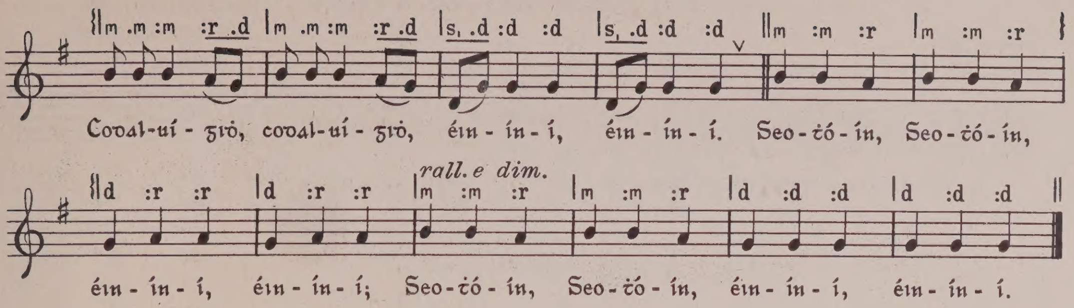
When I heard the merry horn this morn on Slieve Gyle ring out,
O'Connell and his forces on the shore sent up a joyous shout,
His men are on the hills too, and mustered on the river's side,
And the Maiden of the Rushes now blushes as O'Connell's bride.

III.

For long by Cromwell's Roundheads a captive bound, that Maiden lay,
Till now her hero proudly brings her out in light of Freedom's day.
Here's a health in Spanish brandy to each strong hand that set her free,
And Maiden of the Rushes, Our Queen! we pledge a health to thee.

FEAD AN ḞIOLAIR.





FEAD AN IOLAIR.

(THE EAGLE'S WHISTLE.)

I.

Go to sleep now, Go to sleep now,
  Bird-een-ee, Bird-een-ee,
Go to sleep now, Go to sleep now,
  Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee,
Go to sleep now, Go to sleep now,
  Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee,
Go to sleep now, Go to sleep now,
  Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee.

II.

West to Ardmore with the Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee,
East to Tramore with the Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee,
Down to the shore, with the Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee,
And over the Ferry-Boat, with the Birdeenee, Birdeenee.

III.

Oh children be patient,
  Till the snow it is melted, the snow it is melted;
Oh children be patient,
  Till the snow it is melted, the snow it is melted.

IV.

Lie down now, Lie down now,
  Ye small birds, ye small birds,
Lie down now, Lie down now,
  Ye small birds, ye small birds
Lie down now, Lie down now,
  Ye small birds, ye small birds,
Lie down now, Lie down now,
  Ye small birds, ye small birds.

V.

Go to sleep now, oh sleep now ‡
  Bird-eenee, Bird-een-ee
Go to sleep now, Go to sleep now,
  Birdeen-ee, Birdeen-ee.

VI.

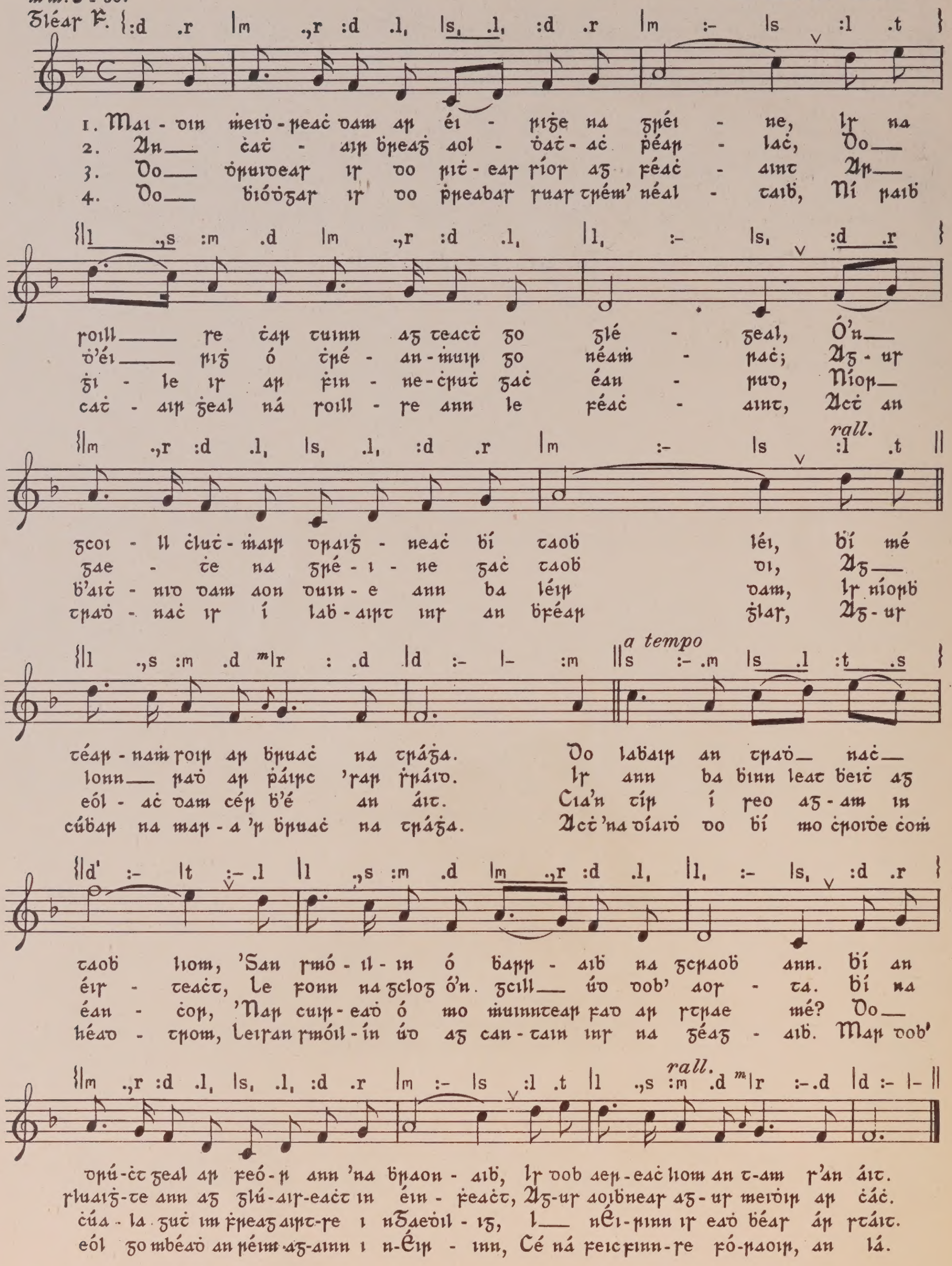
Sho-ho-een, Sho-ho-een
  Ein-eenee, Ein-een-ee
Sho-ho-een, Sho-ho-een,
  Ein-een-ee, Eineen-ee.

‡ Ein-een-ee, properly Einini, pr. A√-nee-nee. Little Birds.

CAṪAIR ĊÚBAR-BÁN NA TRÁĠA.

Máiġréad ní Annaġáin
do ċum an ceól.

mm. 𝅗𝅥 = 60.



CATHAIR CUBHAR BHÁN NA TRÁGHA.

(THE FOAM-WHITE SEA-CITY.)

I.

One morning ere the dawning, as early
I walked through the dew, that all pearly
Had covered the meadows, and rarely
  Flashed forth on each branch and spray ;
From the sward the joyous lark was waking,
The cuckoo his matin-song was making,
The blackbird and the speckled thrush were saying
  Their praises to the dawning day.

II.

When lime-white, there rose up before me
From the wide water's waste in all glory,
A city fair that never yet in story
  Was told of, or never viewed.
The bells pealed out from steeples airy,
The sun shone on its palaces of faery,
The crowds that trod its streets were never weary
  For in beauty was their youth renewed.

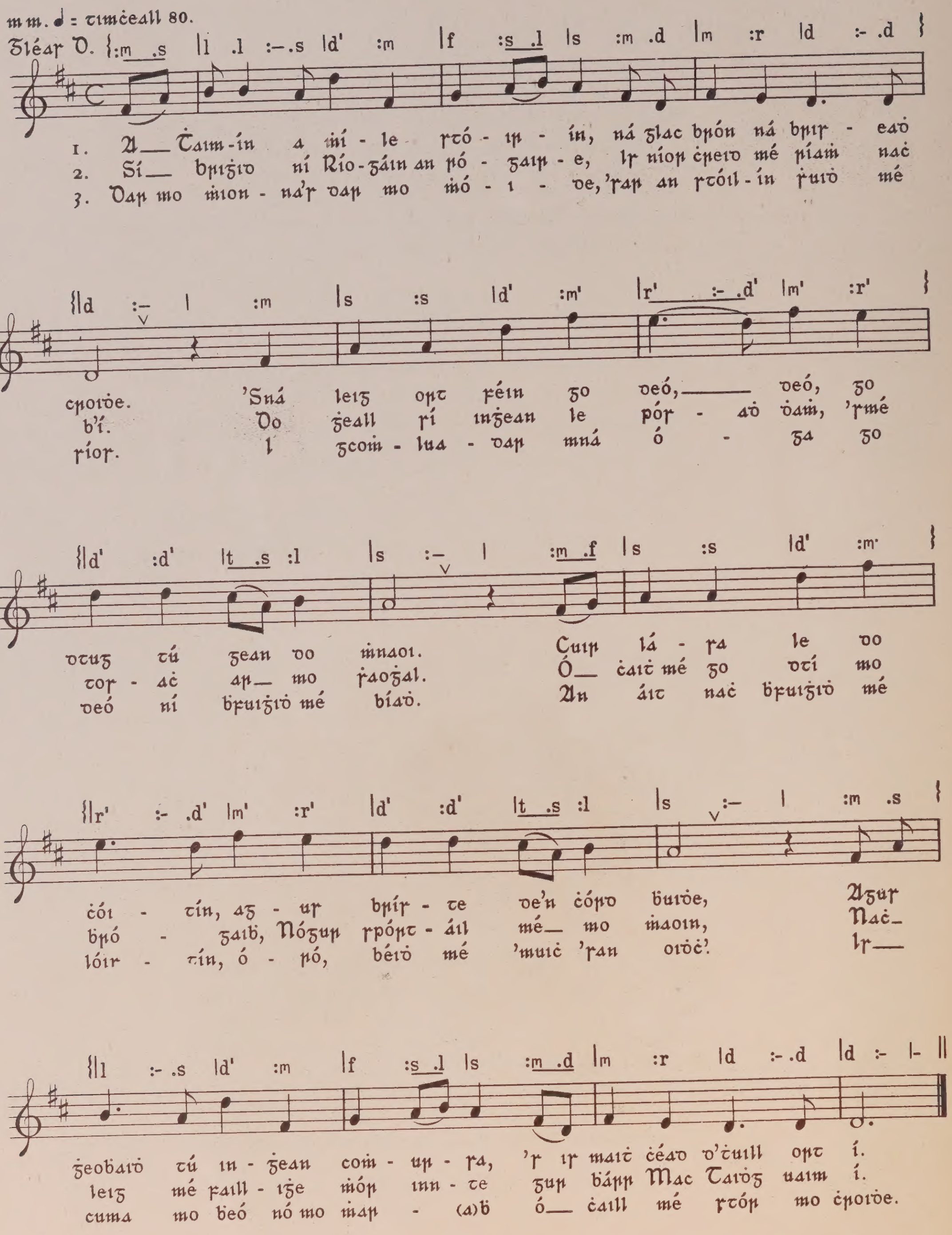
III.

I started up and wildly gazed around me
At the brightness and the beauty there abounding
No place alas ! or face, of all I found there
  Had I ever seen or known before.
" Oh, where's this land ? " I cried in wonder,
" From friends and home O tell me, am I sundered ? "
An answer came, it seemed like whispered thunder,
" Our future lies on Erin's shore."

IV.

I shuddered, and the vision passed before me,
The city bright was gone—and rolling o'er me
Was ocean mist in clouds, while the foaming
  Ocean surf upon the shore broke and boomed.
But still my heart was bright and aery,
As the thrush upon the bough that sang so bravely,
As I visioned thee in days to come, my Eire,
  Though ne'er to see those days, I'm doomed.

TOMMY MO ṀÍLE STÓR.



TOMMY MO MHILE STOR.

(TOMMY MY THOUSAND TREASURES.)

I.

O Tommy, my thousand treasures, though it grieve you sore to part
Don't give any maid the pleasure to know she broke your heart,
With gold-laced hat and feather, and silken coat of pride,
You'll get a neighbour's daughter at your call to be your bride.

II.

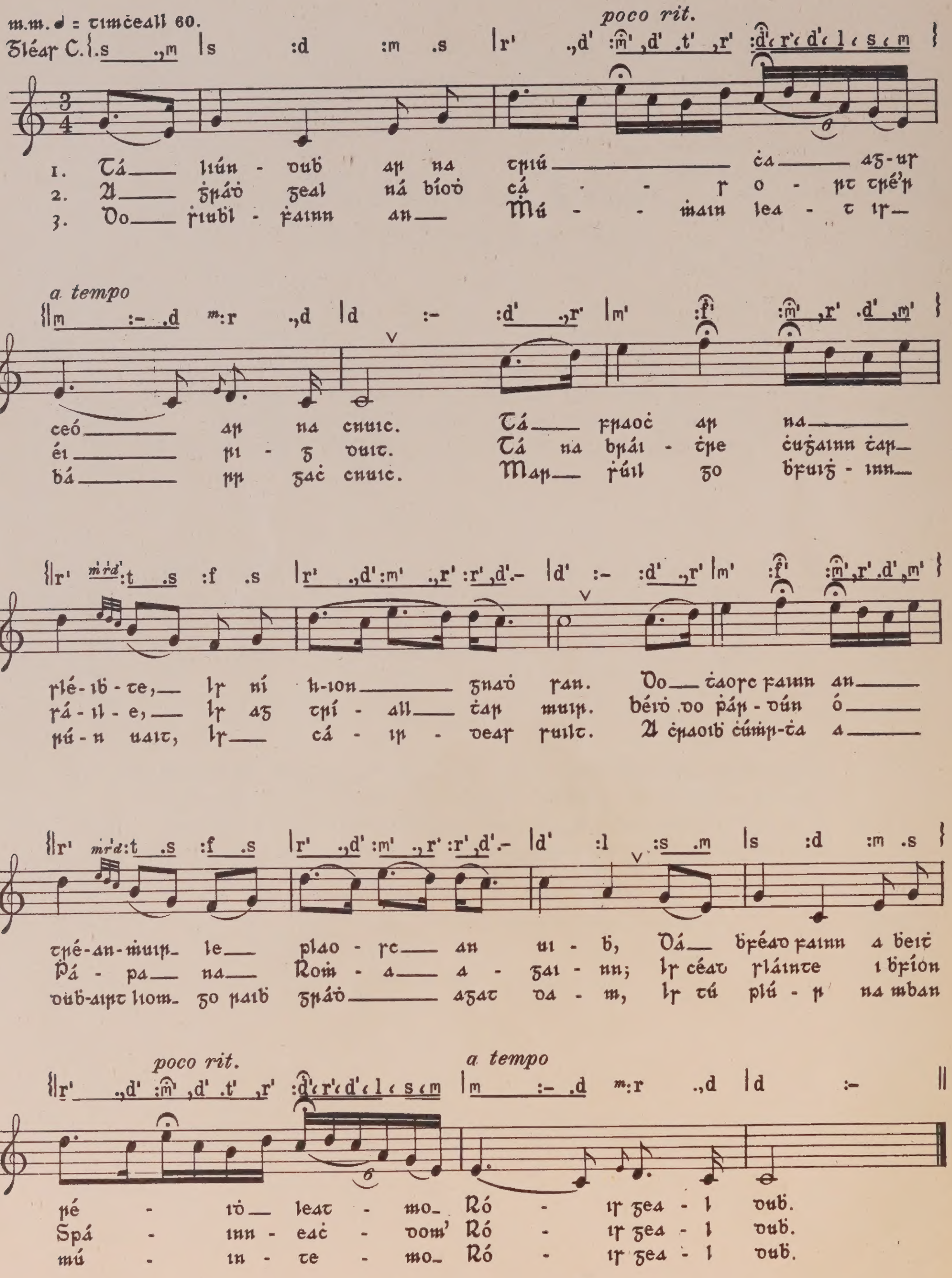
Oh! Bridget Regan is the thief! though of her I had no fears,
That promised me her daughter, O! when I was young in years;
With her I spent my fortune, and even to my brogues,
But Teig's* son won her from me, sure the women e'er were rogues

III.

Upon my oath and word now, sure's as I'm sitting on this stool,
To the wiles of fair young women, no more I'll play the fool;
If I can't find a lodging, I must wander through the night,
For life or death's the same to me, since I lost my treasure bright.

* Teig. Pr. Thyge.

Róis Geal Duḃ.



ROIS GEAL DUBH.

(THE FAIR DARK ROSE.)

I.

There's gloom on the valleys, on the hills there's fog.
There's heath on the mountains, and the red-brown bog.
The deep sea I'd empty, and face all foes,
Could I come but to aid thee, my Dear Dark Rose.

II.

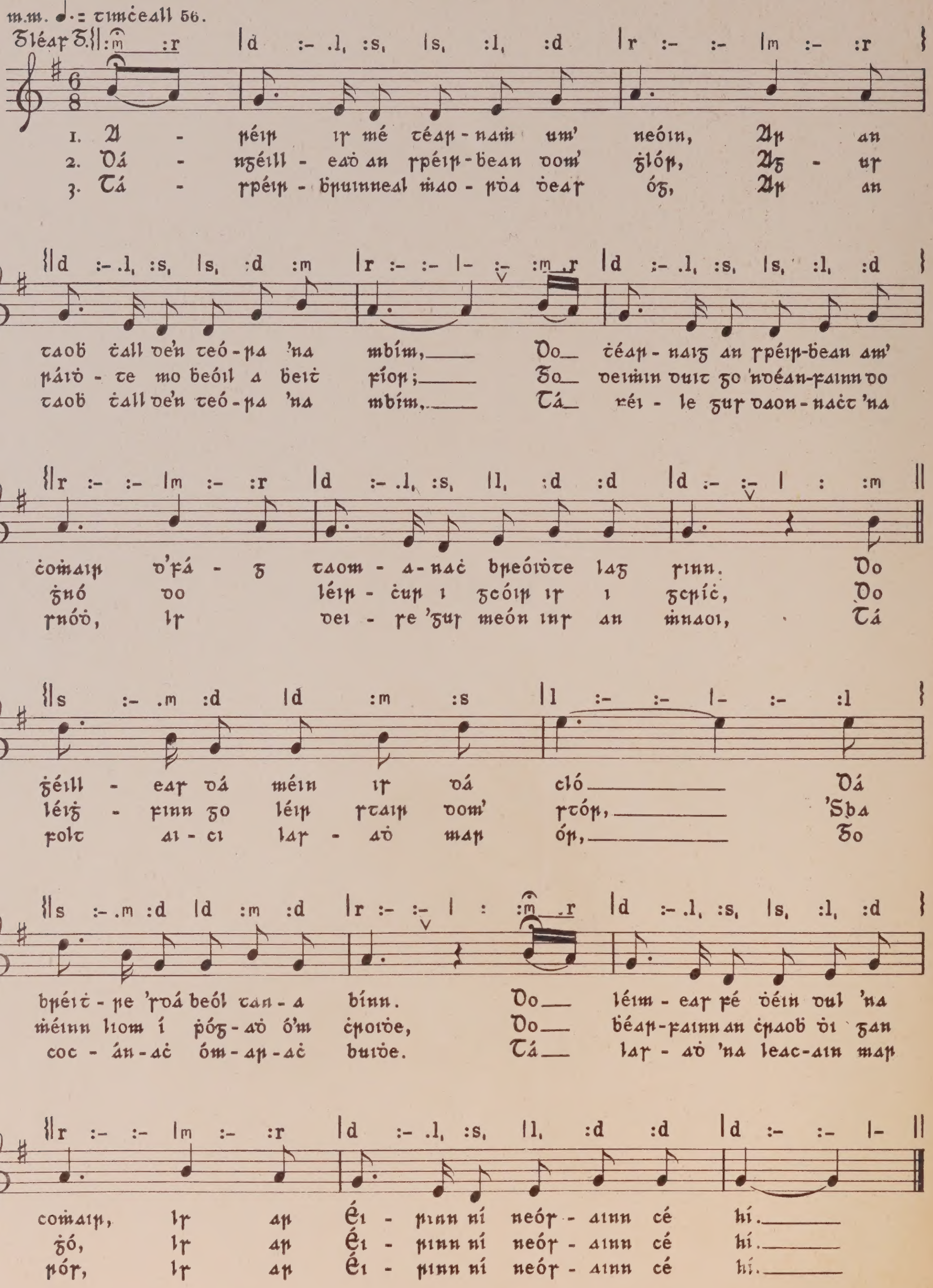
Oh bright Love, be not affrighted, though evil chance,
The Friars o'er the sea come, from sunny France,
Thy pardon from Rome comes, the beaker flows,
And in Spanish wine we pledge thee, my Dear Dark Rose.

III.

All Munster I'd roam with thee. and climb the hills,
In hope to tell the secret my bosom thrills;
Oh, Fragrant One, I pray thee, thy love disclose,
Thou'rt the flower of all maidens, my Dear Dark Rose.

Volume 2.

An Éire ní 'neósainn cé hí.



AR EIRINN NI' NEÓSAINN CIA H-Í.

(FOR IRELAND I'D NOT TELL HER NAME.)

I.

Last eve as I wandered quite near
  To the borders of my little farm,
A beautiful maiden appeared,
  Whose loveliness caused my heart's harm.
By her bearing and look smitten sore
  And the words from her sweet lips that came,
To meet her I raced the field o'er,
  But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

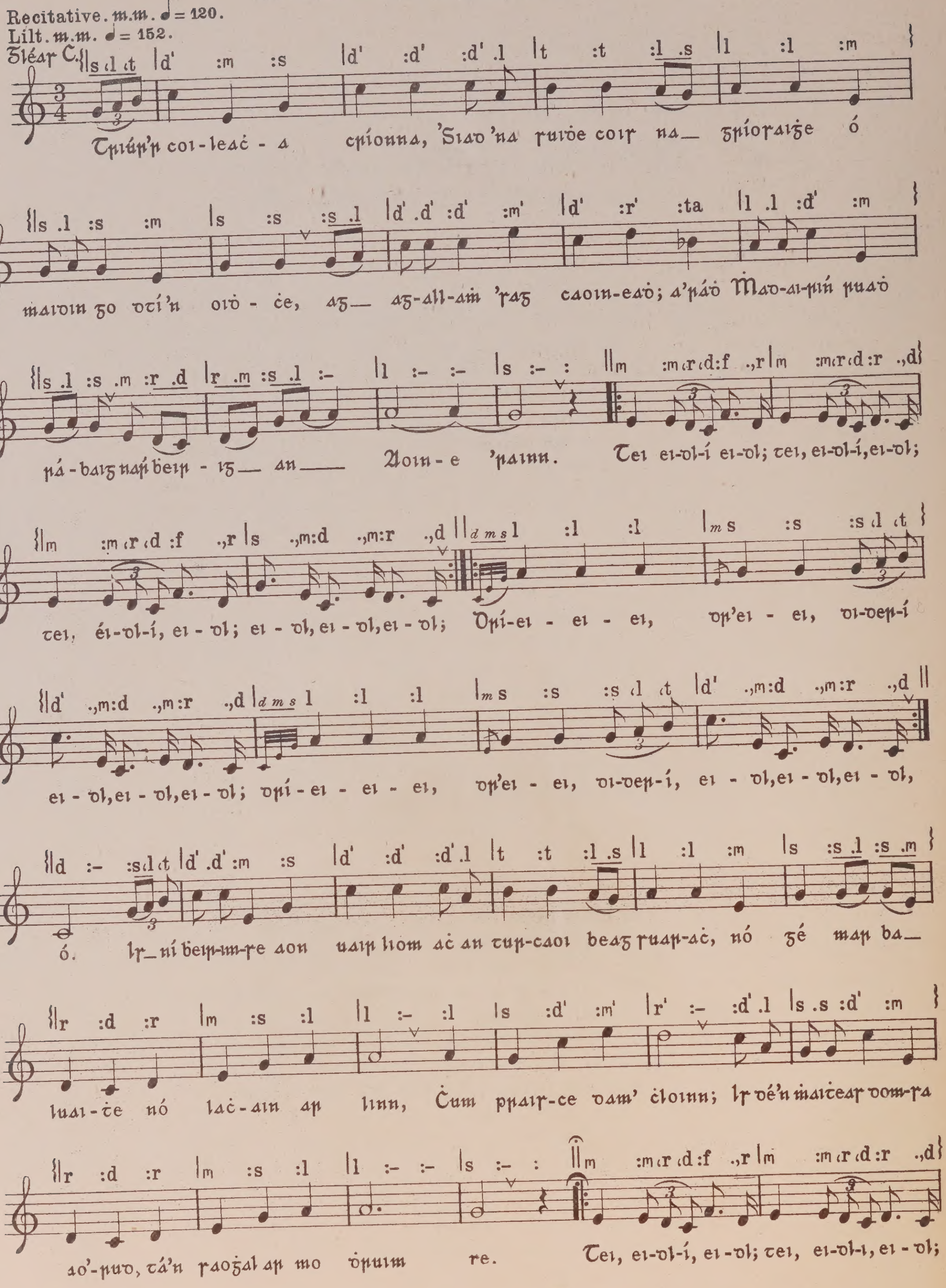
II.

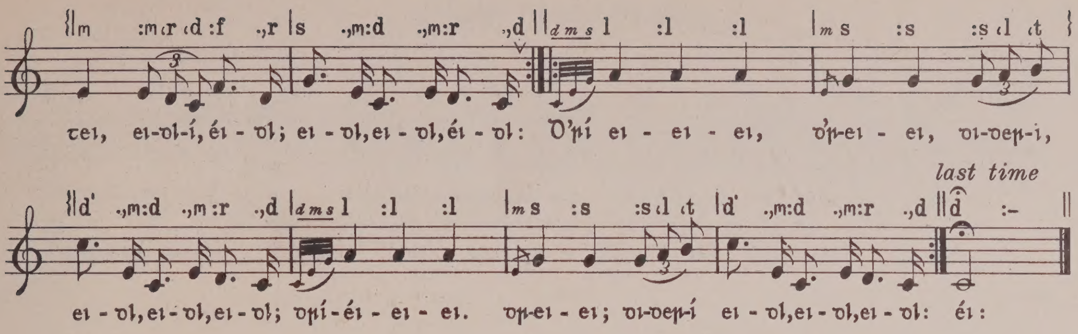
If this beauty but my words would heed,
  The words that I'd speak would be true,
I'd help her in every need,
  And indeed all her work I would do.
To win one fond kiss from my love,
  I'd read her romances of fame,
Her champion I daily would prove,
  But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

III.

There's a beautiful stately young maid
  At the mearing of my little farm,
She's welcoming, kind, unafraid,
  Her smile is both child-like and warm.
Her gold hair in masses that grows,
  Like amber in sheen is that same,
And the bloom in her cheek's like the rose,
  But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

Agallaṁ an Ṁaidrín Ruaiḋ.





Annsan canntar an Maidrín Ruaḋ mar leanas.

AGALLAMH AN MHAIDRÍN RUADH.

(THE FOX'S CONVERSATION.)

I.

Three old roosters creeping by the fire-side, half-sleeping,
Are grumbling and weeping, from morning till evening,
Oro Red Fox I pray you, don't catch us on Friday.

(Fox-hunter's Jig, lilted)

Tei-eidl-i eidl, Tei-eidl-i eidl,
Tei-eidl-i eidl, eidl, eedl, eidl,
Tei-eidl-i eidl, Tei-eidl-i eidl,
Tei-eidl-i eidl, eidl, eedl, eidl,
Dree-ei-ei-ei, dri-ei-ei,
Di-der-i ei-dl eedl ei-dl,
Dree ei-ei-ei, dri-ei-ei,
Di-der-i eidl, eedl, eidl,
Dree ei-ei-ei, dri-ei-ei,
Di-der-i eidl, eedl, eidl,
Dree ei-ei-ei, dri-ei-ei,
Di-der-i eidl, eedl, eidl.

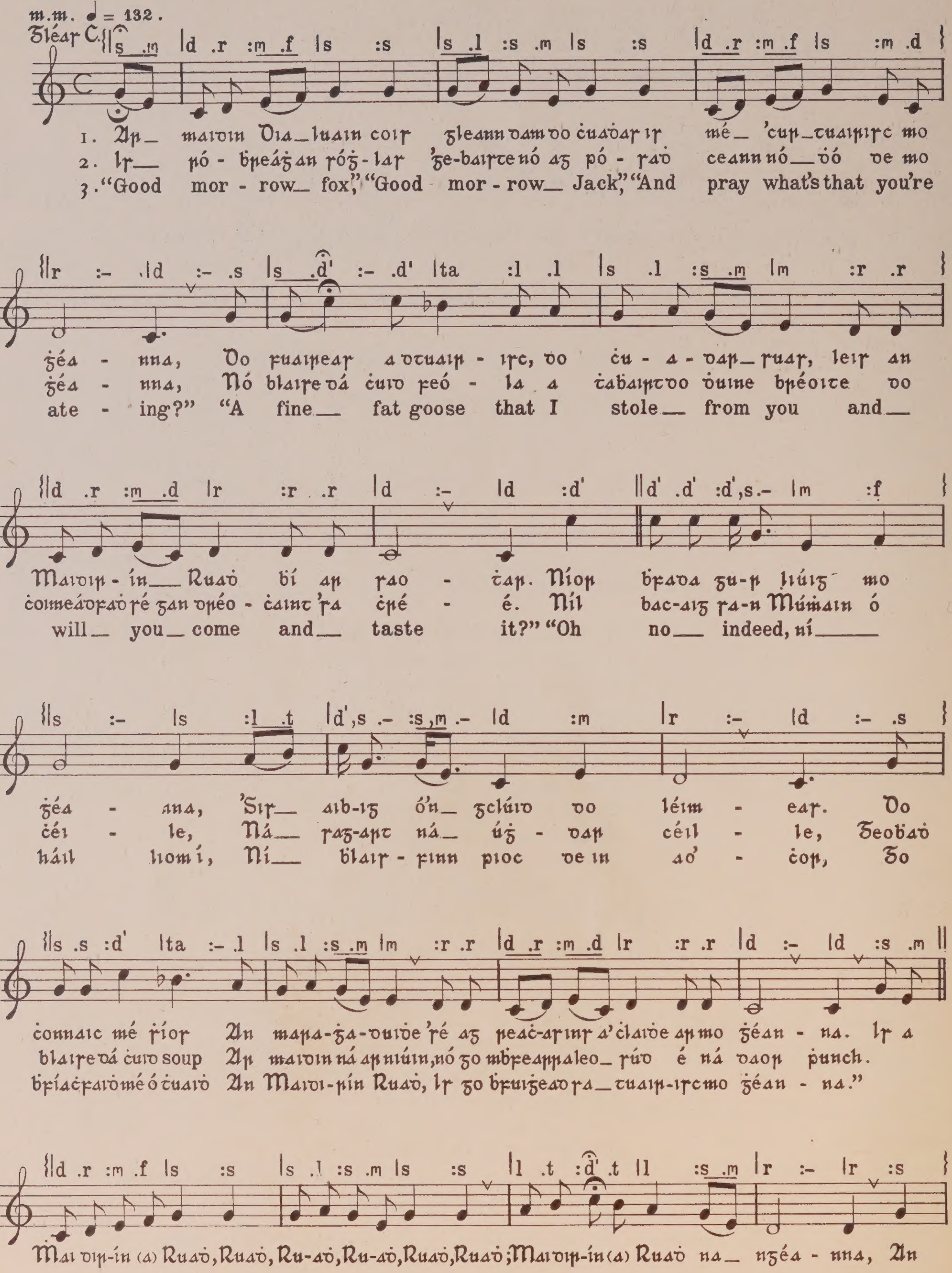
II.

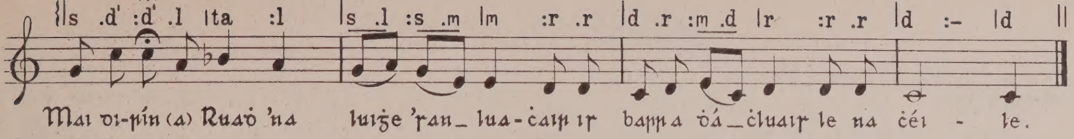
(The fox speaks)

And I never take truly
But the Turkey that's poorly,
Or a goose as my duty,
Or duck on the lake,
For my poor children's sake,
And after my care, all the world decries me!

(Fox-hunter's jig again lilted as above, followed by the song—Maidrin Ruadh, Little Red Fox.)

An Maidrín Ruaḋ.





AN MAIDRIN RUADH.*

(THE LITTLE RED FOX.)

I.

On Monday morning I went out,
  To see where my geese did wander,
Their traces I found upon my round,
  The little Red Fox's plunder.
Their screeching loud did wake me,
From slumber I did shake me,
  I saw the thief, may he come to grief,
Or a pauper he will make me.
    Modh-er-een Rooa in the rushes he lies,
      In the foggy autumn weather,
    My geese he's watching to surprise,
      And his two little ears together!

II.

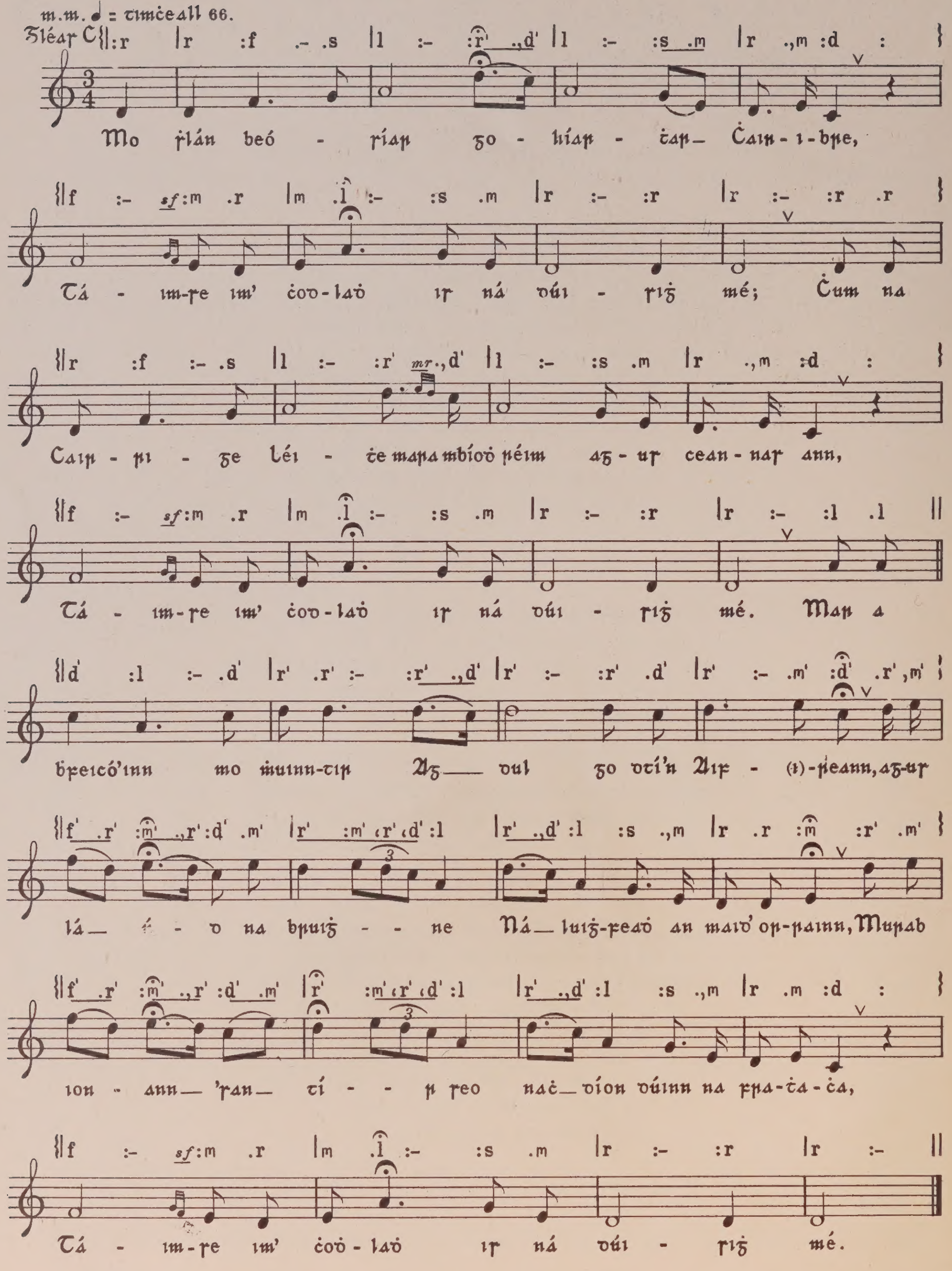
At a wedding fine, or christening, dine
  On a goose of mine, or two, Sir.
Or if you have a patient, give him but a taste,
  'Twill cure his pains for you, Sir!
No beggar all Munster over,
Clergyman, bard or rover,
  Would get a taste of soup, at morning or at noon,
But would think himself, faith! in clover.
    Modh-er-een Rooa, etc.

III.

"Good morrow, Fox," "Good morrow, Jack,"
  "And pray what's that you're atin'?"
"A fine fat goose I stole from you
    And will you come and taste her?"
"Oh no indeed, Sir, have no fear,
I'll hunt the thief and chase him,
  And I vow and swear you'll dearly pay,
For my fat fine goose you're atin'."
    Modh-er-een Rooa, etc.

* Modeeren Rooa: Maidrin Ruadh=Little Red Dog. Common name for the fox in the South of Ireland. Northern: Madadh Ruadh. The fox has also his correct Gaelic name of Sionnach.

Táim-se im' codladh.



TAIM-SE I'M CHODHLADH, IS NA DUISIGH ME.

(I AM ASLEEP AND DON'T WAKEN ME.)

I.

Farewell now for aye to Carber'ys islands,
I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me,
To old Carrig Lea's rock, and it's bleak bold highlands,
I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.
Where my people I'd see to the Mass-Rock repairing,
And when storm came or grief, my pain they'd be sharing,
'Tis not so in this land, where no hand's for me caring,
I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.

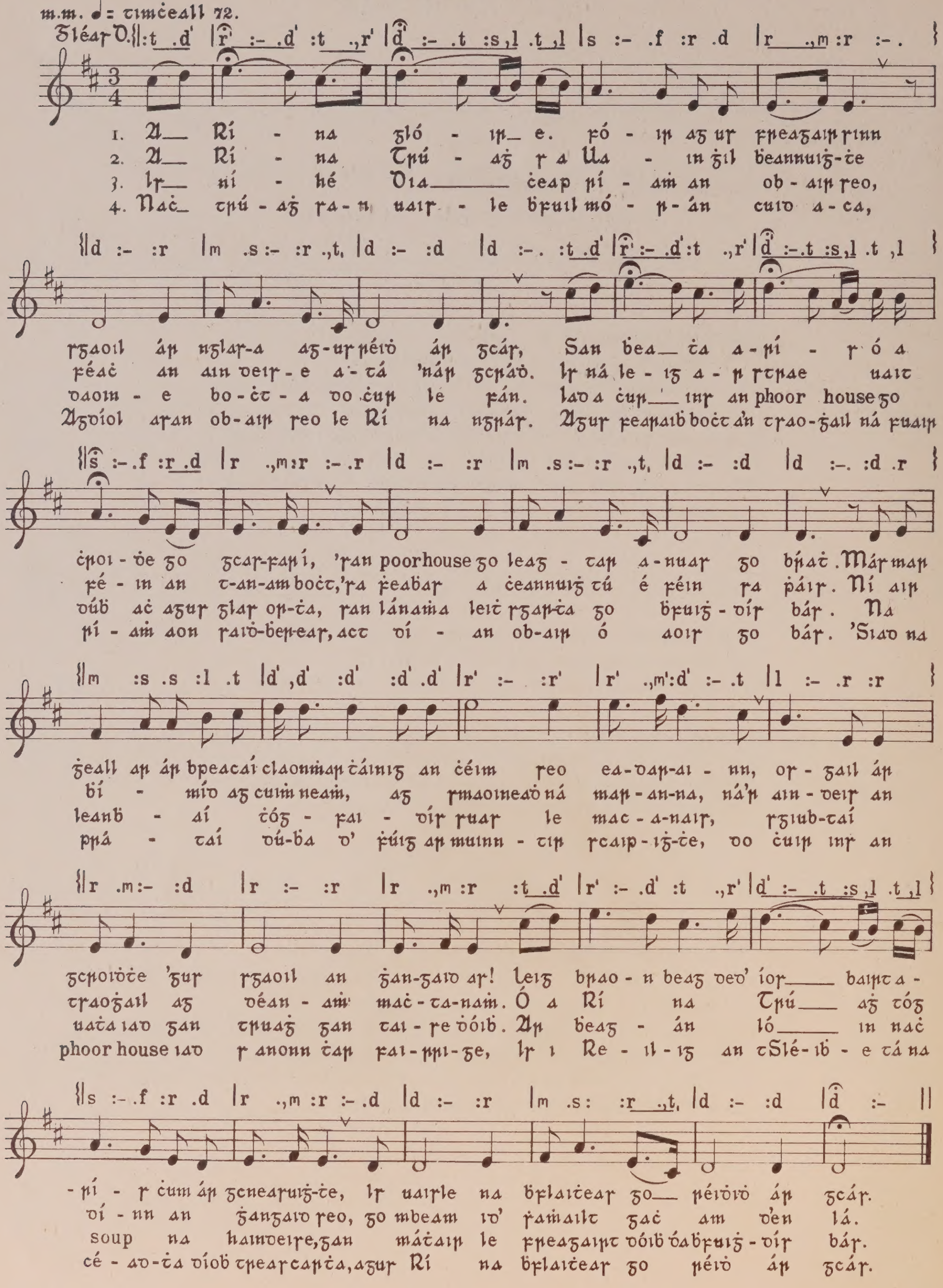
II.

Oh rise up ye clans! Each man spring to arms now!
I dream as in sleep and don't waken me.
On the Sassenach bands, let loose war's alarms now!
I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.
Should you conquer them too, be sure you will honoured be,
From Corrig na Shure, to Dangan, beside the sea,
And the Orangeman too, be sure he'll remember ye!
I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.

III.

Oh the day may I see, when misfortune may follow them,
I dream as I sleep, and don't waken me,
When their proud vaunted fleet, the green seas may swallow them,
I dream as I sleep, and don't waken me.
When the Whiteboys may roam o'er the hill-tops both night and day,
With dancing and marching, Oh! while they the time away!
And the Orangemen no more, on our shore may have any sway!
I dream as in sleep, and don't waken me.

NA PRÁTAÍ DUḂA.



AMHRÁN NA BPRATAÍ DÚBHA.

(THE SONG OF THE BLACK POTATOES.)

Famine Song.

I.

O ! King of Glory, hear and answer us,
  From bondage save us, and come to our aid,
And send us bread, as we cry in misery,
  And may the poorhouse be in ashes laid.
If for our sins we pay this penalty,
  Open our hearts, that they may be cleansed be !
One drop of Thy Blood ! O ! send to comfort us,
  In grief and hunger we are sore dismayed.

II.

O ! Pity's King, and blessed Lamb of love,
  Look down from Heaven above upon our ills,
Oh Shepherd, keep now Thy sheep from straying
  Whom Thy bitter pain bought on Judea's hills.
Oh ! when bread did abound ! 'Twas little we thought of Thee,
  We felt no need, nor aid we sought of Thee,
Oh Pity's King ! relieve our agony,
  And ease the pains of those dread Famine chills !

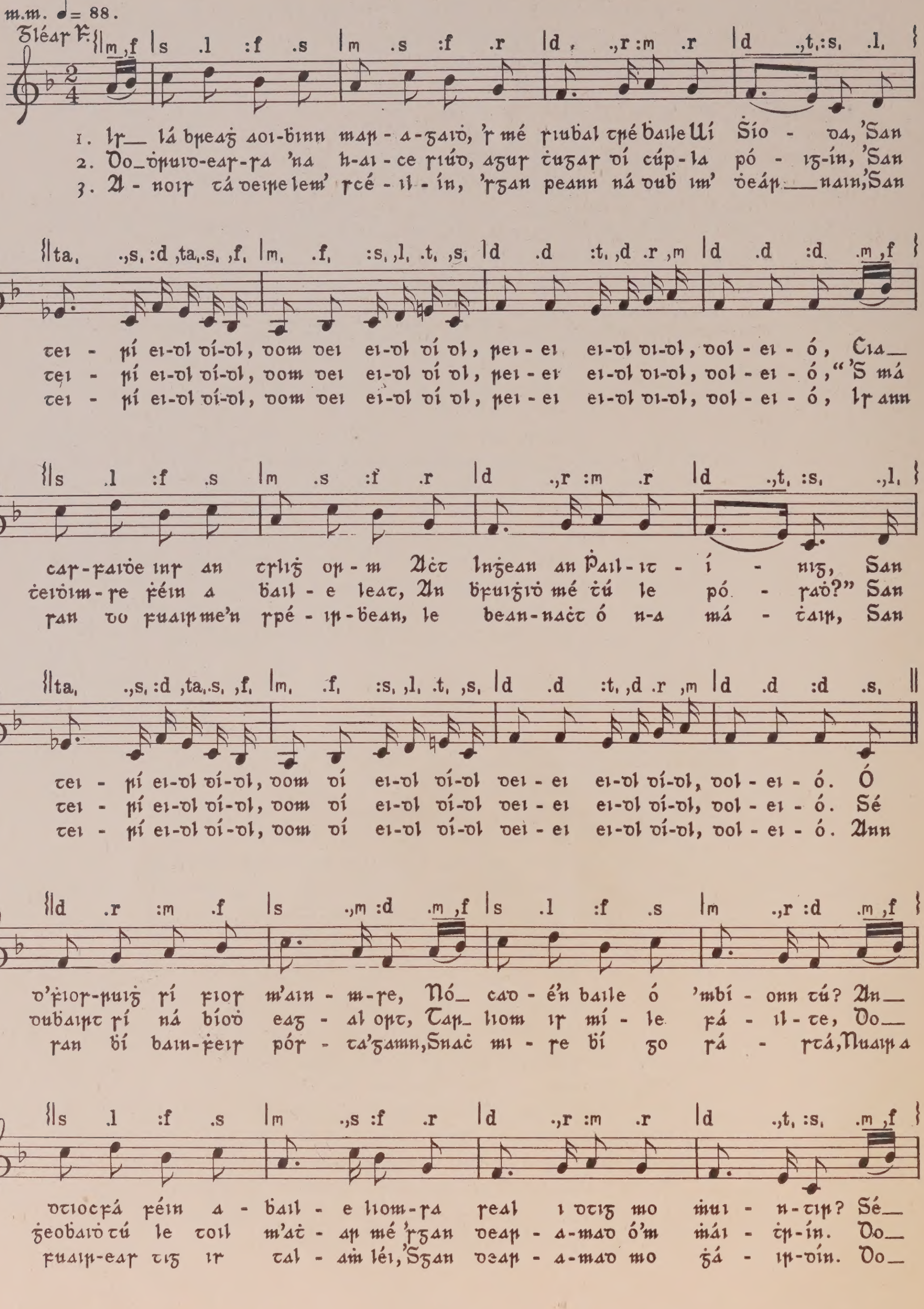
III.

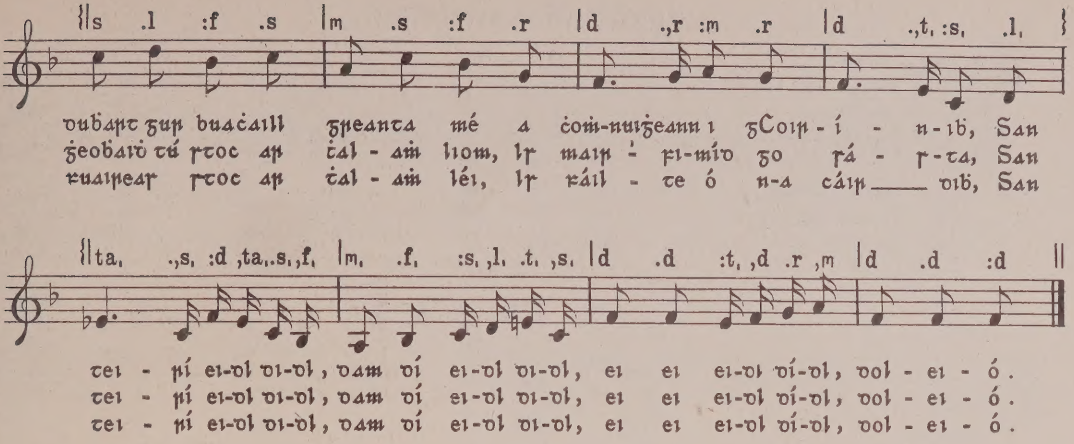
No work of God's are these deeds accurséd,
  The poor disperséd in grief and pain,
The poorhouse gates that clanging close on them,
  And wedlock bands forever rent in twain.
The children they reared, with parent's care for them,
  The poorhouse bare doth rudely tear from them.
Or should they die, no cry their mother hears,
  Though they be lying near, by hunger slain !

IV.

Oh pity the proud ones, all earth possessing
  That for these distresses must surely pay,
Oh, sad their fate, who the poor oppressing
  Do richer grow by their moans each day.
The potatoes that failed, brought the nation to agony,
  The poorhouse bare, and the dreadful coffin-ship.
And in mountain graves do they in hundreds lie,
  By hunger taken to their beds of clay.

Inġean an Ṗailitínis.





INGHEAN AN PHALATINIGH.

(THE PALATINE'S DAUGHTER.)

I.

To Castle Hyde to market I was going out one morning,
(Lilted) San Tei-ri eidl deedl
Dol-ei eidl deedl,
Rei-ei eidl deedl,
Dol-ei Oh.
Who should I see before me but the Palatine's lovely daughter,
San Tei-ri, etc.
She quickly asked my name of me, or where my dwelling place was,
Or would I go away with her to her friends and her relations.
I said I was a honest boy, and Curreen it was my station,
San Tei-ri, etc.

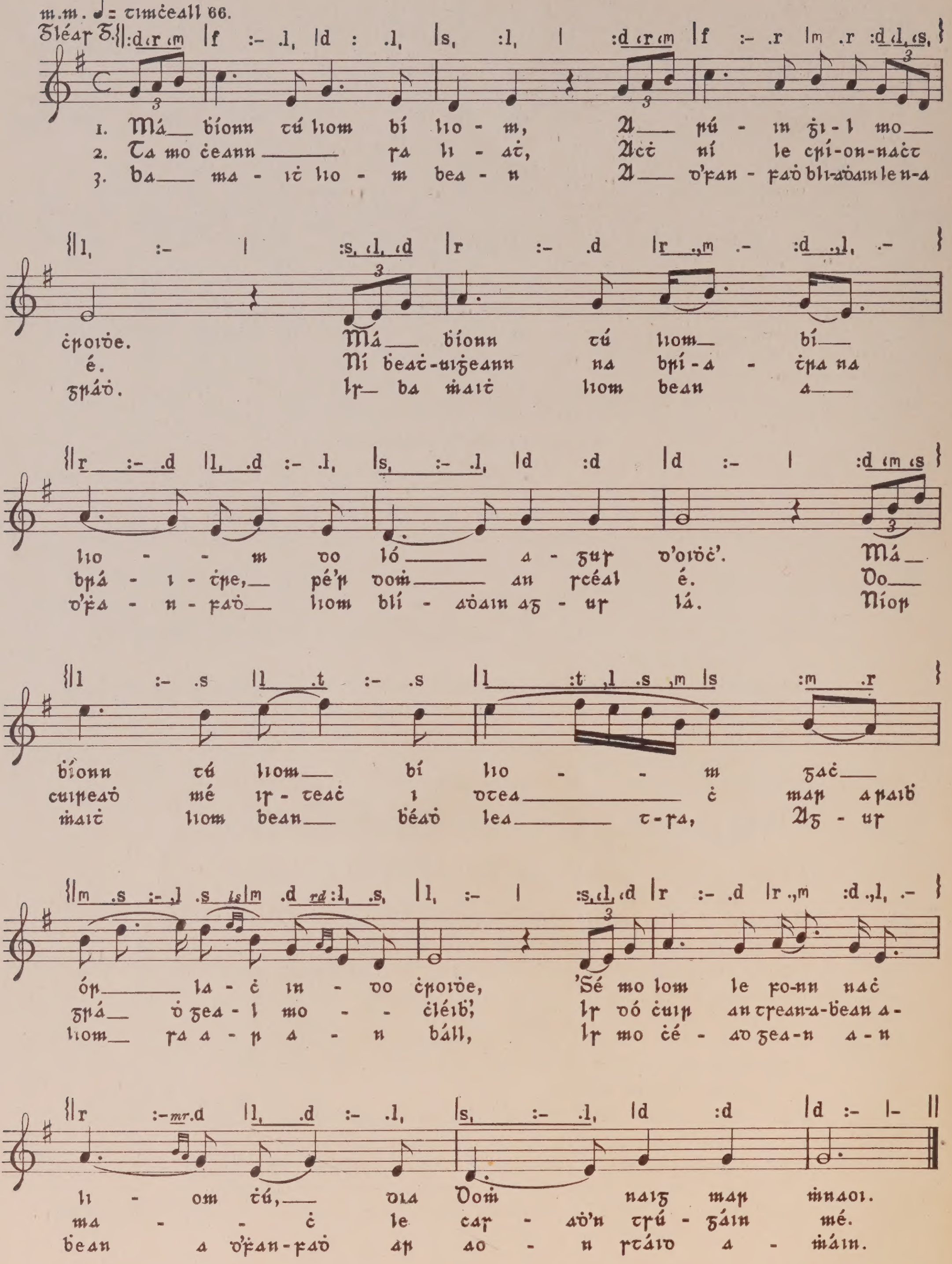
II.

A kiss I gave this fair one, for I thought it long to tarry,
San Tei-ri, etc.
" If I go to your relations, will our parents let us marry ?"
San Tei-ri, etc.
She said, " Now come along with me, as we love one another,
You'll get me from my father sure, and freely from my mother,
You'll get both stock and land with me, and we'll happy be together,"
San Tei-ri, etc.

III.

And now my story's ended and my pen is out of order,
San Tei-ri, etc.
And 'twas then I took this lovely maid in presence of her father,
San Tei-ri, etc.
And shortly we were married O ! and I became the master
Of all my landed property, my haggard and my garden,
And 'twas then I made a Galway lass of this Limerick Palatine's daughter,
San Tei-ri, etc.

CASAḊ AN T-SÚGÁIN.



CASADH AN T-SUGAIN.

(THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.)

I.

If thou art mine, be mine, O bright love of my heart,
If thou art mine, be mine, and never from me part.
If thou art mine be mine, to the last hour of thy life,
'Tis grief most deep that Sunday, thou wilt not be my wife.

II.

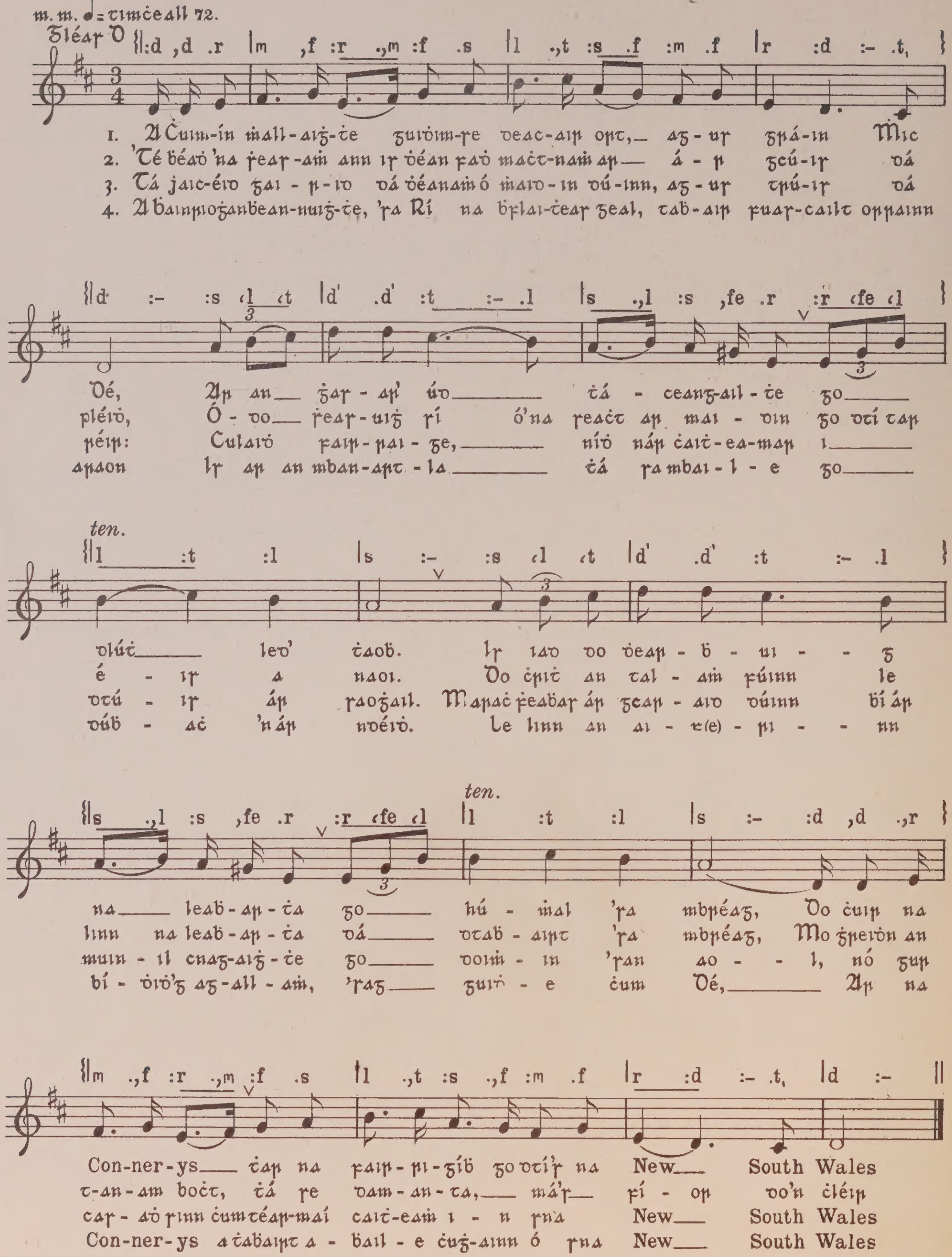
My head alas ! is gray, but 'tis not gray through years,
And none can live on words alone, or thrive on hopes and fears.
I went into a house, that held my love and hope,
But the Cailleach* put me out, by the twisting of the rope.

III.

I'd like a maid who'd stay a whole year with her love,
A long year and a day, her faithfulness to prove.
I like not that fair maid, who'd love me and then love you,
But my hundred loves the maiden fair, who always remains true.

* Cailleach, pr. Kall-yach (ch gutteral as in loch) = an old woman.

MUINNTIR ĊONAIṪRE.



MUINNTIR CONAIRE.

(THE CONNERYS.)

I.

Cursed Comyn ! on thee, may misfortune be, and bitter hate,
And on all beside, to thee near allied, both soon and late ;
For 'twas you that swore, though my heart you tore, the lying tales
That sent the Connerys far across the seas, to the New South Wales.

II.

From the morning's dawn until evening's fall, they heard our pleas
But for all our friends—we still were sent to cross the seas,
Then quaked the solid ground—at the horrid sound of the lying tales
That sent the Connerys far across the seas, to the New South Wales.

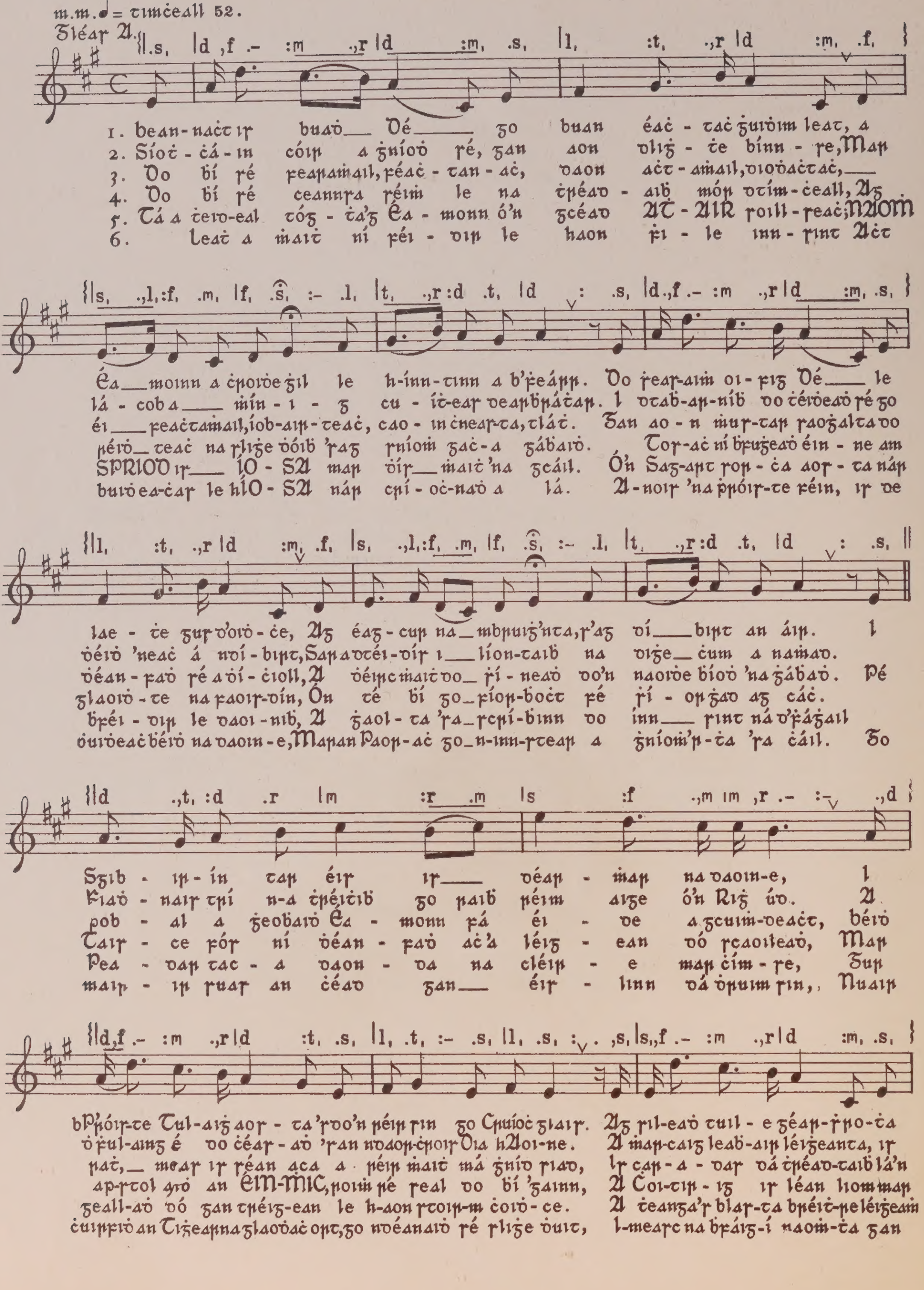
III.

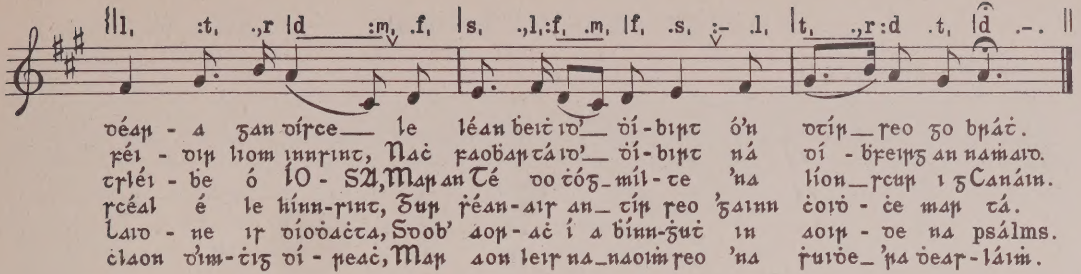
A tarry jacket and a sailor's kit, are for us prepared,
Oh ! 'Twas little ever we expected it, where we were reared.
But for honest friends, we had met our ends, in our youthful prime,
Not in foreign lands, but from hangman's hands, in the deep quick-lime.

IV.

Oh Blessed Queen, and King of Heaven bright, look down from above,
On the mother who did rear us two, with mother's love.
When the Mass-bell rings, send your prayers on wings, to God on high,
To bring the Connerys from across the seas, before she die.

Beannaċt is Buaḋ Dé.





BEANNACHT IS BUADH DÉ.

(A BLESSING AND GOD'S GRACE.)

I.

A blessing and God's grace on thee I pray ever,
  Eamonn, whose fame and whose brain are the best,
Your Office you'd say every day in your dwelling,
  All strife ever quelling, and soothing to rest.
In Skibb'reen for thee, full of tears are thy people,
  And in Tullach as well, tolls the bell from the steeple,
Their tears ever flow, nor slow is their weeping,
  Because you're not keeping the place you love best.

II.

Sweet peace he would make, without law intervening,
  As Jacob his brothers' sad quarrel did quell,
The people he'd send from the tav'ern each evening,
  Lest they fall in Drink's snare with misfortune to dwell.
A proof all his days that the meek King inspired him
  Who was tortured and condemned on the bleak hill Good Friday
Oh, Pastor of your people, though from us you're riding,
  'Tis not enmity sends you, we love you too well.

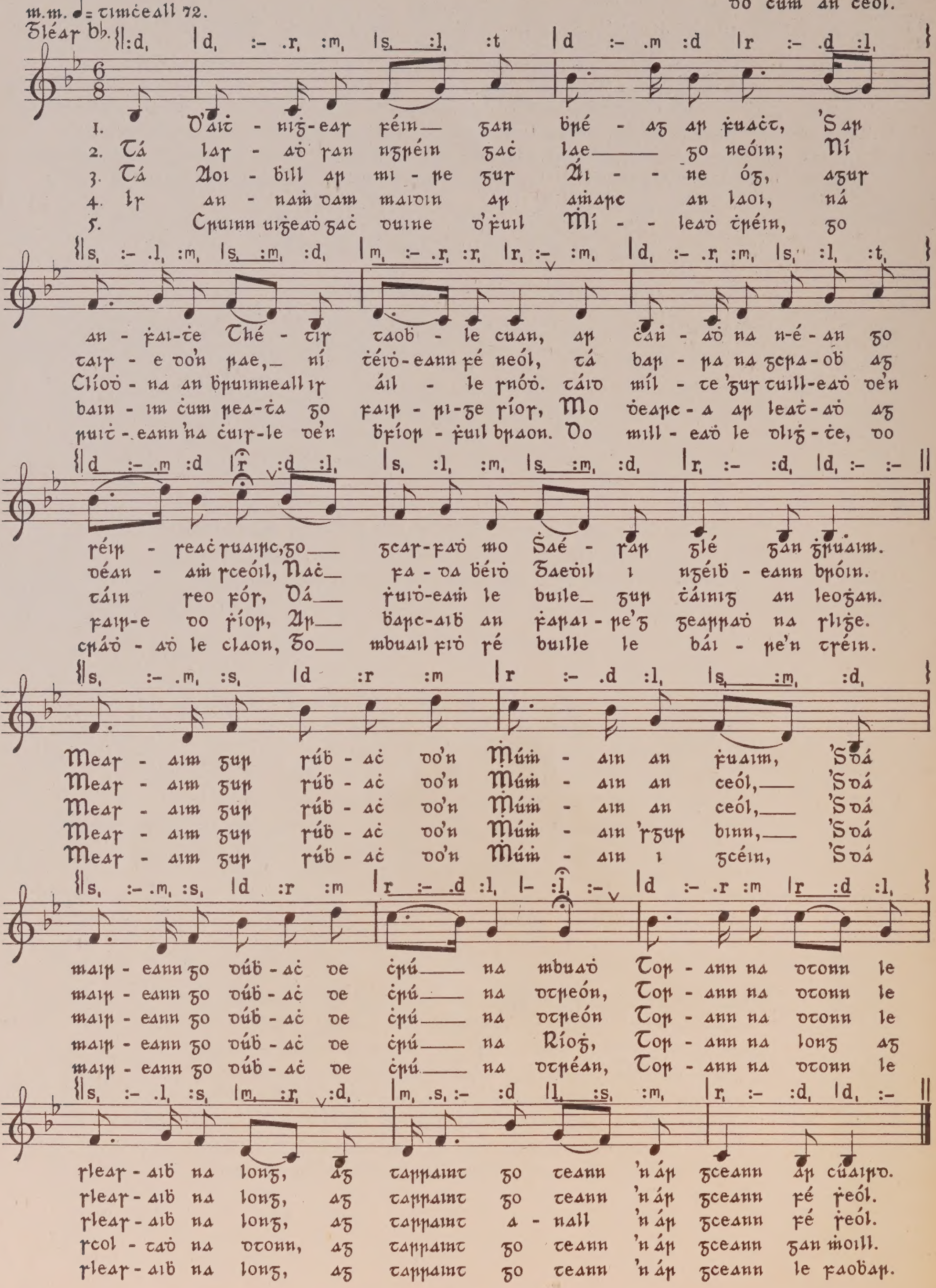
III.

Half his good deeds only, no poet can rhyme them,
  But praise God that still he is left in the land,
And in his native home, his own people will find him
  A chief from on high, who like Moses will stand.
Full five score of years may you breathe here in Ireland,
  And when you are called from the scenes of your sireland,
May the Father on high, a bright place then find thee,
  Midst prophets and angels, upon His right hand.

Rosc Caṫa na Muṁan.

Máiġréad Ní Annagáin do ċum an ceól.

m.m. ♩ = timċeall 72. Gléas b♭.



ROSC CATHA NA MUMHAN.

(THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.)

I.

'Twas well last night by the cold I knew,
By the wild west wind on the shore that blew,
By the wild birds' strain, so sweet and true
That my Caesar was come o'er the seas deep blue.
    'Tis joyous to Munster this refrain
    And to those that live of the warrior strain,
    The thundering waves that the good ships brave,
    As they plough the spray of the salt sea main.

II.

The sun doth blaze in the high noon-day,
The moon doth send unclouded ray,
The tall trees whisper the tale, wind-kist,
"Not long shall the Gael be under mist."
    'Tis joyous, etc.

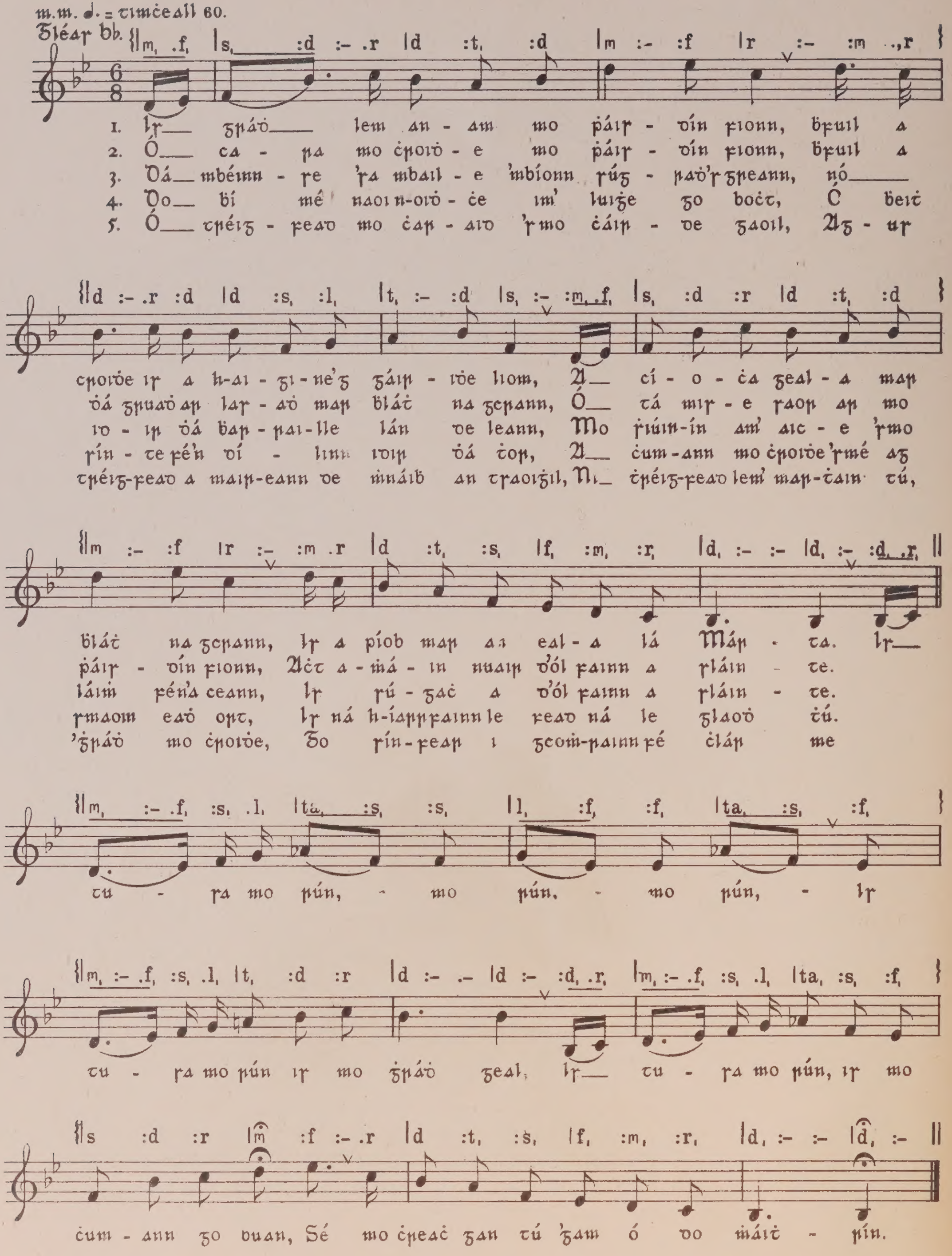
III.

Oh ev'ry morning at dawn's first light,
To the beach I speed in keen delight,
My eyes wide-straining to see the sight
Of my warrior's ships in eager flight.
    'Tis joyous, etc.

IV.

O gather each man of Milesian strain,
Each clan of the blood! the warrior vein,
Whom wrong has harried, and evil laws,
Till he strike a blow in his country's cause.
    O pleasant to Munster ears afar,
    To a warrior race, the sound of war,
    The thundering waves that the good ships brave,
    As they draw towards our shore, this land to save.

An Páisdín Fionn.



AN PAISTIN FIONN.

(THE FAIR LITTLE CHILD.)

The metrical translation here given is by Edward Walsh, at one time a schoolmaster at Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, and subsequently in charge of the school in the convict prison at Spike Island in Cork Harbour. He translated and edited the "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry," with John O'Daly, of Anglesea St. Dublin, and also published a book of "Irish Songs with English Metrical Translations," from which this version is taken. He died in Cork in 1856, and his grave is marked by a monument with an inscription in Irish.

I.

My Paustheen Fiunn is my soul's delight,
My heart laughs out to her blue eyes bright,
The bloom of the apple her bosom white,
Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness.
    Oh you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
    Oh you are my dear and my fair love,
    You are my own dear, and my fondest hope here;
    And O! that my cottage you'd share, love.

II.

Love of my bosom, my fair Paustheen,
Whose cheek is red, like the roses's sheen,
My thoughts of the maid are pure I ween,
Save toasting her health in my lightness,
    Oh you are, etc.

III.

Were I in our village, where sports prevail,
Between two barrels of brave brown ale,
My fair little sister to list my tale,
How jovial and happy I'd make me!
    Oh you are, etc.

IV.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain,
From lying in the hedge-row, beneath the rain,
While, gift of my bosom, I hoped in vain
Some whistle or call might awake ye!
    Oh you are, etc.

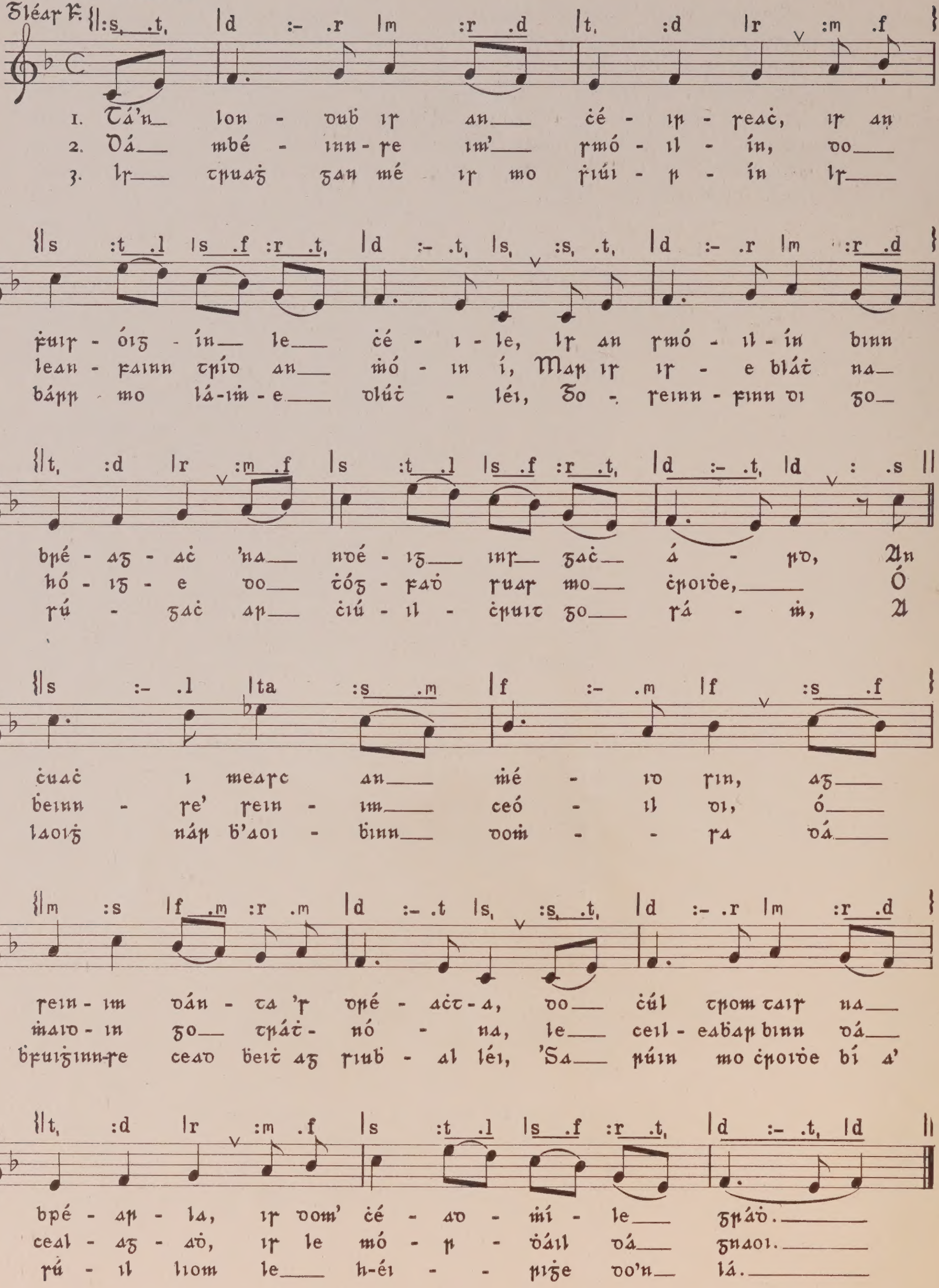
V.

From kins-folk and friends, my fair, I'd flee
And all the beautiful maids that be,
But never I'll leave you, sweet Gra Machree,*
Till death in your service o'ertake me.
    Oh you are, etc.

* Gra Machree: Love of my heart.

An Londuḃ 's an Céirseaċ.

m m ♩= timċeall 80.



AN LONDUBH, 'SAN CHEIRSEACH.

(THE BLACKBIRD AND THE THRUSH.)

I.

The blackbird and the missel-thrush, and bright glad lark together,
Sing blithely in all weathers and gently coo the doves,
The cuckoo's strain doth praise her, the linnet in the heather,
Her clustering hair and pearly teeth, my hundred thousand loves.

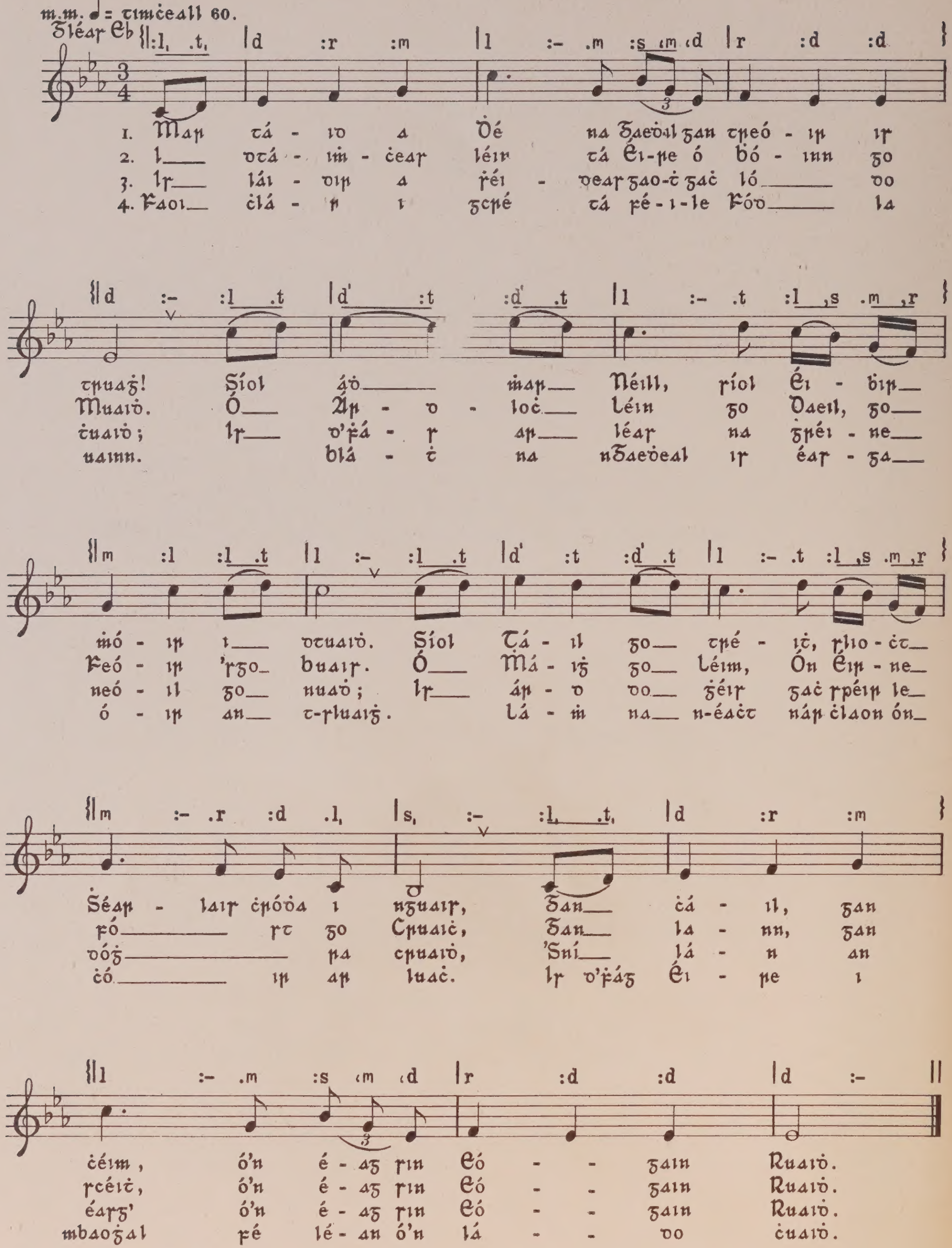
II.

Were I myself a song-thrush, through the moor-land I'd pursue her,
For she is beauty's bloom itself, who raises up my heart,
I'd sing her softest music, at dawn or eve or noontide,
With gentlest strains I'd woo her, and never from her part.

III.

'Tis pity I'm not near her, to see or touch my dear one,
To wake for her my sweet harp, and softest strains to play,
To walk with her the meadows, no pleasure could be sweeter,
So wait for me my secret love, at the dawning of the day.

Cuṁa Eoġain Ruaiḋ Uí Néill.



CUMHA EOGHAIN RUAIDH UI NEILL.

(LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE O'NEILL.)

I.

The Gaelic race, alas, no leader owns,
The seed of Niall and Eibhear* helpless moans,
The face of Eire† now is dark with woe ;
And fallen her pride, when died great Owen Roe !

II.

All Erin lies in grief, from Boyne to Moy,
From Lene-Loch's‡ shore to Nore, they know no joy,
From Moy to Leim and Erne, the dread word goes,
No blade nor shield succeeds to Owen Roe's."

III.

'Tis cold each day the piercing north-wind blows,
The sun no ray of cheering brightness shows,
The storm doth rage, and still doth fiercer grow,
All earth grows pale, since death claimed Owen Roe.

IV.

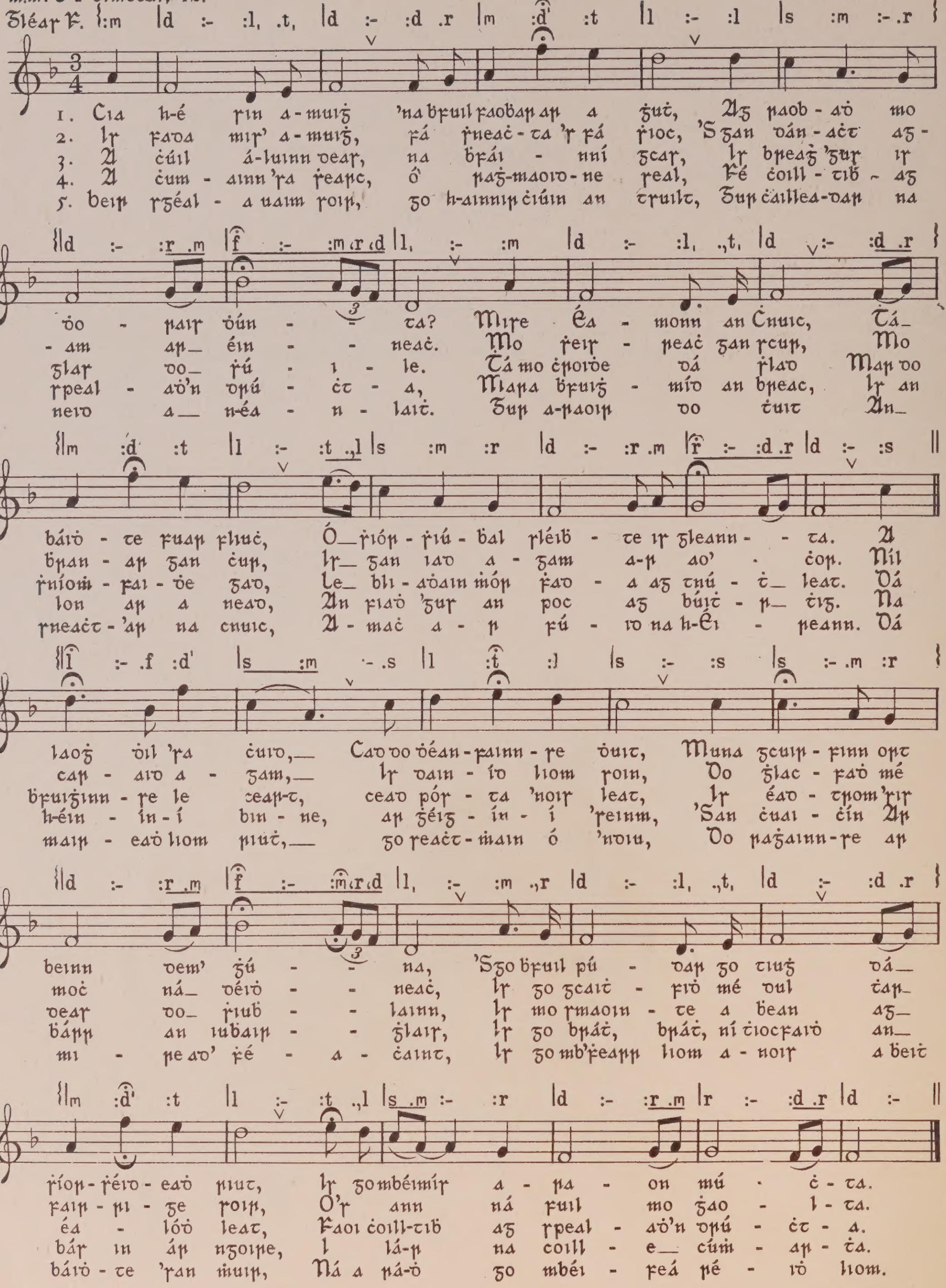
In church-yard clay lies Erin's generous Chief,
The Gael's bright flower, this hour of bitter grief,
The trusty hand who ne'er forsook the right,
Leaves Eire's land in danger, dark as night.

* Eibhear : pr. Ay-ver, one of the early Milesian settlers.
† Eire : pr. Ay-re = Ireland.
‡ Lene Loch : pr. Lane Lough = Killarney.

Éamonn an Ċnuic.

Máiġréad Ní Annagáin do ċum an ceól.

m.m. ♩ = timċeall 72.
Gléas F.



EAMONN AN CHNUIC.

(NED OF THE HILL.)

I.

" Oh say who is here, with voice sharp and clear,
At my fast-shut door that's tearing ? "
" I am Ned of the Hill, all wet, tired and chill
O'er mountain and moorland faring."
" Oh my own dear love, what aid can I give ?
Though I'd shelter thee like a mother,
And the powder-smoke black blows still on your track,
And the pair of us surely 'twill smother."

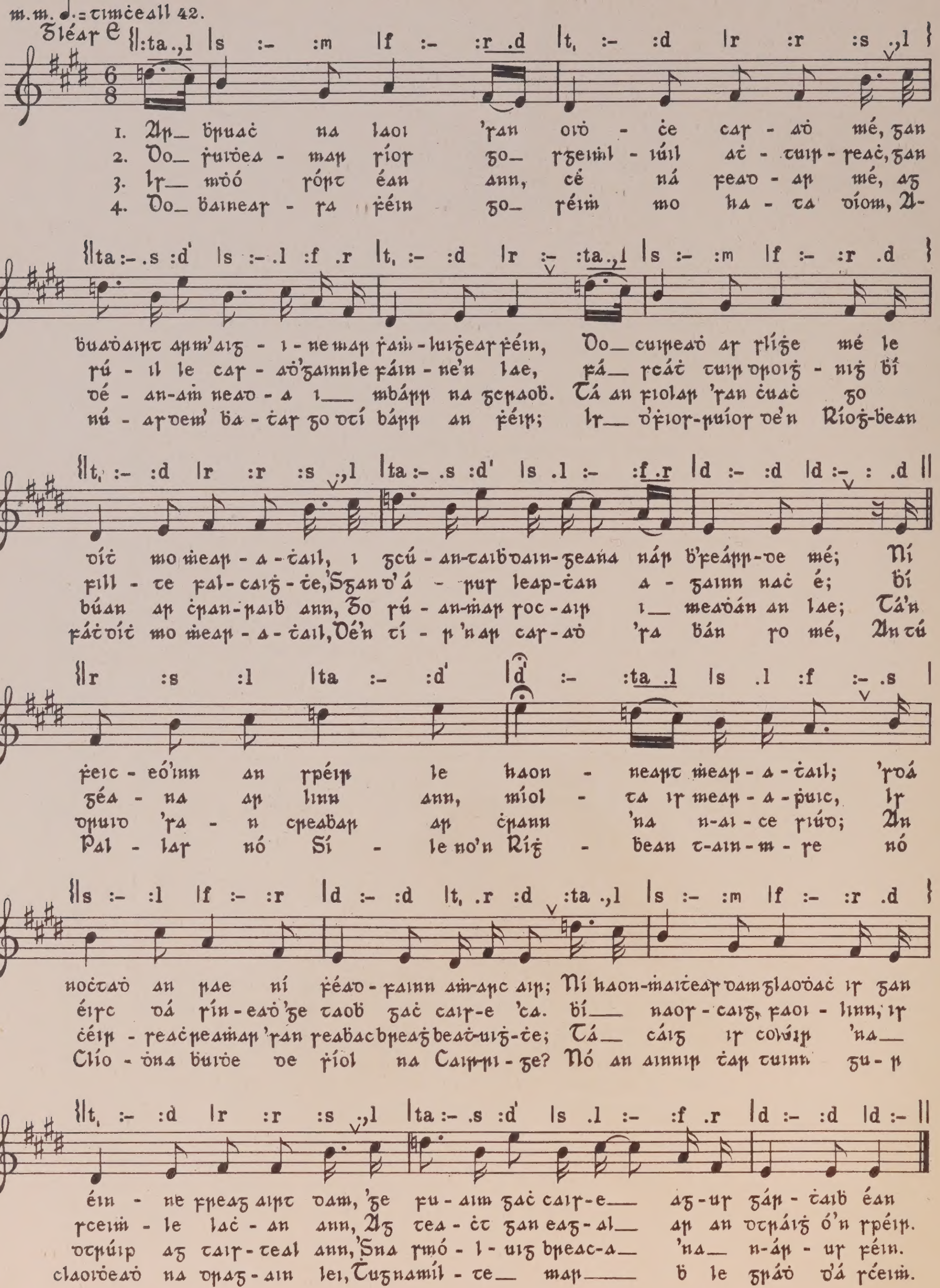
II.

" 'Tis a long way I go, over hoar-frost and snow,
And there's nobody I can make bold on,
My team's without yoke, my fields all unbroke,
No home now have I nor no holding.
No friend now have I, oh sad is my cry
Would welcome me late or early,
And so I must brave the wild ocean's wave
Where they dwell who will love me rarely."

III.

" Oh love of my heart, we'll wander apart,
The dew on our path we'll be brushing,
Where the trout in the stream all speckled doth gleam.
And the deer through the green woods are rushing.
The little birds' song, as we wander along
And the blackbird's loud call will cheer us,
And the cuckoo's clear note from the yew-tree float
And no shadow of death can come near us."

AN ḂRUAĊ NA LAOI 'SAN OIḊĊE CASAḊ MÉ.



AR BHRUACH NA LAOI, 'SAN OIDHCHE CASADH ME.

(BY THE BANKS OF LEE AS AT EVE I WANDERED.)

I.

By the banks of Lee, as at eve I wandered,
  No trace of care weighed upon my mind,
From my path I strayed, as there I pondered,
  To a country strange, where no peace I'd find.
Then darkened the sky, with darkness terrible,
  The moon obscured in gloom—all horrible ;
I cried in vain—there was none to answer me,
  But wild-birds wailing upon the wind.

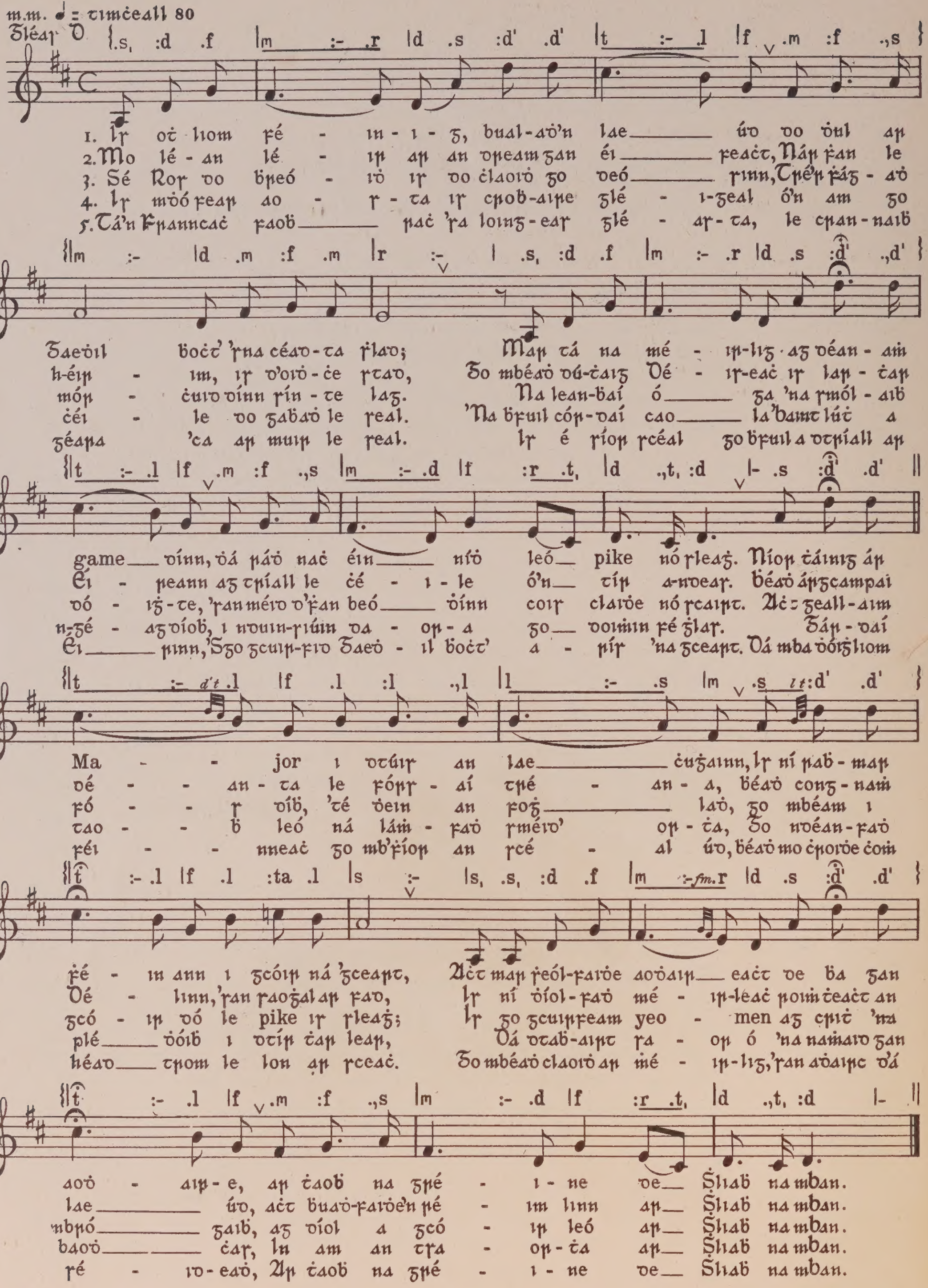
II.

At last I sat, all sad and yearning,
  Nor thought of turning, as light did fade,
Neath a thorn-bush ancient, grey, and ragged,
  My bed the craggy rock beneath its shade.
The wild-geese wheeled, the deer of the mountain
  Grazed tamely near, beside the fountain,
The trout leaped clear in the laughing water,
  While the snipe and wild-duck loud clamour made.

III.

Each bright wild bird of gay speckled feather
  Had made its nest in the branches there,
The golden eagle, down from the heather
  There took his rest, without dread of snare,
The snipe and curlew on the tree there near him,
  The blackbird loud nor hawk did fear him.
The daws and doves came in troops to cheer him,
  And the thrushes riotous filled all the air.

Sliaḃ na mBan.



SLIABH NA MBAN.

(SLIEVE NA MON.)

I.

Oh bitter pain it is, that thus the day went,
Against the Gael in that dreadful fight,
For now the strangers are making game of us,
Our pikes are vain, they say, against their might.
Our major came not, when dawned that day on us,
And we ourselves were in disorder thrown,
Like scattered herds we were, without their drover
On the sunny hill-slopes of Slieve-na-Mon.

II.

Oh woe is me! those who fought so vainly,
Who did not wait for the gath'ring then,
Till from the Deisi,* and from western Eirinn
Were heard the tramp of their mustered men.
But yet I tell them, though sore befell them,
That we'll keep their mem'ry with pike and spear,
When we meet the yeomen, our bitter foemen,
On Sliabh-na-mban† ere another year.

III.

Oh many the aged man, and youthful hero,
That has been taken since that bitter time.
In fetters bound lie they on the ground there,
In dungeons dark, though unknown their crime.
Their guards surround them, but we'll confound them,
We'll strike them down and we'll hound them on,
And our friends we'll free then, and soon release them,
When days of peace dawn on Slieve-na-Mon.

IV.

The French, they say, are all in the bay now,
With tall masts tap'ring on each gallant ship,
They'll make a stay now in our green Eirinn,
For that's the tale I hear, on ev'ry lip.
If true that tale is, 'tis blessed this day I am,
My heart like blackbird the thorn upon,
When the trumpet's sounding, and swift steeds bounding,
Upon the slopes of old Slieve-na-Mon.

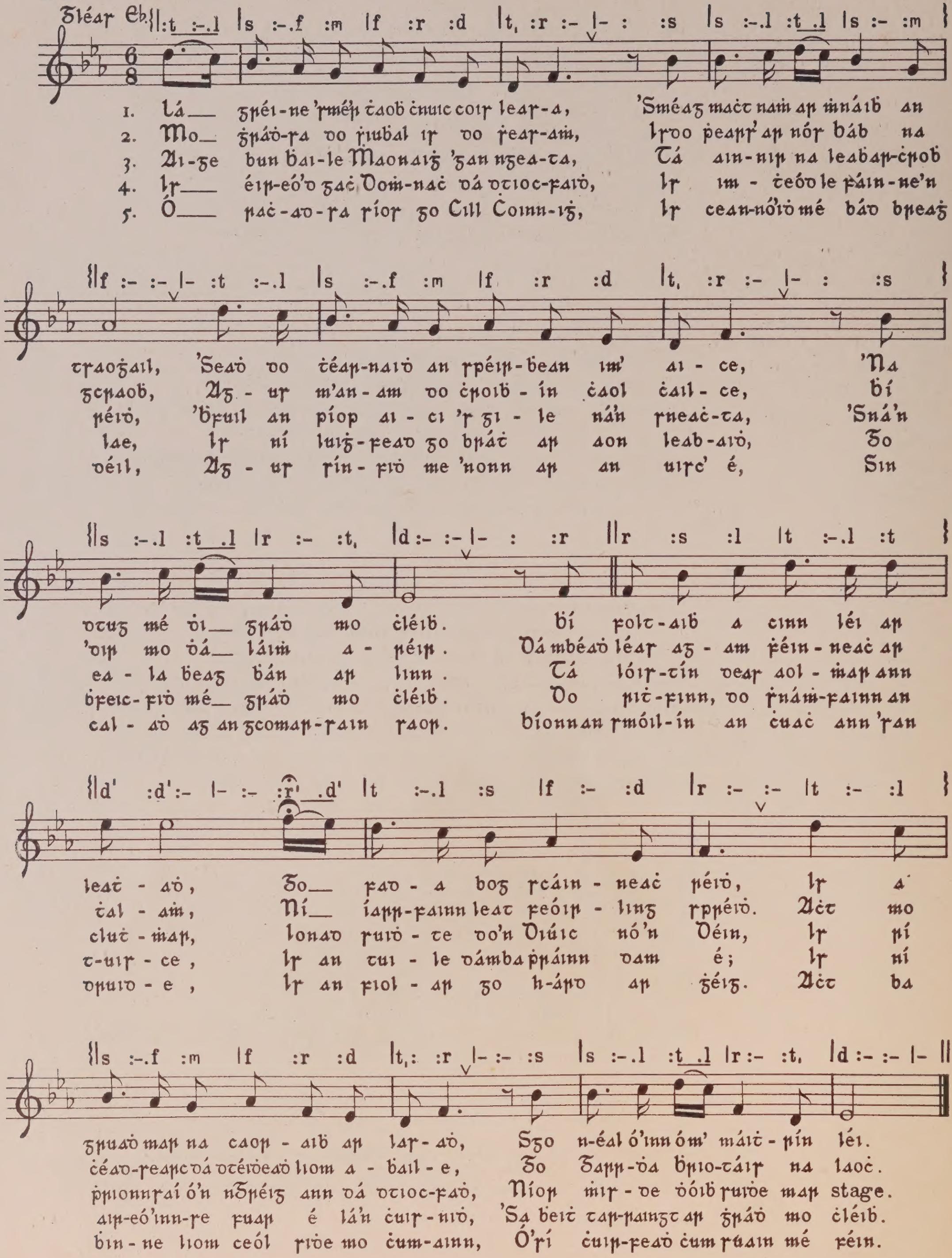
* Deisi: pr. Day-sha, the district covered by West Waterford and South Tipperary.

† Sliabh-na-mban: pr. Slieve-na-Mon (The Mountain of the Women), a mountain near Clonmel, in South Tipperary, where an engagement took place during the rebellion of 1798. See notes.

BÁB NA GCRAOB.

M.M. ♩ = timċeall 56.

Gléas E♭



BAB NA GCRAOBH.

(THE MAID OF THE BRANCHING TRESSES.)

I.

One day by the Liss* on the hillside,
  As I thought on the maids that be,
A sky-bright young fairy drew nigh me,
  Bright love of my heart is she.
Her hair, long and spreading, waved round her,
  Hanging ringletted to her knee,
And her cheeks like the bright crimson berry
  That hangs on the quicken-ash tree.

II.

Oh, I love you in walking or standing
  And your face that would grace a queen.
An I love your small lily-white hand too,
  That I held in my own last e'en.
O had I a farm to own, dear,
  No fortune I'd ask with thee,
But to have you, my bright love, at home here,
  In Brittas old bawn, with me.

III.

Oh, 'tis at Ballymeany, that gate there
  Lives the maid of the long slim hand,
O whiter than snow is her throat fair,
  Or the swan, that's ne'er seen on land.
There's a pretty white cottage, a home there.
  That would suit e'en the Duke or Dean,†
And a king's son from Greece, did he come there
  Would not scorn there to remain.

IV.

Oh I'll rise up each bright Sunday morning
  And go out at break of day,
My bed I'll for ever be scorning,
  Till I see her, my loved one fair.
I'd run and I'd swim through the waters,
  And the flood-tide if need should be,
If the fairest of Erin's fair daughters
  Might come, with the dawn, to me.

V.

Oh I'll go away down to Kilkenny
  And I'll buy a stout boat of deal,
And I'll cross in it over the ferry,
  And to my dear love I'll steal ;
The cuckoo, the thrush, and all other
  Bright warblers sing there at eve,
But give me the voice of my colleen,
  And ne'er for those birds I'll grieve.

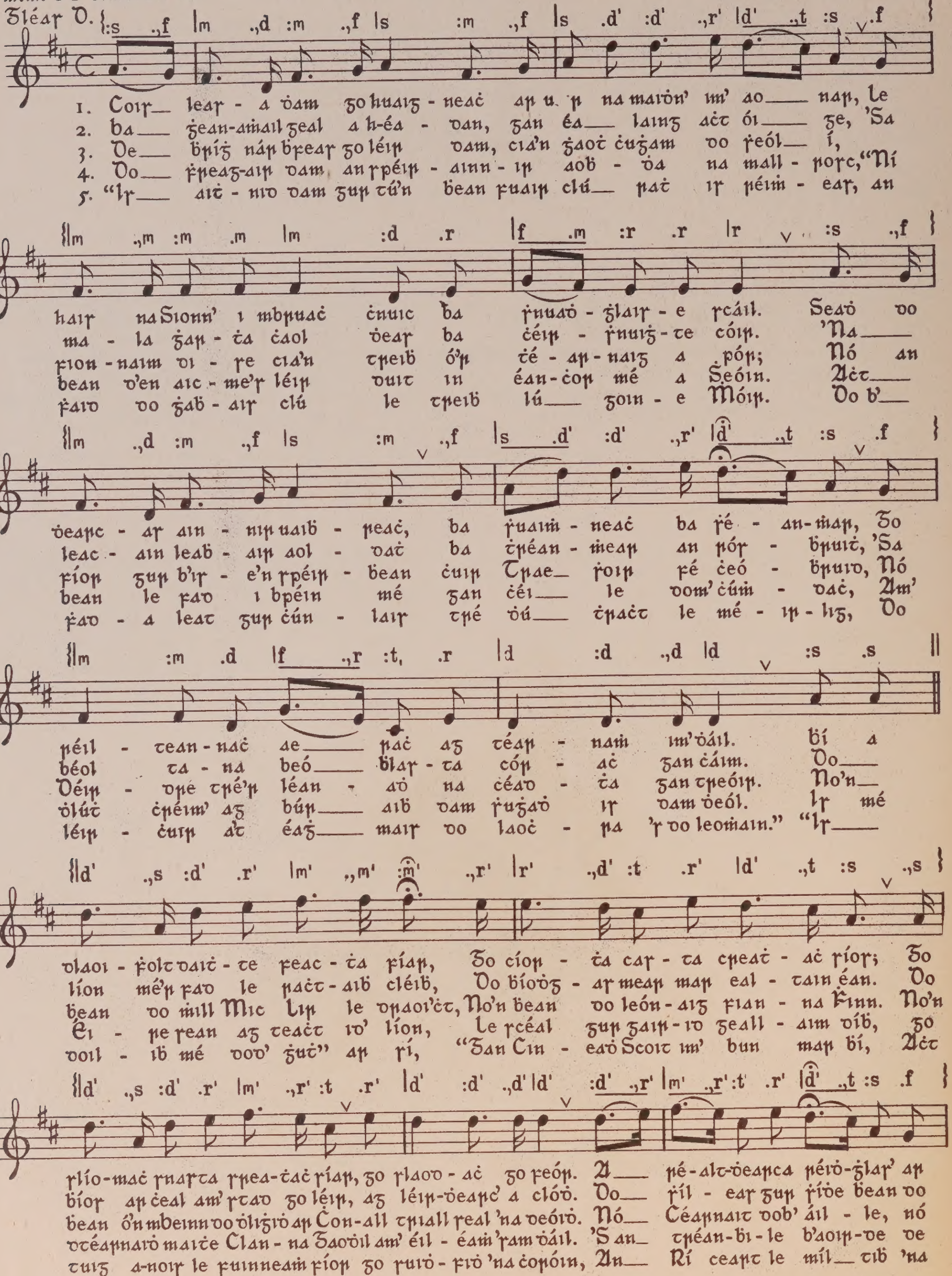
* Liss: Gaelic Lios, a circular earthen enclosure or "fort," generally supposed to be inhabited by the "Good People," *i.e.*, fairies.
† Dean: pr. "Dane," in Anglo-Irish speech. The reference is to the Duke of Devonshire and the Dean of Lismore.

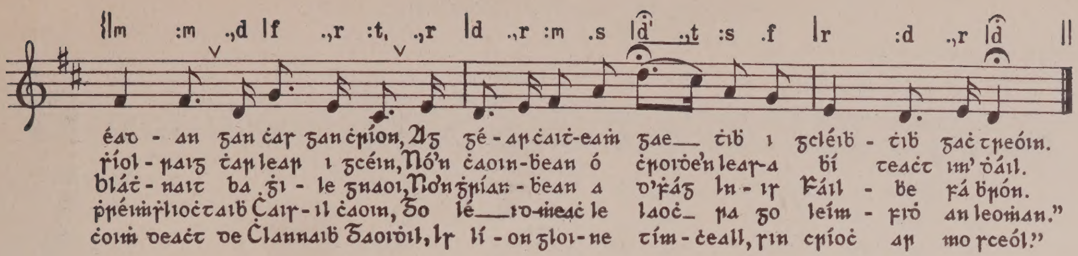
Cois Leasa Ḋam go hUaigneaċ.

Seón Llúid cct. — Máiġréad Ní Annagáin do ċum an ceól.

m.m. ♩= timċeall 60.

Gléas D.





COIS LEASA DHAM GO H-UAIGNEACH.

(BESIDE A LISS ALL LONELY.)

I.

Beside a liss all lonely, as dawn-light was breaking,
  Beside the Shannon shore, on a hill-side of green,
I saw one maiden only, both noble and stately,
  Both star-like and fair, with the grace of a queen.
    Her massive heavy gold-bright hair
    That brushed the dew in ringlets rare,
    Hung sparkling, gemmed with jewels fair,
        In waves soft and long.
Her starry-bright gray eyes, neath brows smoothly parted
  Keen arrows still darted in the breasts of the strong.

II.

All bright her pleasant features, no flaw to their moulding,
  Her brows so arched and comely in shape were divine,
In her snowy cheek so fair, the rosy hue smouldered,
  And her teeth to behold them, that sparkling shine.
    I felt my bosom thrill me there,
    I started up like bird in air,
    As dumb I stood, this maiden fair
        Enchanted, to view.
I thought her a fairy that came over seas to me,
  Or the queen of the green liss, that came through the dew.

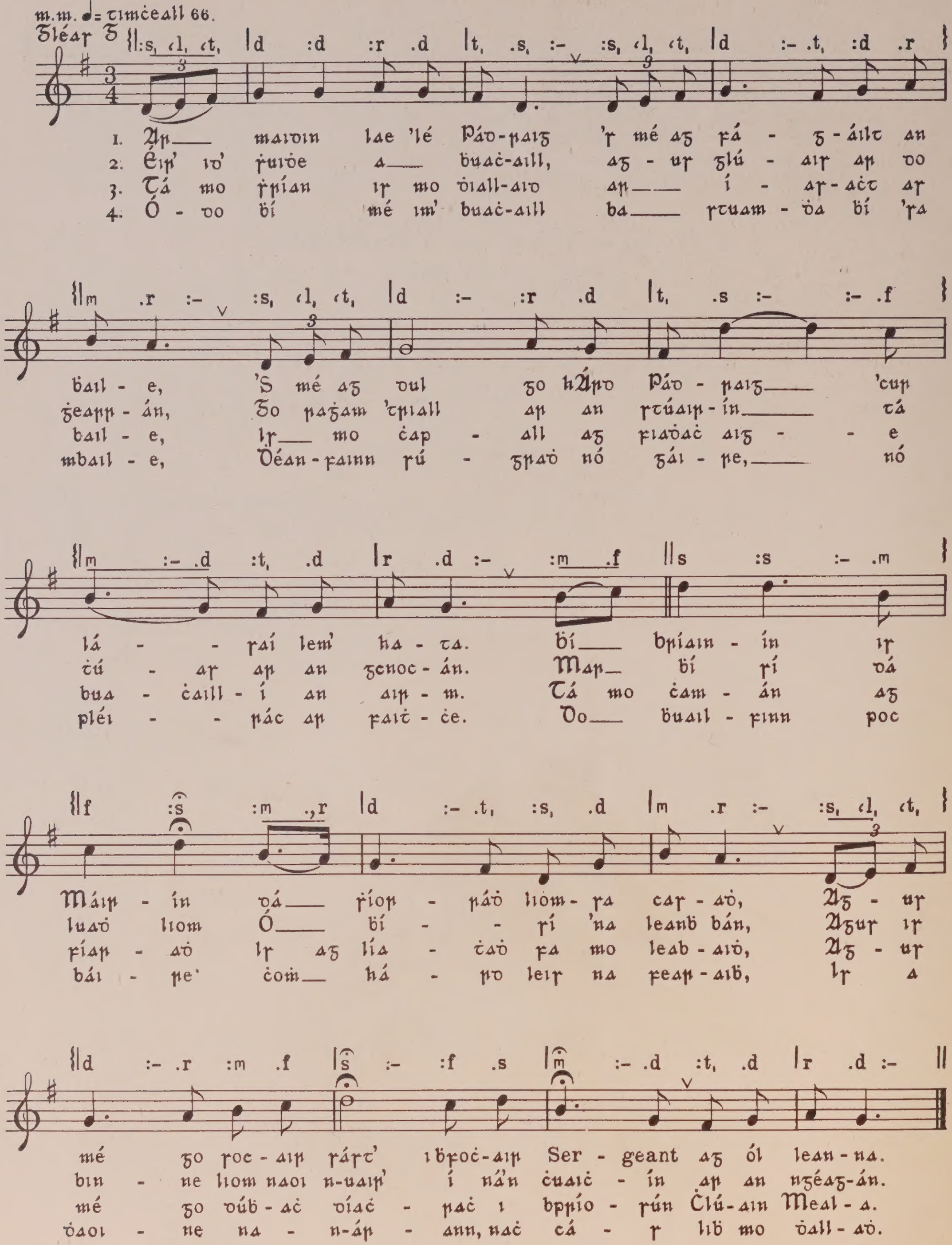
III.

Because it was not clear what breeze towards me drove her
  I asked the maid so noble her tribe, and her race,
Or was she the sky-bright fair one, who wrecked Troy with her lover,
  Or Deirdre, who thousands did wound by her grace.
    Or she who by her magic spell
    The sons of Lir, and Fianna quelled,
    Or she who caused Clan Conaill's men
        To follow her as chief;
Or Cearnait of beauty, or Blanaid of fairest mien,
  Or the sun-bright one who brought this poor island to grief.

IV.

I know thou art the maid who won fame, wealth and treasure,
  While Owen and his hosts held sway here of old,
Oh, long you thought the days, while you waited the pleasure
  Of rebels who chained your warriors bold.
    O sad am I thy voice to hear,
    No Scotic clansmen now are near,
    But now at last, this message bear,
        That soon shall be crowned,
The true king with thousands around him of gallant Gaels,
  Drink to our hero! Let wine-cups go round!

PRÍOSÚN ĊLUAIN MEALA.



PRIOSUN CLUAIN-MEALA.*

(THE JAIL OF CLONMEL.)

The English version here given was written by J. J. Callanan, of Cork, about 1850, and has appeared in various anthologies, under the name of "The Convict of Clonmel."†

I.

How hard is my fortune,
  And vain my repining,
The strong rope of fate
  For this young neck is twining.
My strength is departed,
  My cheek sunk and sallow,
While I languish in chains
  In the Jail of Cluain-meala.

II.

No boy in the village
  Was ever yet milder,
I'd play with a child
  And my sport would be wilder.
I'd dance without tiring
  From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
  To the lightning of heaven.

III.

At my bed-foot decaying
  My hurl-bat is lying,
Through the boys of the village
  My goal-ball is flying,
My horse 'mong the neighbours
  Neglected may fallow,
While I pine in my chains
  In the Jail of Cluain-meala.

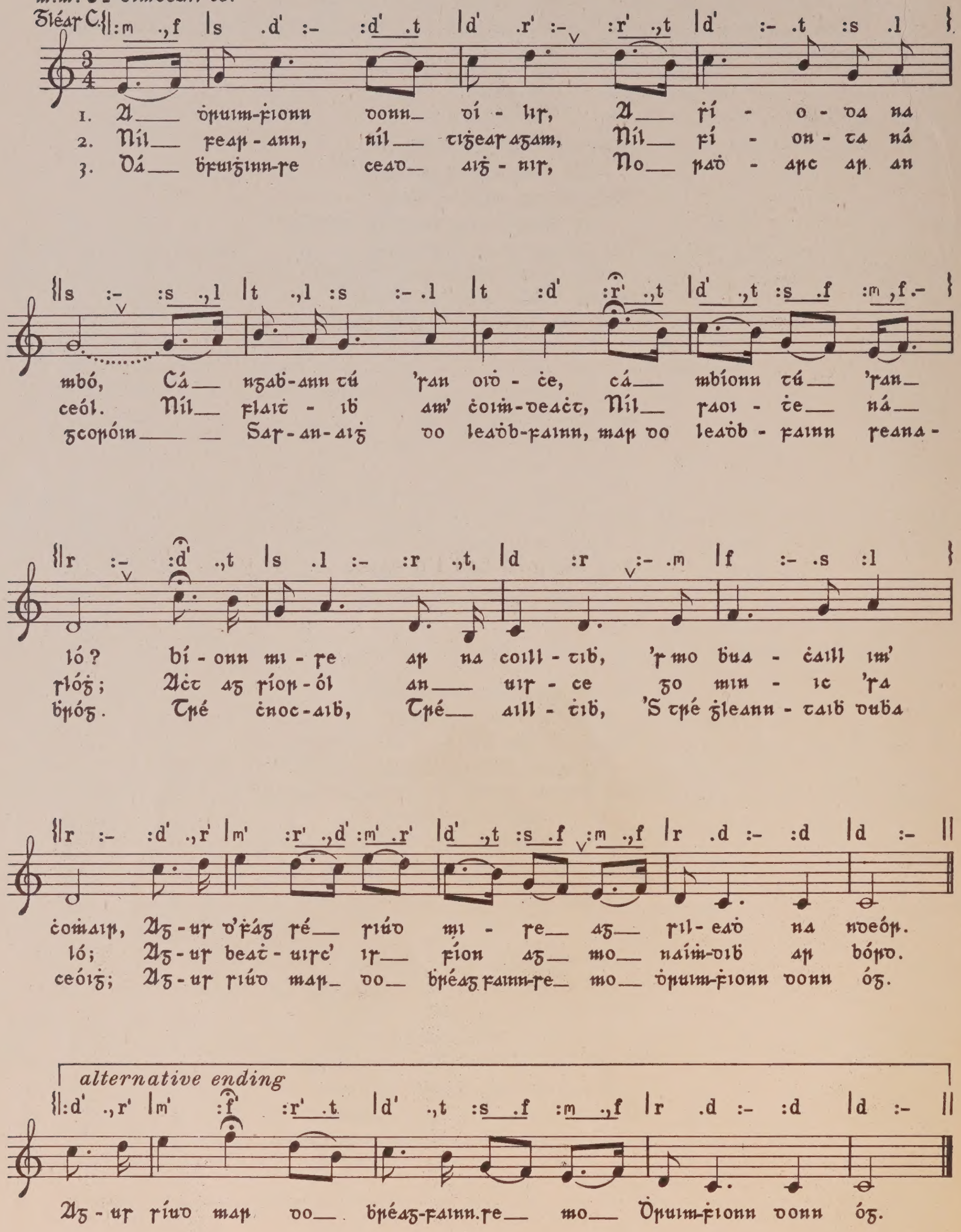
IV.

Next Sunday, the "Pattern"
  At home they'll be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
  The field will be sweeping.
With the dance of fair maidens
  The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
  Shall be cold in Cluain-meala.

*Cluain-meala: pr. Cloon-malla (The Vale of Honey).
†Clonmel, the capital town of South Tipperary, from the fertility of the land surrounding it. The town is situated in a beautiful valley, through which the river Siuir flows.

DRUIMḞIONN DONN DÍLIS.

M.M. ♩= timċeall 63.



AN DRIMIN DONN DILIS.*

(THE FAITHFUL BROWN DHRIMEEN.)

I.

Oh gentle brown Dhrimeen, O silk of the kine,
Where stray you each evening, O ! brown one of mine ?
Through the woodlands I wander, with my herd-boy alone,
And in deep grief I ponder, and sad is my moan.

II.

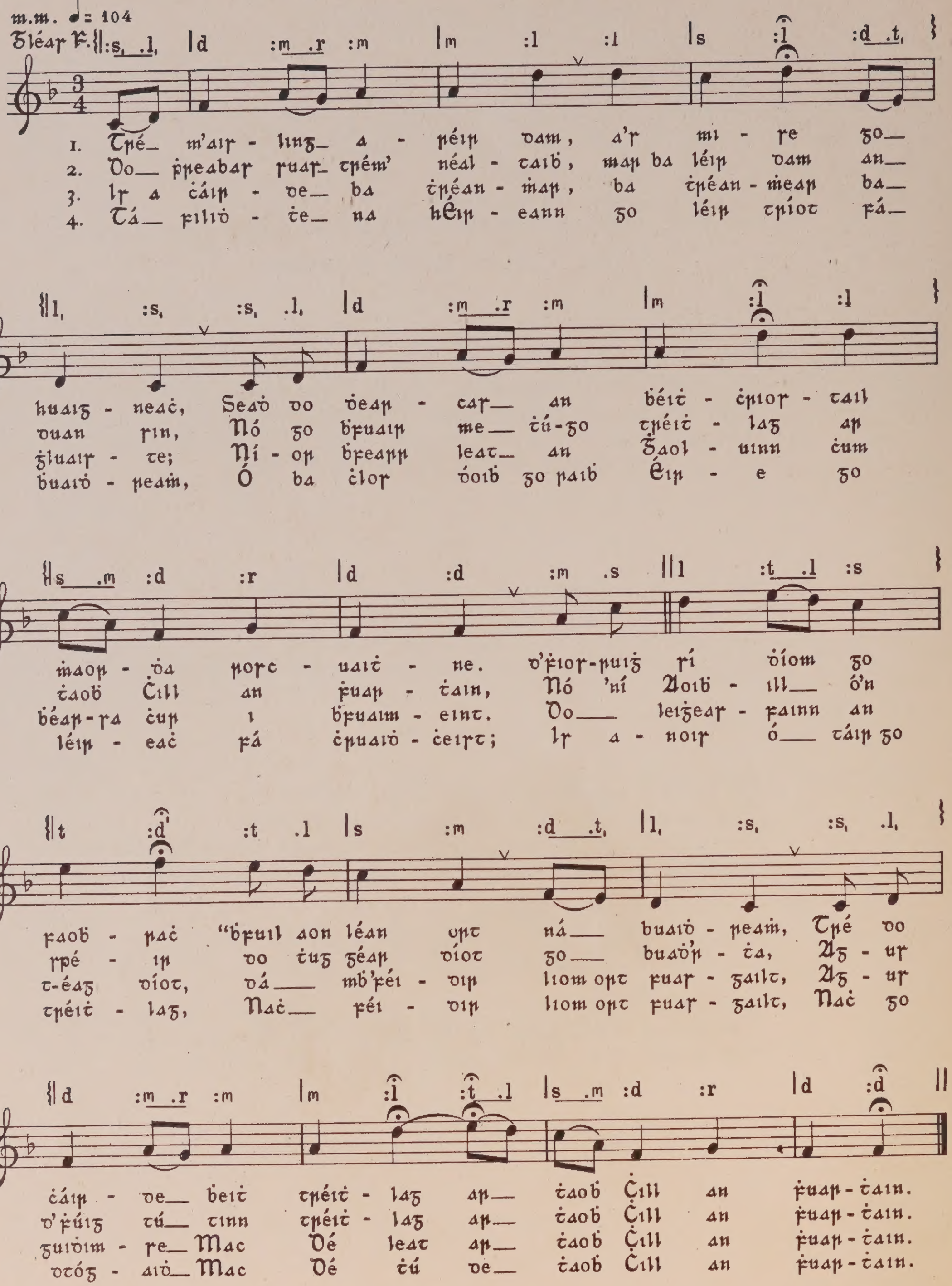
No hearth, and no lands, nor soft music have I,
No princes to tend me, no learned ones by,
But cold flowing water my drink night and day,
While wine-cups go round, where my foes hold their sway.

III.

Oh if I had might, or a sight of the throne,
Thy foemen I'd scatter, to win thee thine own,
Through forest, through moorland, through mountain and snow,
And thus would I praise thee ! My Dhrimeen Dhown O !

*Drimin : pr. Dhrimeen, a cow, with white ridge along the back. Donn : pr. Dhown or dhun, brown or dun in colour. (The Drimin donn Dilis was one of the many allegorical names for Ireland).

An Ṫaoḃ Ċill an Ḟuarṫain.



AR THAOBH CHILL AN FHUARTHAIN.

(BY THE SIDE OF KILLORAN.)

I.

In vision last night as all lonely I lay here
Was mirrored a maiden, crystal-clear to my view,
Full eager she asked me, why made I delay near,
While my friend lay in pain drear, and nobody knew.

II.

I started from slumber, my fears all awakened,
And straight to your cabin through the night found my way.
Was it Eevill the fairy, that left you thus shaken
By her magic spell weakened, this sorrowful day ?

III.

O friend and good neighbour, 'tis shame for me truly,
To leave thee in pain here, in the vale of Killoran,
But, if prayer can avail, I shall pray for thee duly,
Till from sickness you're raised, my good friend O'Moran.

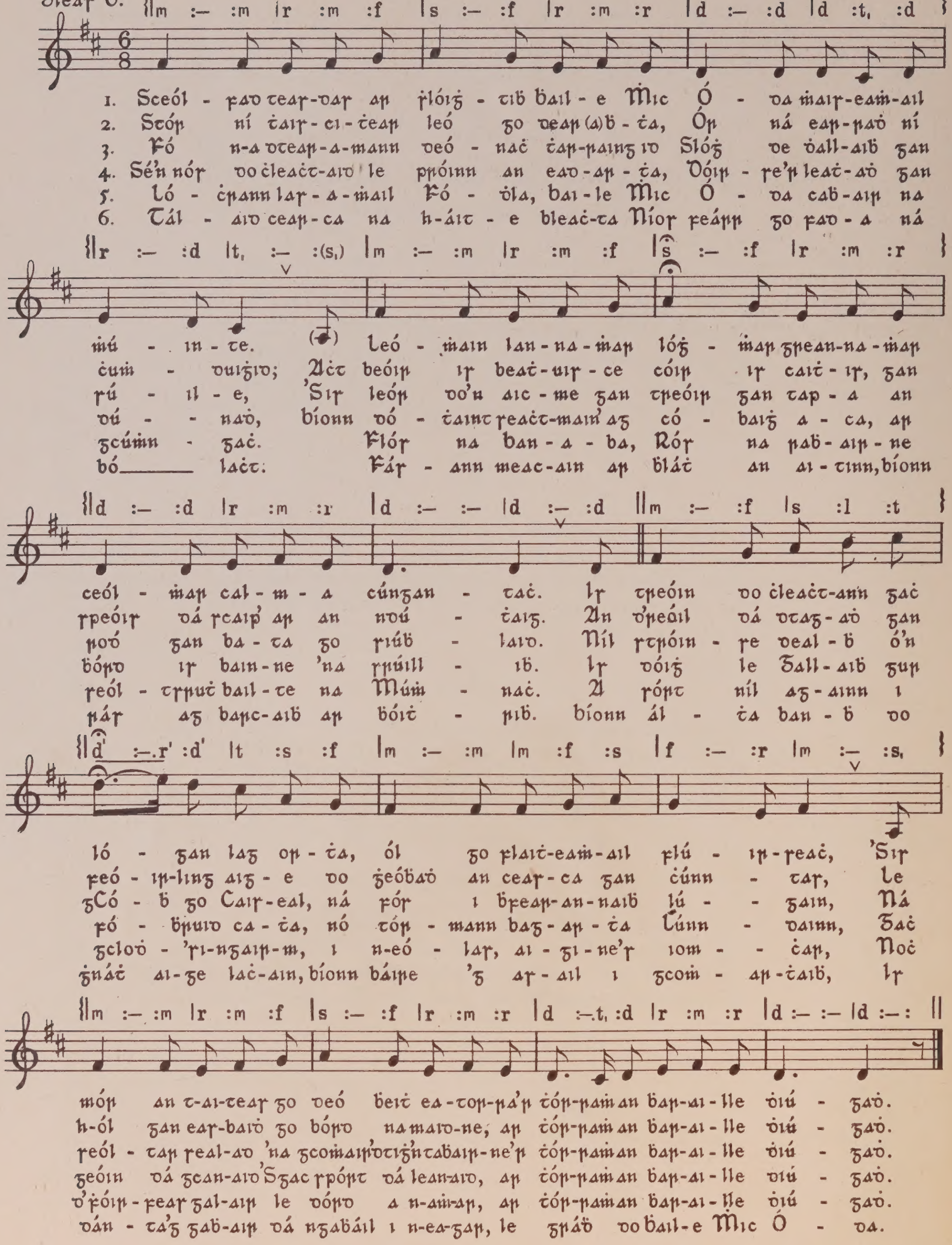
IV.

The poets of Eire with me join distracted,
To know of your pain leaves us nigh broken-hearted,
But we'll hear you again, your sweet Gaelic out-pouring,
When you're hearty and hale—by the vale of Killoran.

TÓRRAṀ AN BARAILLE.

m.m. ♩. = 72.

Gléas D.



TORRAMH AN BHARAILLE.

(THE WAKE OF THE BARREL.)

I.

A tale I'll tell of the blades that dwell
   In the vale of Bally-macoda,
Hale and merry, both ale and sherry
   They'll drink—but never touch soda.
Brave and bright, both by day and night
   They'll drink from flagons unshaken,
With hearts of gladness, no thought of sadness,
   Till the empty barrel they're waking.

II.

No gold they cherish, for gold will perish,
   No store nor treasure preparing,
But beer and whiskey, to keep them frisky,
   With neighbours jolly they're sharing.
Without a penny, they'll share with any
   And ne'er a beggar is slighted,
They'll give you a cask if you but ask,
   While they " wake " the barrel—delighted.

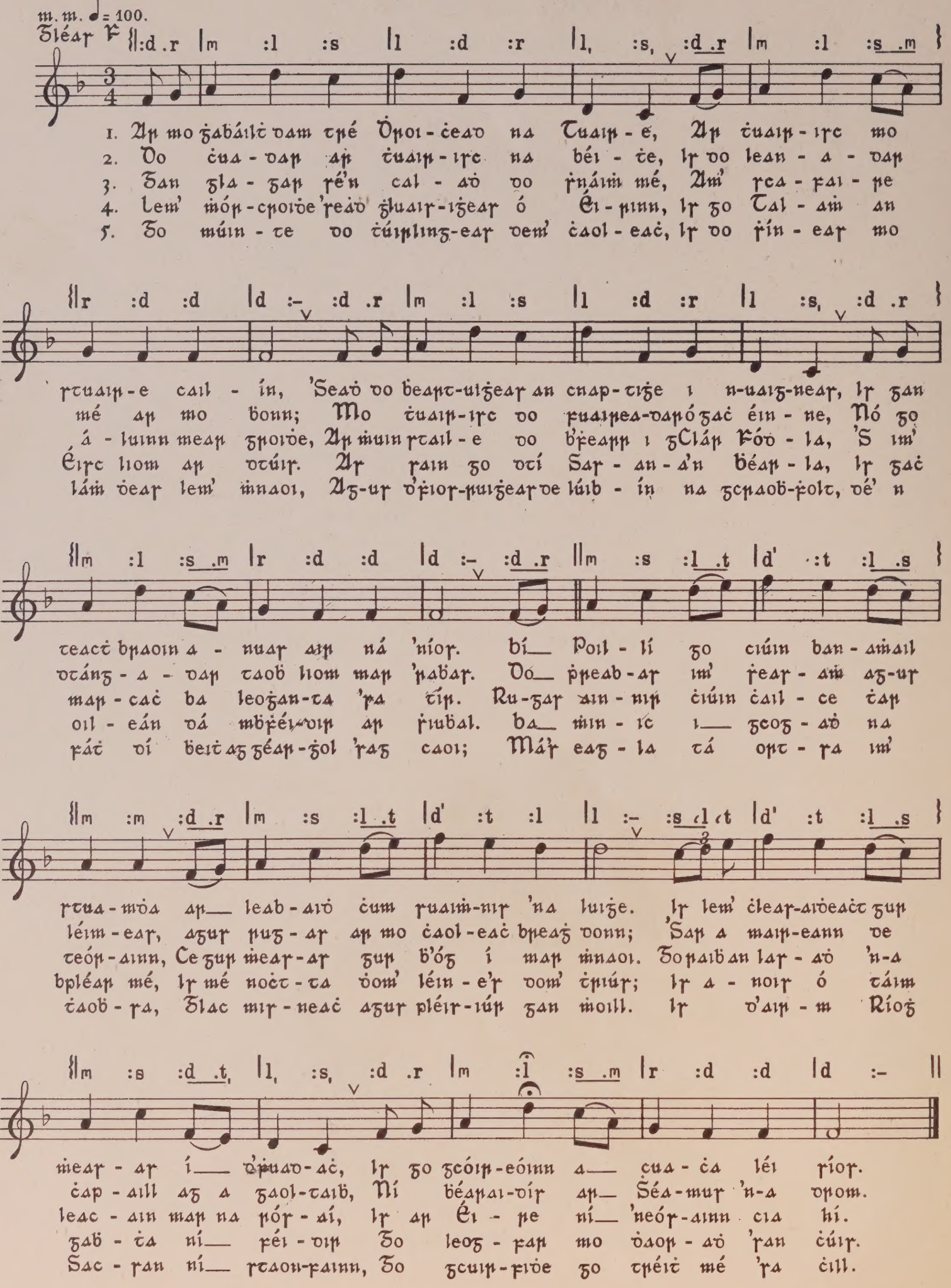
III.

Late and early, they're crowded fairly
   With blind men, crippled and lame too,
For well these know the road to go,
   And quick they travel that same too.
No poor old sinner but gets his dinner,
   And should he come in the morning,
They'll fetch him in with a joyful din,
   And never a word of scorning.

IV.

Though small the hut is, the door's ne'er shut,
   When a meal is put on the table,
We've enough for a friend, and plenty to lend
   And gifts to send we are able.
A cheer and shout puts dull care to rout,
   And he's a lout who'd be pining,
Who hears the noise, and who shares our joys
   When in Bally-macoda we're dining.

DROICHEAD NA TUAIRE.



DROICHEAD NA TUAIRE.

(THE OLD BRIDGE OF TOOR.)

I.

By the old bridge of Toor as I wandered,
  Still seeking my longed-for colleen,
A tidy thatched cottage before me
  I saw. It was home-like and clean.
My Polly smiled on me and called me,
  I answered her call full of glee,
And quick on my swift steed I bore her
  Towards the green mossy banks of the Lee.

II.

The harbour we quickly swam over,
  As Leander of old did in Greece,
With my swift bounding steed—a bold rover,
  But nowhere on earth found we peace.
For the fair maid was missed by her brother
  Who followed us over the sea,
But the look in her eye for her lover
  Was a hero's bright guerdon to me.

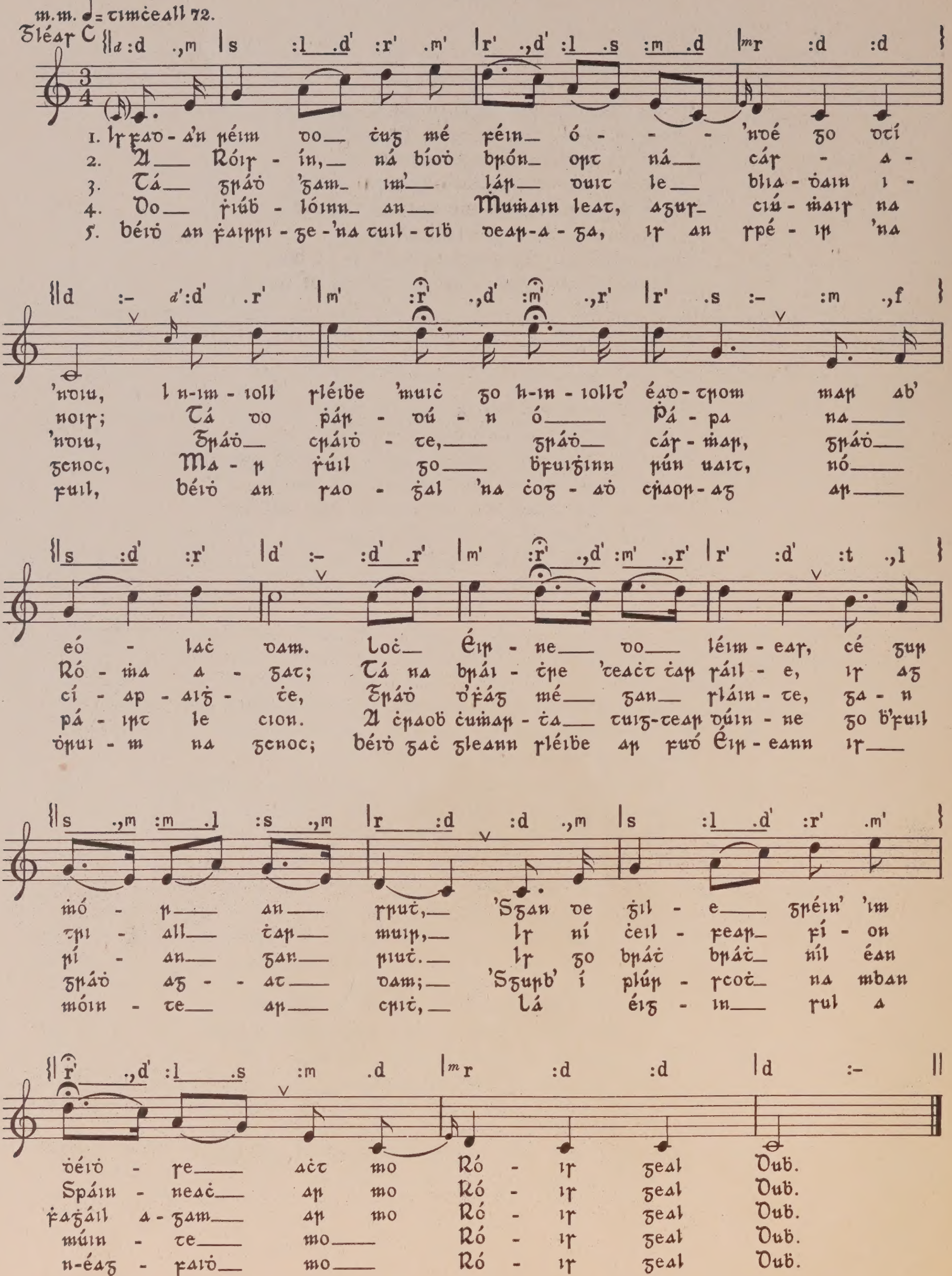
III.

They followed the maid through the county,
  They followed my track day and night,
They scattered their gold and their bounty
  Till they reached us—and challenged to fight.
I sprang on my bright steed and shouted,
  My colleen ne'er quailed at th'alarms
The hosts of her friends there I routed,
  And bore her away in my arms.

IV.

'Twas far from Old Ireland we wandered,
  To Newfoundland's bleak shores for a time
To England, to France and beyond it,
  And to many a far sunny clime.
'Twas often the sea-fight raged round me,
  While I stripped for the fray like the best,
But now, my dear maid, we have found here
  At Toor Green our haven of rest.

Róis Geal Dub.



ROIS GEAL DUBH.

(THE FAIR DARK ROSE.)

I.

O ! long the way I have come to-day, and since eve last night,
O'er the mountain with step unwearied, my eager flight,
The Erne's stream I leaped o'er, though strong it flows,
And no bright light to lead me, but my Fair Dark Rose.

II.

O ! Dark Rose, don't be weeping, but still have hope,
Your pardon has reached you, from the royal pope,
The friars o'er the sea come, the red wine flows,
As from Spain it comes to cheer thee, my dear Dark Rose !

III.

My love, dear, for thee's unceasing, this weary year,
In torment, in anguish, and in face of fear,
My health now is waning, through love of thee,
And no thought now remaining, but to set thee free.

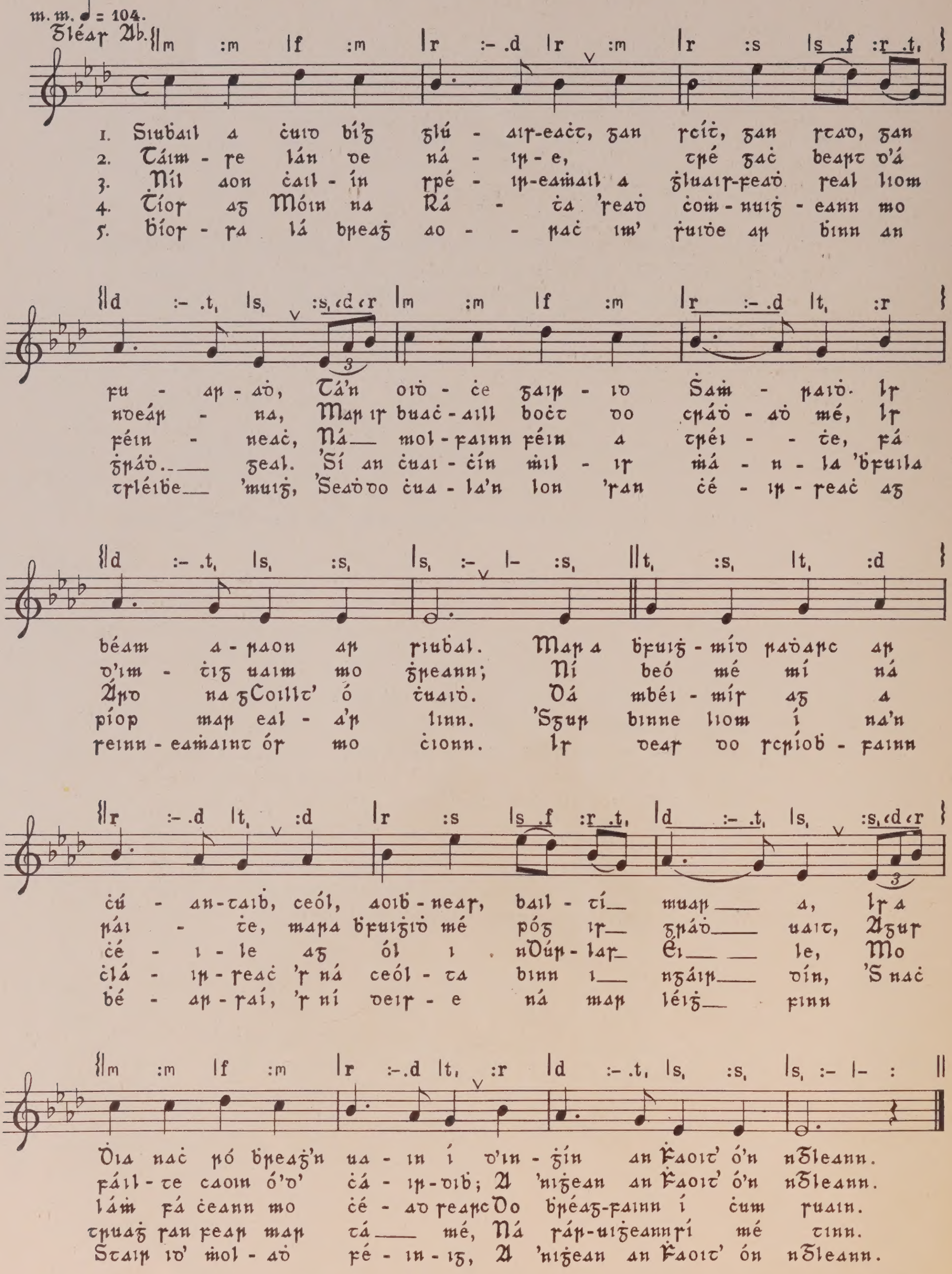
IV.

All Munster I'd roam o'er, and traverse the hills,
In hope to still serve thee, and to cure thy ills,
Oh, fragrant one, hear me, and let me prove
My fairest of all maidens, thee alone I love.

V.

The sea-tides shall run red, and the sky rain blood.
The hill-sides shall be blazing with war's red flood.
Each lone glen in Eirinn be in earthquake's throes,
Ere the dark day death claims thee, my Fair Dark Rose.

inġean an Ḟaoit' ó'n nGleann.



INGHEAN AN FHAOIT' O'N NGLEANN.

(WHITE'S DAUGHTER FROM THE GLEN.)

I.

Oh let us, love, be going, no weary waiting knowing,
  The night is short in summer, till bright day dawns again,
We'll see the city's wonders, we'll hear the ocean's thunders,
  And may we never sundered be, White's Daughter from the Glen.

II.

Full of shame I wander, as on my life I ponder,
  But sure it is no wonder, I'm not as other men,
Three months I will not live, dear, unless your love you give, dear,
  And a welcome from your friends, too, White's Daughter from the Glen.

III.

O! there's no maid so fair who would walk with me through Eirinn,
  But I would sing her praises, and loudly sound her charms,
And should we be, my dear one, in Thurles town or near it,
  I'd shelter thee, my sweetest maid, within my loving arms.

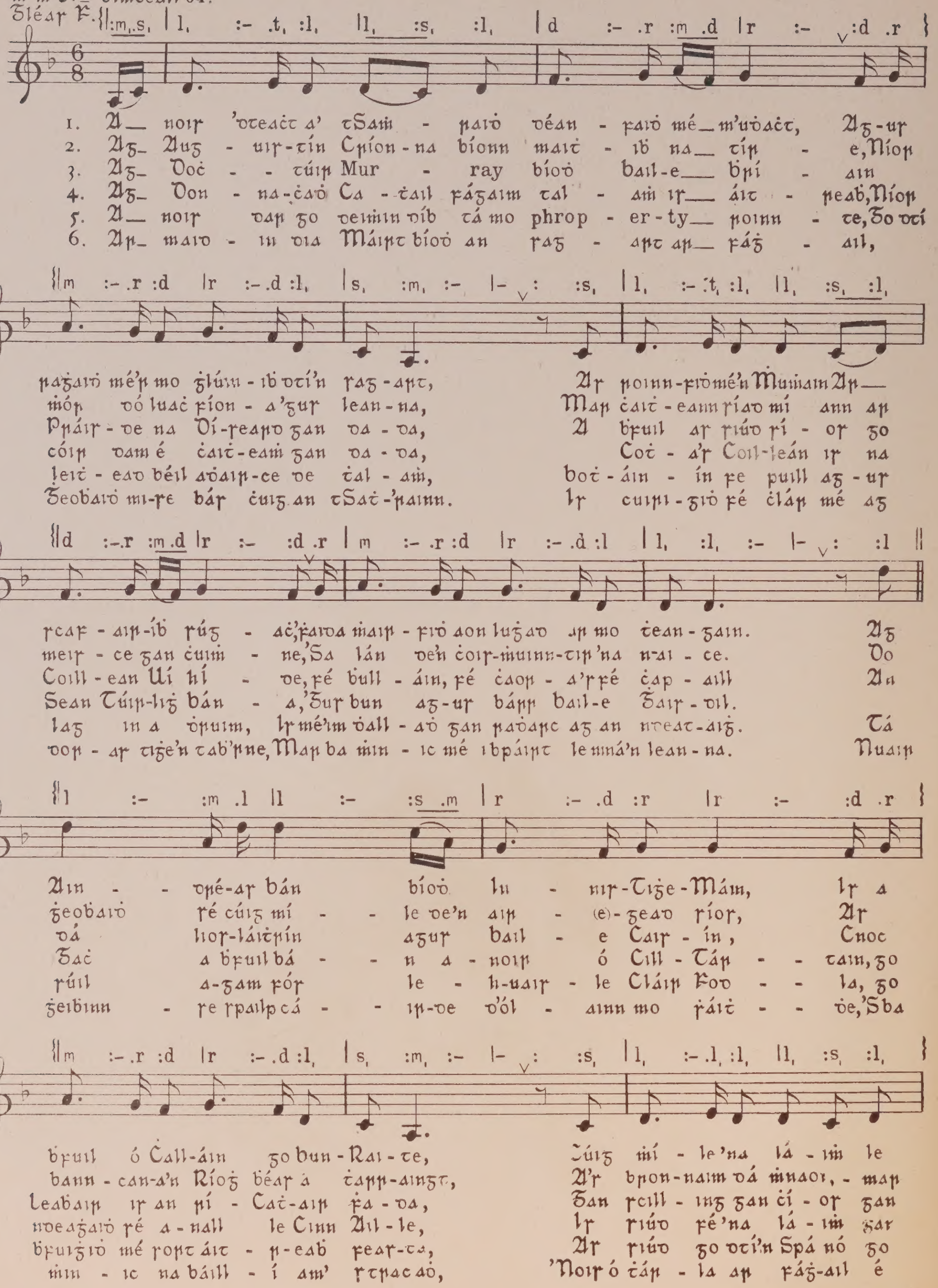
IV.

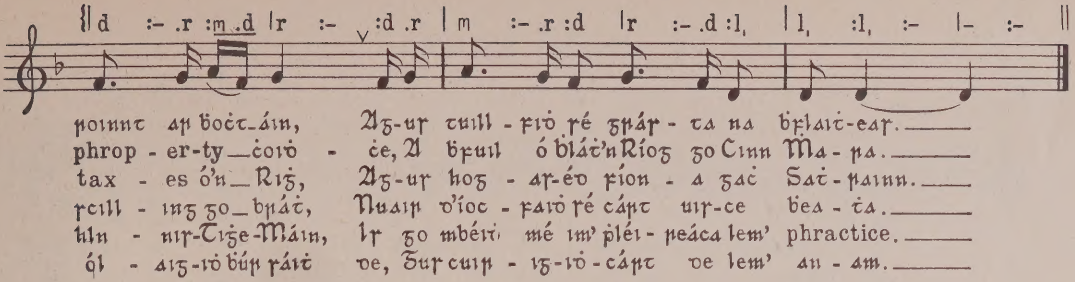
One day on the mountain-side, I sat me down to rest me,
  The blackbird and the thrush sang out like merry mountain men,
Tis thus I'd sing thy praises, all eager to possess thee,
  And thus I'd sing my verses to White's Daughter of the Glen.

Volume 3.

Uḋaċt Páidín Toirdealbaiġ.

m m ♩. = timċeall 64.





UDHACHT PHAIDIN THOIRDHEALBHAIGH.

(THE WILL OF TURLOUGH'S PAT.)

I.

Now summer is come, and the bees gaily hum,
No more I'll be dumb, and for pleasure
My will I'll indite, while I'm able to write,
And divide all my lands and my treasure.
To An-dre-as Bawn, I give Innish tee-mawn,
And from Bunratty over to Callan,
To have and to hold, without silver or gold;
Let his weekly rent be—a full gallon.

II.

There's the O'Brien clan, that live here in Glan,
'Tis a good plan to keep them together.
Himself and his throng, they are hearty and strong,
And the best of good sports in all weather.
I'll charge them of rent, not one blessed cent,
Sure money's not meant to be squandered,
But of whiskey a quart—and it's not much in troth
For the land from Kiltartan to Galway.

III.

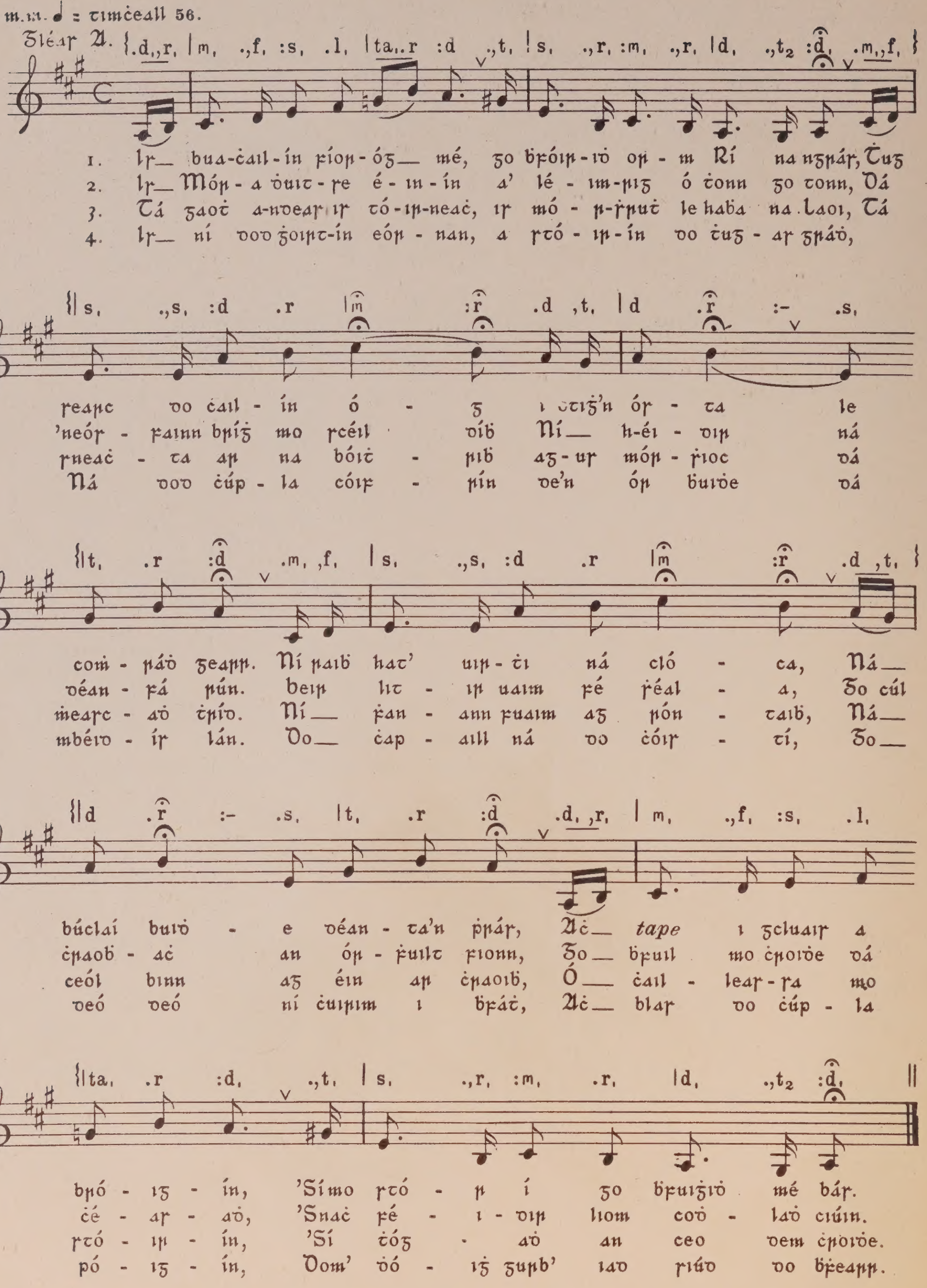
There are more of them yet I cannot forget,
But sure I'm not hard set to plaise them.
Dermot McGlynn—I must put him in,
It would be a rank sin to deceive* him.
The sound of his horn on a bright winter's morn
Would call all the horsemen together;
So I'll give him a place—Slieve Elva at laste,
He can range over grass-land and heather.

IV.

And now honest friends, my testament ends,
My lands with my pen I've divided.
I'll keep a small bit, with a cabin on it,
Just a wee place to sit, I've decided.
Till the day that I die, may I never be dry,
But when I'm stretched out on the table,
Let every good sport draw a foaming big quart,
And drink it—because I'm not able.

*Pr. desave.

An Goirtín Eornan.



AN GOIRTIN EORNAN.

(THE LITTLE FIELD OF BARLEY.)

I.

A lonely youth behold me! Console me, O King of Grace;
For from me has been stolen my whole heart by a maiden's face.
No hat nor ribbon wore she, nor cloak of the satin rare,
No buckle in her " brogue-een " adorning that colleen fair.

II.

O bird that dances gaily, a-swaying from bough to bough,
If you but heard my story, I know you would aid me now.
Bear a message to my sthoreen, my Nora of the snow-white brow,
That my poor heart is broken, because she will not heed my vow.

III.

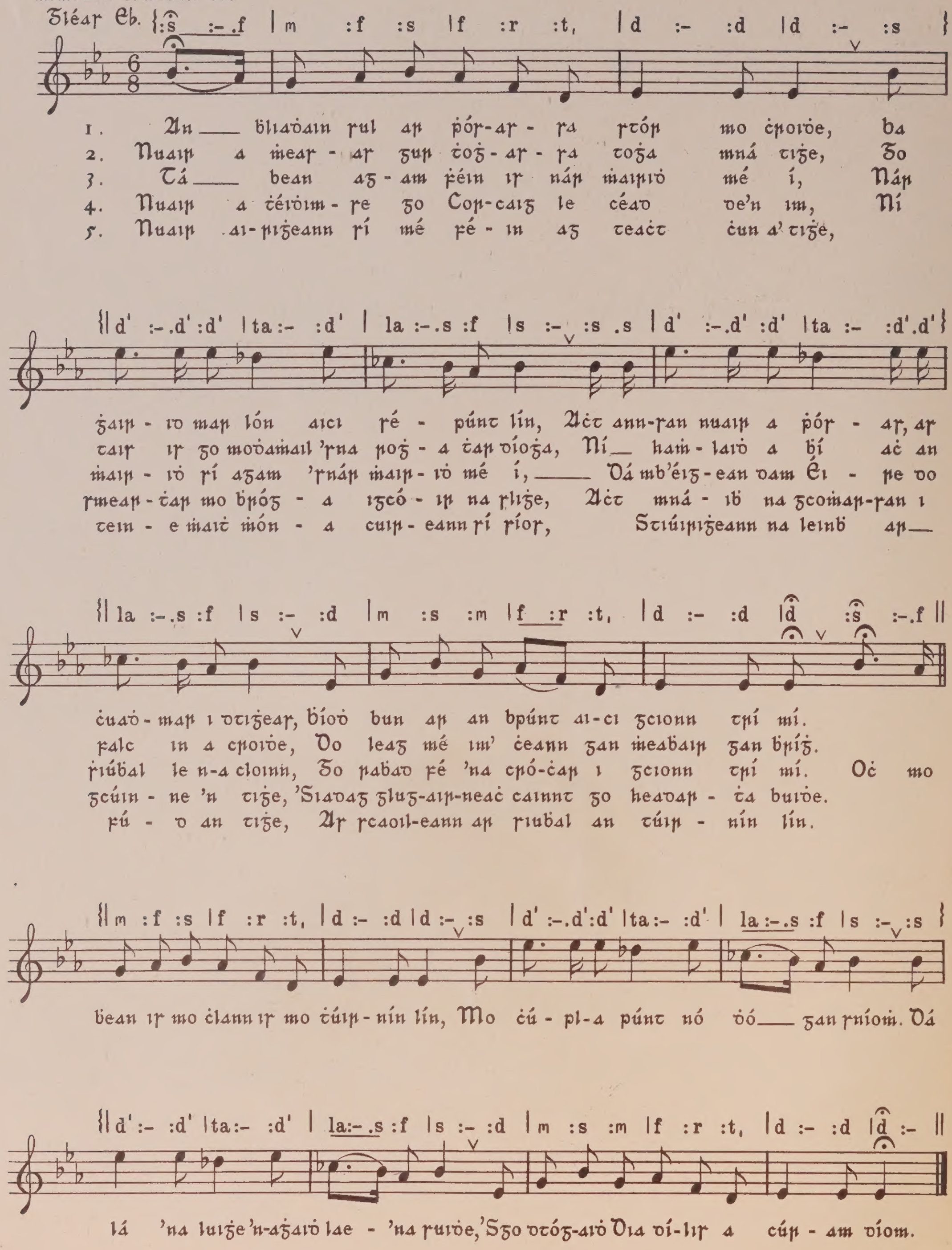
There's thunder from the Southland, and the mountains are filled with
gloom.
There's ice upon the fountains, and snow upon the roadside too,
The birds forget their music—no seals play in the surging tide,
Since I lost my star of beauty, who never now can be my bride.

IV.

'Twas not your field of barley, my darling, that won my heart,
Nor of your treasure golden, asthore, craved I any part,
Your horses and your coaches, no more would cause me any pride.
But a kiss—and no word spoken—in token that you'll be my bride.

An Túirnín Lín.

m.m. ♩. = timċeall 60.



AN TUIRNIN LIN.

(THE OULD FLAX WHEEL.)

I.

O ! the year ere I married my darling wife,
To see how she'd spin was the pride of my life,
But now that we're married, oh ! that's all o'er,
For she'd not spin a pound in three months or more.

Chorus : Oh ! the wife and the weans* an' the ould flax-wheel,
My flax not spun—she's the lazy " sthreel,"†
Whole days in her bed, the oul' sleepy-head,
Sure I wish that the divil had her instead.

II.

When I thought I had picked me a priceless wife,
So gentle and kind, I'd enjoy my life,
No such thing was she, but black in her heart,
An' I'm tied to the " sthreel " till death us part.

Oh ! the wife, etc.

III.

Oh I have a grand wife, whom may heaven forgive,
If I don't die first, may she not live,
Should I travel the lanes with my hungry weans,
An' she laid in her coffin, t'would ease my pains.

Oh ! the wife, etc.

IV.

When to market my butter to town I go,
Does she grease my brogues for the way ? Oh no !
But a crowd of her cronies are round the fire,
An' she sleeps till the cows break down the byre.

Oh ! the wife, etc.

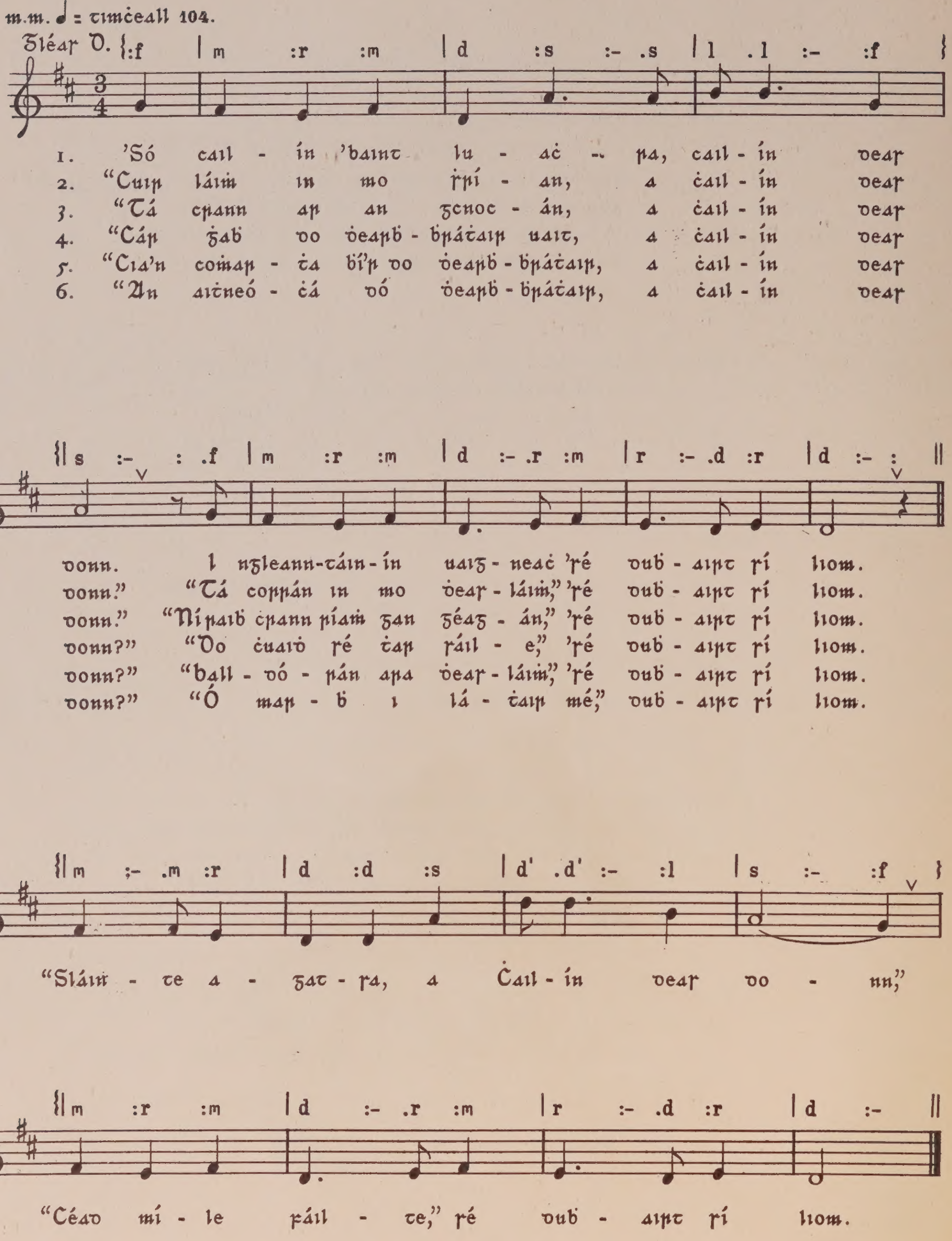
V.

When she hears me returning home from town,
A big red turf fire on the hearth she puts down,
She rattles her wheel and she makes a din,
And she's " murthered from spinning " when I come in.

Oh ! the wife, etc.

* Weans, pr. " wanes "=children (N. Ireland).
† " Sthreel " Gaelic straoile = an untidy woman, a slattern. Commonly used by English speakers in Ireland.

cailín deas donn.



CAILIN DEAS DONN.

(THE PRETTY BROWN GIRL.)

I.

A maid cutting rushes, a pretty brown maid,
On a lonely wee glen-side, 'twas to me she said.
" A health I pledge thee, my pretty brown maid,"
" And a thousand glad welcomes, to thee, sir," she said.

II.

" Hold thou my bridle, my pretty brown maid,"
" I'm holding my reaping-hook," to me she said.
" A health," etc.

III.

" There's a tree on the hill-top, my pretty brown maid."
" There's no tree without branches, sir," to me she said
" A health," etc.

IV.

" Where went thy brother, my pretty brown maid ?
" He went over the seas from me, kind sir," she said.
" A health," etc.

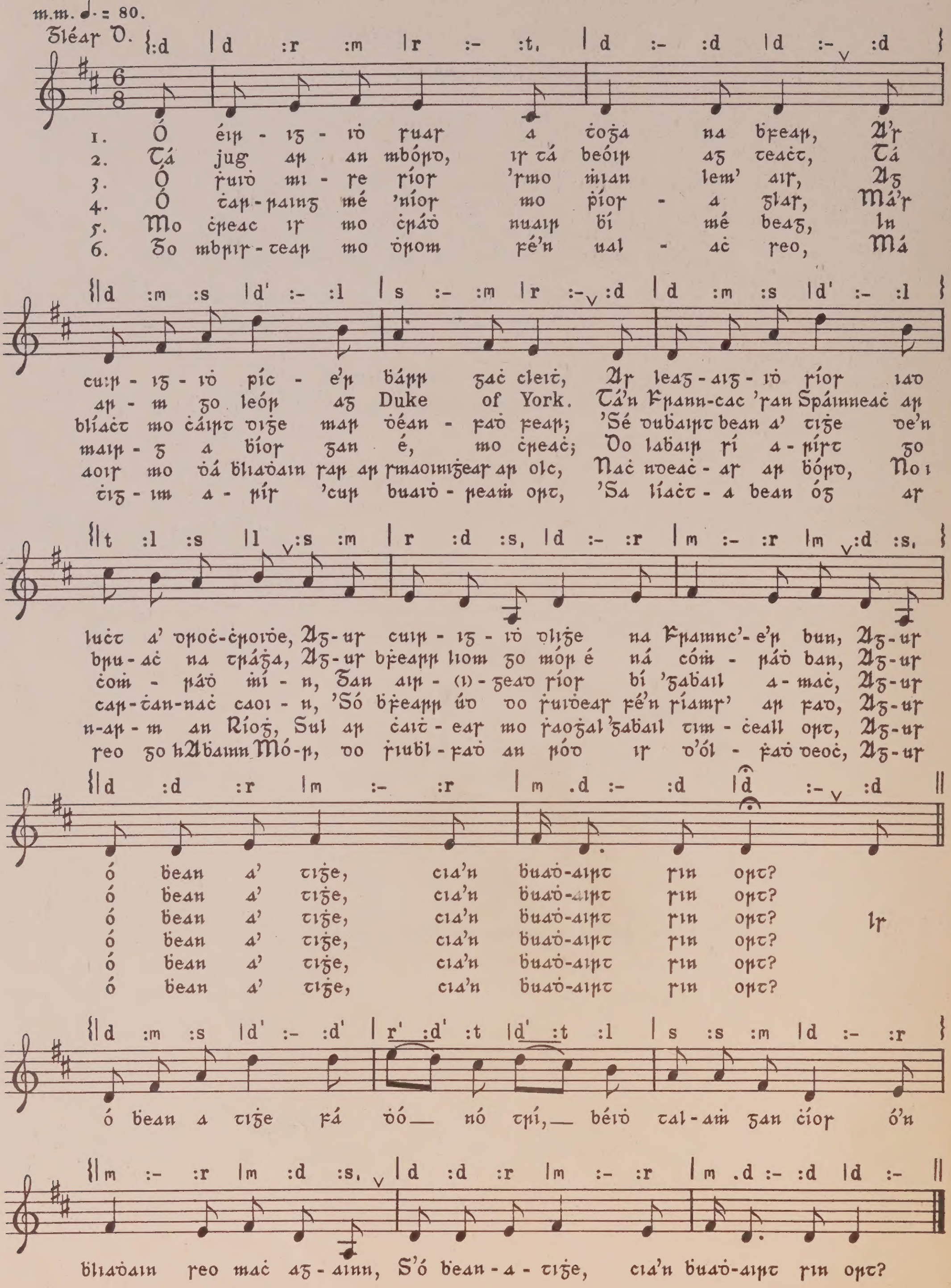
V.

" How know'st thou thy brother, my pretty brown maid ? "
" By a mole on his white neck, sir," to me she said.
" A health," etc.

VI.

" I am your brother, my pretty brown maid,"
" I knew you already, sir," to me she said.
" A health," etc.

Ó 'Bean a' Tiġe, Cia'n Buaḋairt Sin Ort.



O BHEAN A TIGHE, CEARD BHUAIRT SIN ORT?

(O VAN-I-THEE,* WHAT AILS THEE NOW?)

I.

Come! rise in your might, O best of men,
And muster your pikes in yonder glen;
Your enemies smite, with sword and lance,
And no laws you will own, but those of France.
And O! Van-i-thee, what ails thee now?
O! Van-i-thee, in two years or three
You'll have land without rent to graze your cow on,
And O! Van-i-thee, what ails thee now?

II.

There's a jug on the board, and beer to come,
But the Duke of York will soon be home,
The arms he'll land on yonder strand,
And the Spaniards and French will lend a hand.
And O! Van-i-thee, what ails thee now?
O! Van-i-thee, etc.

III.

I sat with my love beside the fire,
And called for a quart,—'twas my desire,
The ale-woman laughed a scornful laugh,
"If you haven't the money you'll both be aff."
And O! Van-i-thee, what ails thee now?
O! Van-i-thee, etc.

IV.

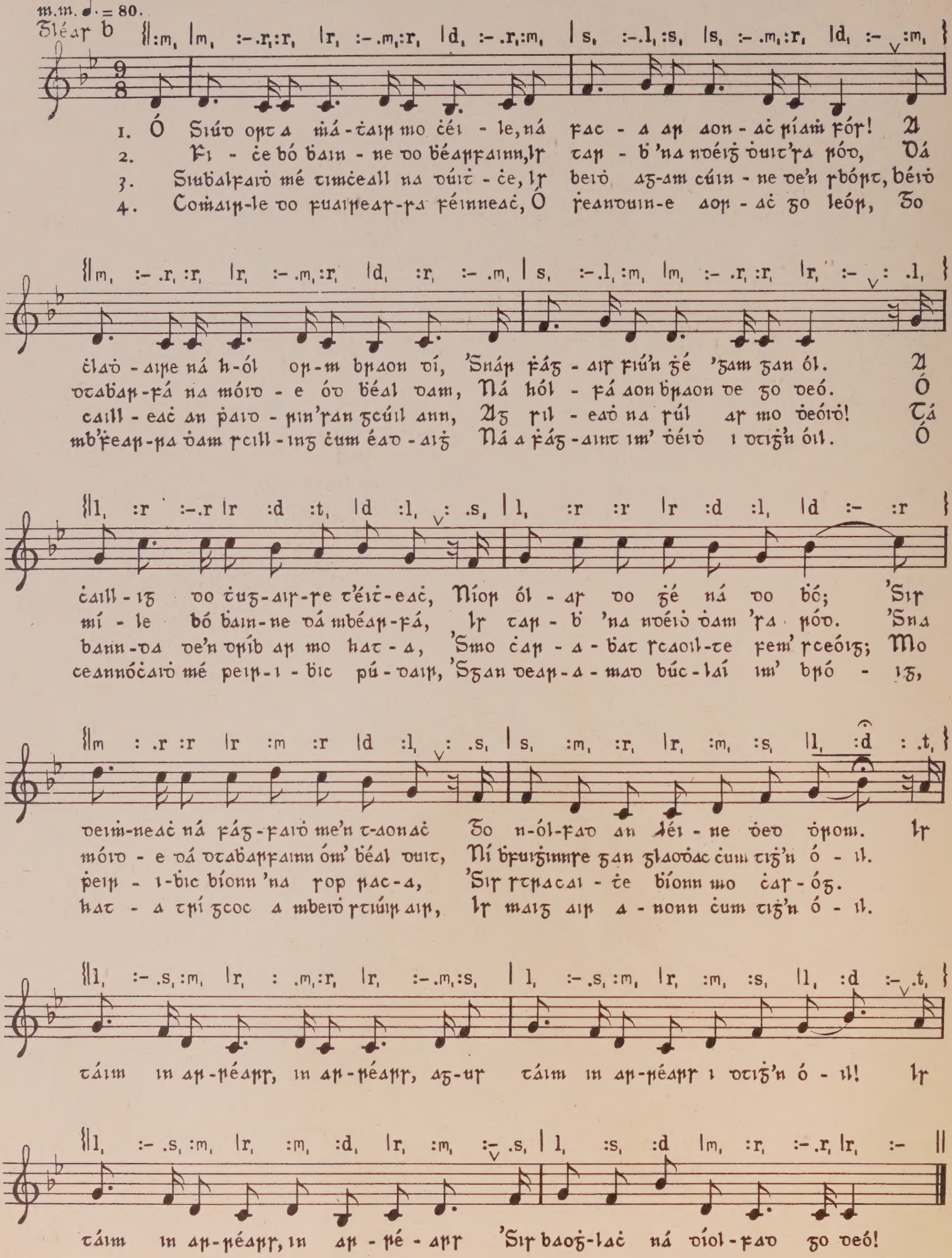
I drew out my broad white silver crown,
The ale-woman smiled—she ceased to frown,
When she answered again, she was pleasant and kind,
I'd be drinking there yet, and she'd not mind.
And O! Van-i-thee, what ails thee now?
O! Van-i-thee, etc.

V.

My torment it is, when I was small,
Without any sense of harm at all,
That I didn't take ship, and serve the King,
But sure now I have got to buy you the ring.
And O! Van-i-thee, what ails thee now.
O! Van-i-thee, etc?

*Van-i-thee, Gaelic, a bhean a' tighe = O Woman of the House.

TÁIM IN ARRÉARS.



TAIM IN ARREARS.

(I AM IN ARREARS.)

I.

" Here's a health to my mother-in-law now,
  I ne'er at a fair saw her yet."
" You blackguard, don't drink a drop to me,
  Your conduct I ne'er can forget.
My money you freely have squandered,
  You've treated me rarely ere now,
You drank both my goose and my gander,
  And to-night you'ld be drinking my cow."

Chorus : " Oh I'm in arrears, in arrears,
    I'm in arrears with my score,
  I'm in arrears, in arrears,
    And I'm feared I'll not pay evermore."

II.

" A fellow without any shame now,
  Without a good name or report,
That would say to his darling wife's mother
  That he'd still carry on in this sort.
I surely must travel through Erin,
  I'll take to the road till I die,
And as on my way I'll be farin',
  You'll hear all my neighbours still cry."

" Oh I'm in arrears," etc.

III.

" I'd give you of cows a full twenty,
  And of calves I would give you a score,
And I'd give you my money in plenty
  If you'ld promise to drink here no more."
" A thousand good cows did you give me,
  And of acres a million or more
I'd not swear to give over my drinking
  For I'd still pay a call to this door."

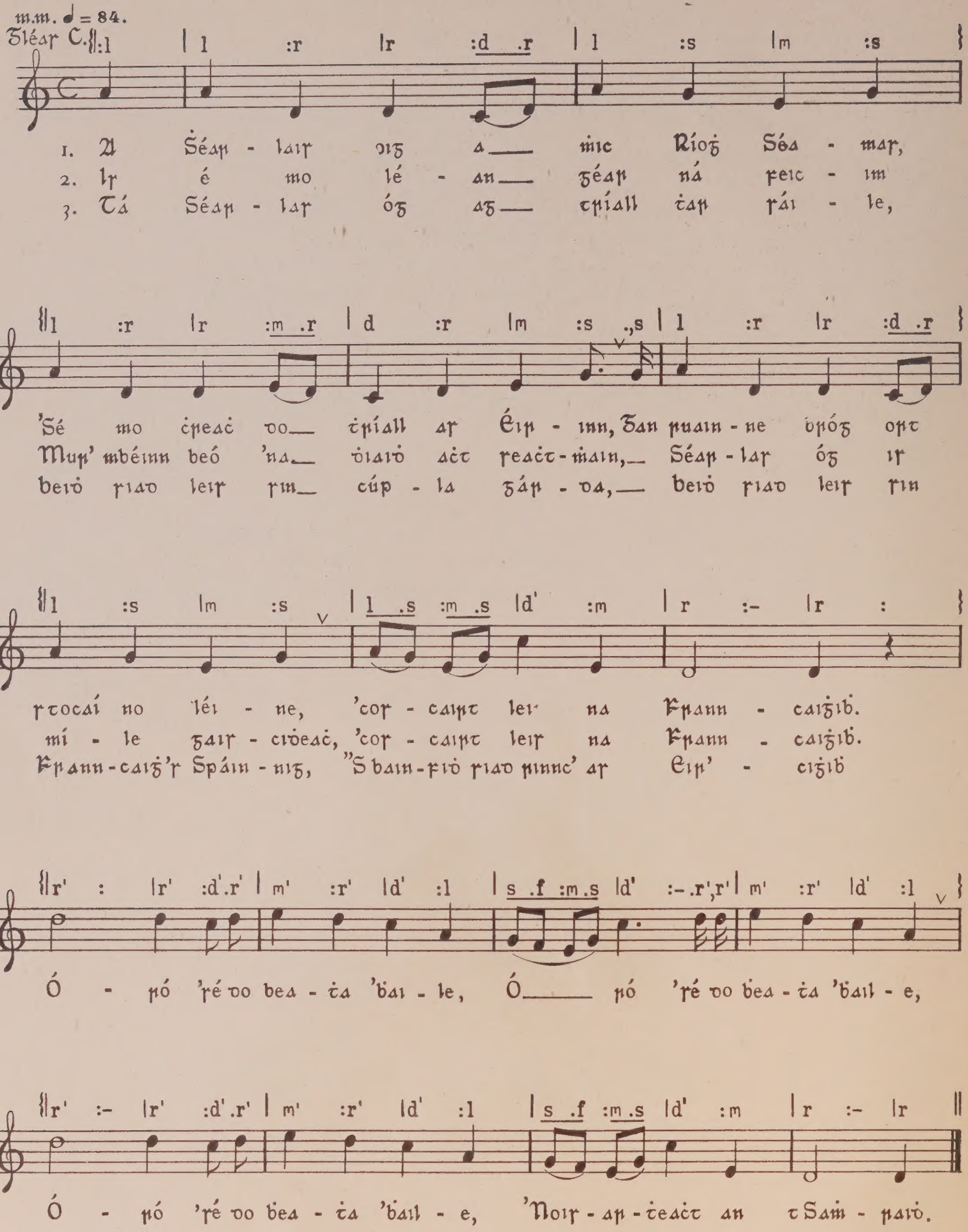
" Oh I'm in arrears," etc.

IV.

" There's a band of grey mud on my hat now,
  In my coat there is many a tear,
Like a string is my old caravat now,
  And e'en my poor wig is thread-bare.
But I'll buy me a shining new jacket
  And periwig powdered galore,
And I'll kick up a mighty fine racket
  When I come into money once more."

" And I'm in arrears," etc.

SÉARLAS ÓG.



M.M. ♩= 84.
Gléas C.
1. A Ṡéar - lais óig a — ṁic Ríoġ Séa - mas,
2. Is é mo lé - an — ġéar ná feic - im
3. Tá Séar - las óg ag — triall ṫar sái - le,
’Sé mo ċreaċ do — ṫriall as Éir - inn, Gan ruain - ne ḃróg ort
Mur’ mbéinn beó ’na — ḋiaiḋ aċt seaċt - ṁain, — Séar - las óg is
beiḋ siad leis sin — cúp - la gár - da, — beiḋ siad leis sin
stocaí no ’léi - ne, ’cos - cairt leis na Frann - caiġiḃ.
mí - le gais - ciḋeaċ, ’cos - cairt leis na Frann - caiġiḃ.
Frann-caiġ ’s Spáin - niġ, ’S bain-fiḋ siad rinnc’ ar Éir’ - ciġiḃ
Ó - ró ’sé do ḃea - ṫa ’ḃail - e, Ó — ró ’sé do ḃea - ṫa ’ḃail - e,
Ó - ró ’sé do ḃea - ṫa ’ḃail - e, ’Nois - ar - ṫeaċt an tSaṁ - raiḋ.

SEARLAS OG.

(YOUNG CHARLIE.)

I.

Prince Charlie! Son of Royal Seamus,
It is my grief that you did leave us,
Your going o'er the sea doth grieve us,
To join the Frenchman farin'.

Chorus :—
A hundred thousand welcomes homeward,
A hundred thousand welcomes homeward,
A hundred thousand welcomes homeward,
When summer comes to Eirinn.

II.

My bitter grief, that I'm not seeing,
Prince Charlie, and his foemen fleeing,
A thousand horsemen round him wheeling,
And the Frenchmen there to care him!

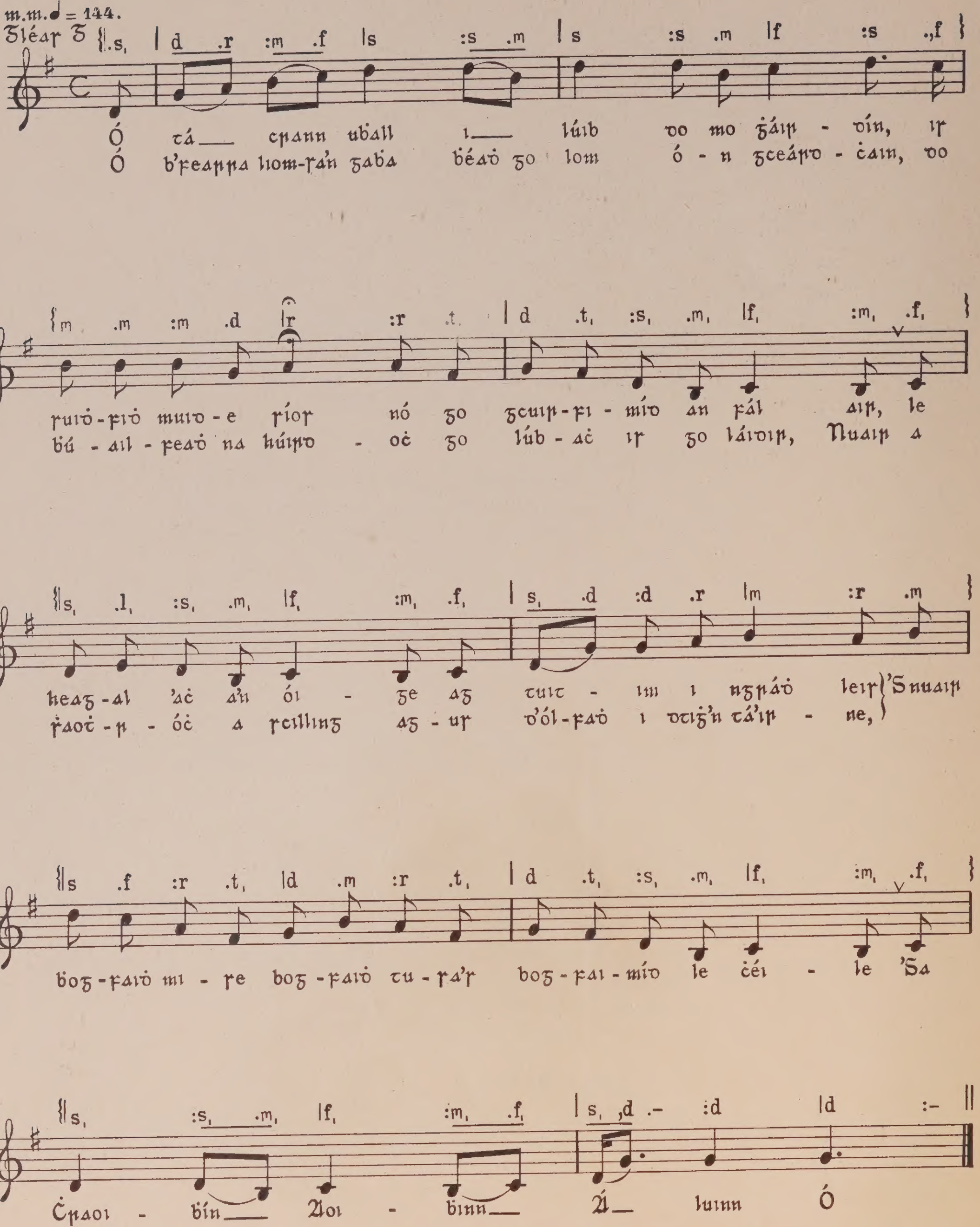
A hundred, etc.

III.

Young Charlie's come the salt sea over,
With troops to guard the Royal Rover,
Spaniards and French, his flank to cover,
And his foes he'll leave bewailin'.

A hundred, etc.

AN CRANN UBALL.



AN CRANN UBHALL.

(THE APPLE TREE.)

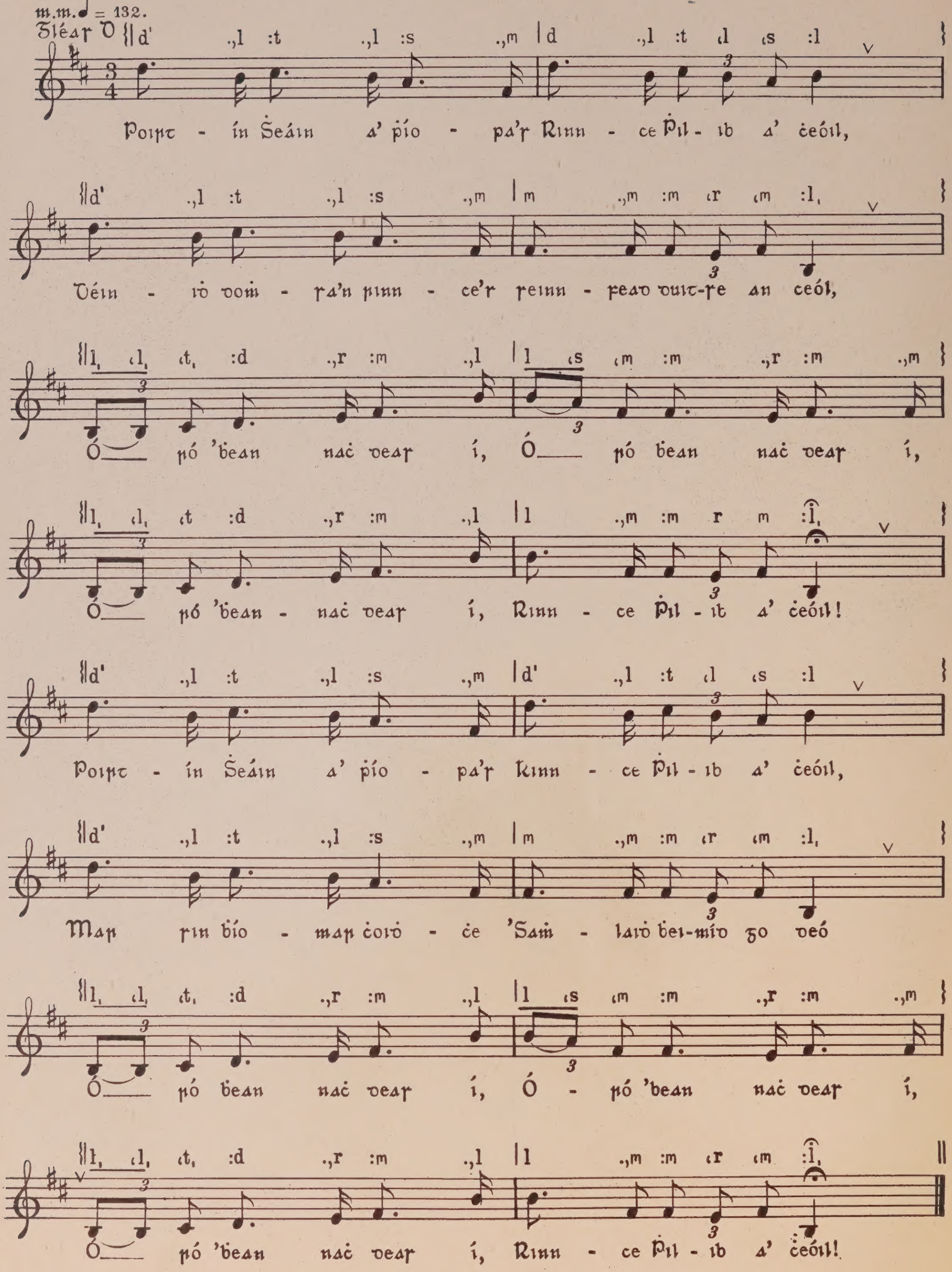
I.

There's a fine apple-tree at the foot of my garden
We'll sit us down near, to keep watch and ward on,
Lest the youths of the place should be making love to it,
If you go, then I'll go, and both of us will rue it,
With my fair little Branch of Beauty O!

II.

Oh brave is the smith, grown thin from the forging,
His blows loudly ring, while his bellows is roaring,
When he earns a shilling, he'll spend it without hoarding,
If you go, then I'll go, and let both of us be going,
With my fair little Branch of Beauty O!

RINNCE ṖILIB A'ĊEÓIL.



RINNCE PHILIB AN CHEOIL.*

(PHIL THE FLUTER'S DANCING.)

I.

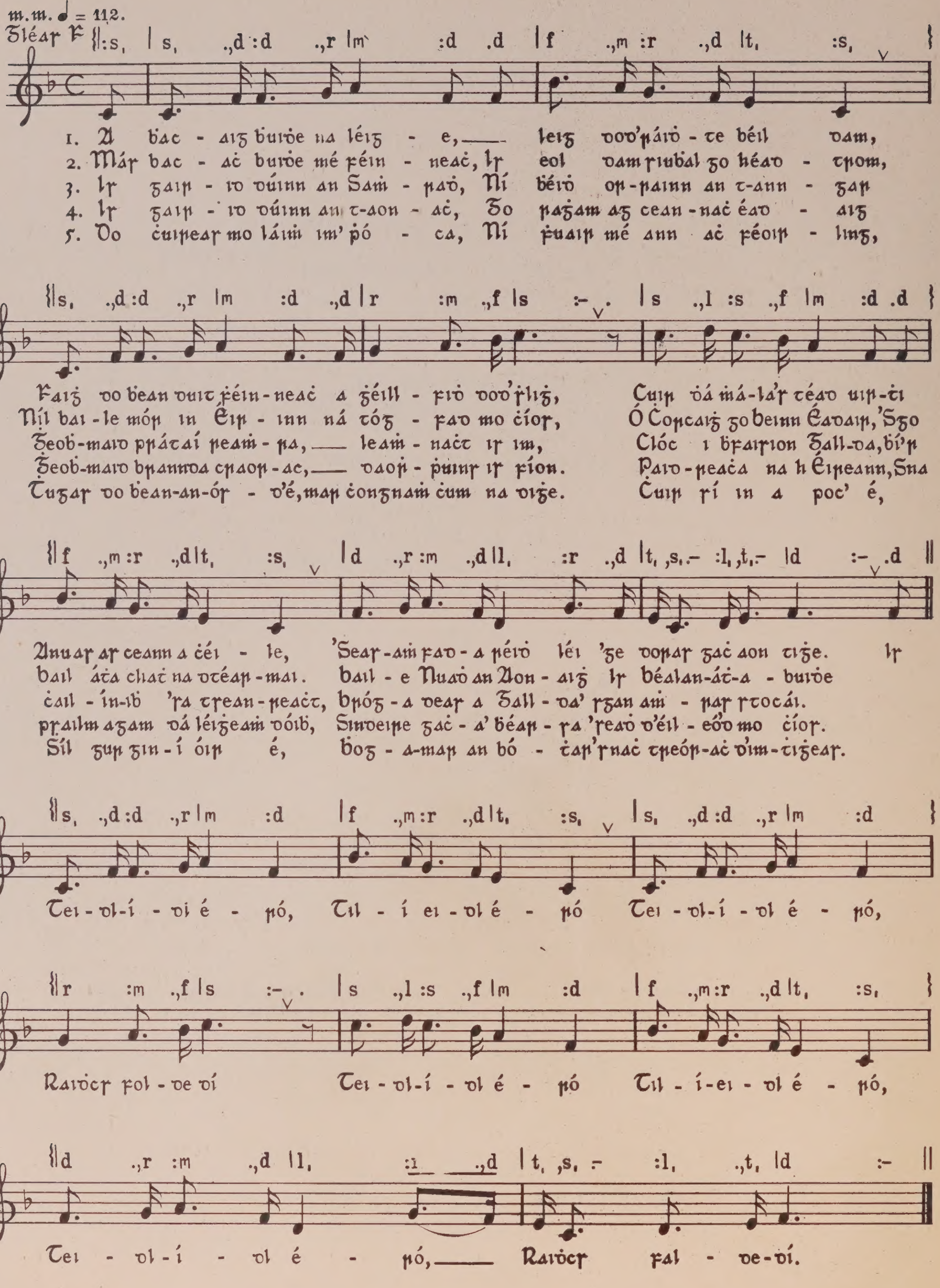
Phil the Fluter's dancing,
And Shawn a Feepa's tune,
'Tis a sight entrancing,
Morning, night or noon,
O 'tis pretty surely,
O 'tis lovely surely,
O 'tis pretty surely,
Shawn a Feepa's tune.

II.

Phil the Fluter's dancing,
Shawn a Feepa's tune,
If you will do the dancing
I will play the tune,
O 'tis pretty surely,
O 'tis lovely surely,
O 'tis pretty surely,
Shawn a Feepa's tune.

*Philib an Cheoil, lit. "Phil of the Music." I have taken the liberty of calling him Phil the Fluter, as a more familiar name to English speakers. Shawn a Phiopa=John of the Pipe.

Bacaċ Buiḋe na Léiġe.



BACACH BUIDHE NA LEIGE.

(YELLOW BEGGAR OF THE LEAGUE.)

I.

Yellow beggar of the League now, give over all your teasing,
You'll get a wife to please you, to follow on your way.
Two bags, with cords to bind them, on her back you'll sling behind her.
They'll serve as a reminder, at each door the live-long day.

(Lilt) Tei-dl-ee-dl ay rom, till-i ei-dl ay rom,
Tei-dl ee-dl ay rom, rax fol the dee.
Tei-dl ee-dl ay rom, till-i ei-dl ay rom,
Tei-dl ee-dl eidl eedl; rax fol the dee!

II.

Though yellow is the beggar, he's the light foot in shoe-leather,
And Ireland altogether pays him rent in yellow gold,
From Cork to Kerry's heather, and to Dublin in fine weather,
To Nenagh and Loughrea, goes the Yellow Beggar bold.

Tei-dl, etc.

III.

Now when the summer's coming, we'll hear the wild bee humming,
Fresh milk we'll get, and butter, potatoes and beer,
A cloak in foreign fashion will clothe the beggar dashin',
And shoes so neat upon his feet, and stockings—do you hear?

Tei-dl, etc.

IV.

We'll go off to the fair now, to see what's doing there now,
We'll drink of brandy rare there, neat punch and wine.
We'll sing both psalm and prayer there, our voices fill the air there,
And when the prayer is over, we'll take our rent and dine.

Tei-dl, etc.

V.

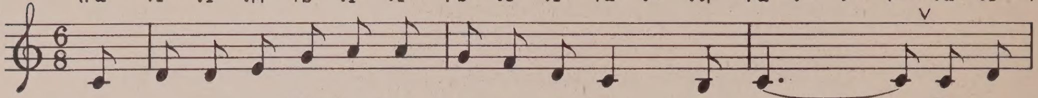
I called for drink this morning, when I had but a farthing,
I gave it to the ale-wife, my reckoning to pay,
She thought it was a guinea, a yellow golden guinea,
We hastened to the road, and we nobly sailed away!

Tei-dl, etc.

I AM A YOUNG FELLOW.

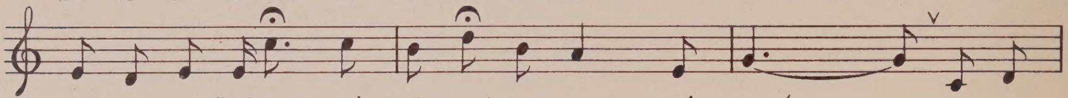
m.m. ♩. = timcheall 72.
Gléas C.

{|d |r :r :m |s :l :l |s :f :r |d :- :t, |d :- :- |- :d :r }



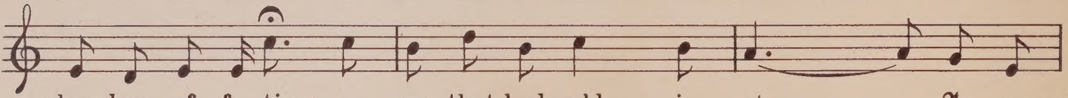
1. I am a young fel-low that ran out my land and means,____ Ag-us
2. We made up our minds with each o-ther for to e - lope,____ Is do
3. 'Twas then I ac-cost-ed this ju-ven-ile jov - ial dame,____ Mo_
4. 'Twas ear-ly next mor-ning we start-ed to meet the train,____ Ar_
5. When we reached into Lon-don the pó-lis were on the quay,____ Is ba-
6. The day of our tri-al her mo-ther she swore se - vare,____ Gur_

{|m :r :m |m .d' :- :d' |t :r' :t |l :- :m |s :- :- |- :d :r }



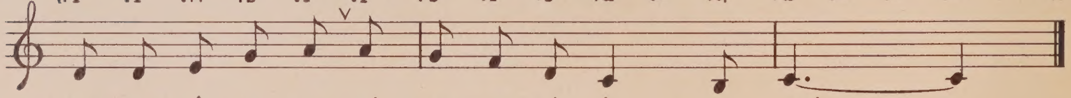
caill-each, an baile ná tabhar-fadh dam bean ná spré,____ Oh I
rug-as an capall i gcoin-mb mo mhí - le stór,____ I___
diall-aid dá chag-adh 'smo chap-all gurb' árd é (a) léim.____ We___
eag-la an air-m, 's dá dtioc-fadh an tóir 'nár ndéidh.____ In___
fán-tais - í scriob-tha 'san tel- e-graph news ó 'ndé.____ We___
pó - gair-e mis-e bhí ag im theacht le fán an tsaoghail;____ That her

{|m :r :m |m .d' :- :d' |t :r' :t |d' :- :t |l :- :- |- :s :m }



placed my af - fec-tions on one that had gold in store,____ Ag - us
met my true lov-er a - bout the ap-point - ed place,____ 'Sí ag
being in a hur-ry I asked her to mount the mare,____ Sé___
Wa - ter-ford ci-ty we stopped till our notes we changed,____ Is bhí
both were de-tect-ed and im-med - iate-ly sent to jail,____ Ag - us
daugh-ter was sim-ple, and I was a sche - ming rake,____ Is gur

{|r :r :m |s :l :l |s :f :r |d :- :t, |d :- :- |- : ||



geal - las don ain - nir ná scar-fainn léi féin go deó.____
tar-raingt ar Chais-eal ar fod - ar i meadhon an lae.____
dubhairt sí fan soc - air, táim cor - tha, go n-ól - fam braon.____
céad ag - us dach - ad de gin - i - thibh buidhe 'gan mbéit____
cuir-eadh thar n-aiffrinn go Cluain Meal-a chum ár gcúis do plé.____
buail-eas - sa bob uir - ti ingan fhios don saoghal go léir.____

I AM A YOUNG FELLOW.

I.

I am a young fellow that ran out my land and means,
And my mother at home wouldn't give me a wife or gains,
I placed my affections on one that had gold in store,
And I promised the colleen that from her I'd part no more.

II.

We made up our minds with each other for to elope,
I brought out my horse, for to meet her it was my hope,
I met my true lover about the appointed place,
And she making for Cashel, and from there we began our race.

III.

'Twas early next morning we started to meet the train
For fear that the Army would come to arrest us twain,
In Waterford City we stopped till our notes we changed,
And a hundred and forty bright guineas had this fair maid.

IV.

When we reached into London the Polis were on the quay,
And warrants were issued, and sent from beyond the say,
We both were arrested, and immediately sent to jail,
To Clonmel we were sent for our trial, and got no bail.

V.

The day of our trial her mother she swore sevare
That I was a rogue, who on waves of the world did fare,
That her daughter was simple, and I was a schamin' rake,
Of this innocent creature advantage did meanly take.

VI.

The Court being in silence, the Jury they then were charged,
And they asked us our reasons why we should be set at large.
But she showed them the will, that her father bequeathed of late,
And he left to the colleen his farm and whole estate.

VII.

The magistrate read the last will that her father made,
" Will you marry this rake without fortune or fame ? " he said.
But she said that I was a most loving genteel young swain
And nothing but death and the cold grave could part us twain.

VIII.

When we were acquitted, my true love I did embrace,
And we went to the priest, to be married in that same place,
He put on the knot, and 'twas aisy he got his change,
And we're living now happy, 'twixt Carrig-na-Shure and Grange.

GAELIC—ENGLISH TEXT CONTINUED.

VI.

The Court being in silence, the Jury they then were charged,
Agus d' fhiofruigheadar dinn-e raibh ein-ni againn le radh
But she showed them the will that her father bequeathed of late,
Agus d' fhag se ag an ainnir an fheirm go leir fe reim.

VII.

The magistrate read the last will that her father made,
Agus d' fhiosruigh de'n chailin a posfadh si an reic gan ceim
But she said that I was a most loving genteel young swain,
Is na posfadh mo mhalairt go rachfadh si sios fe'n g-cre.

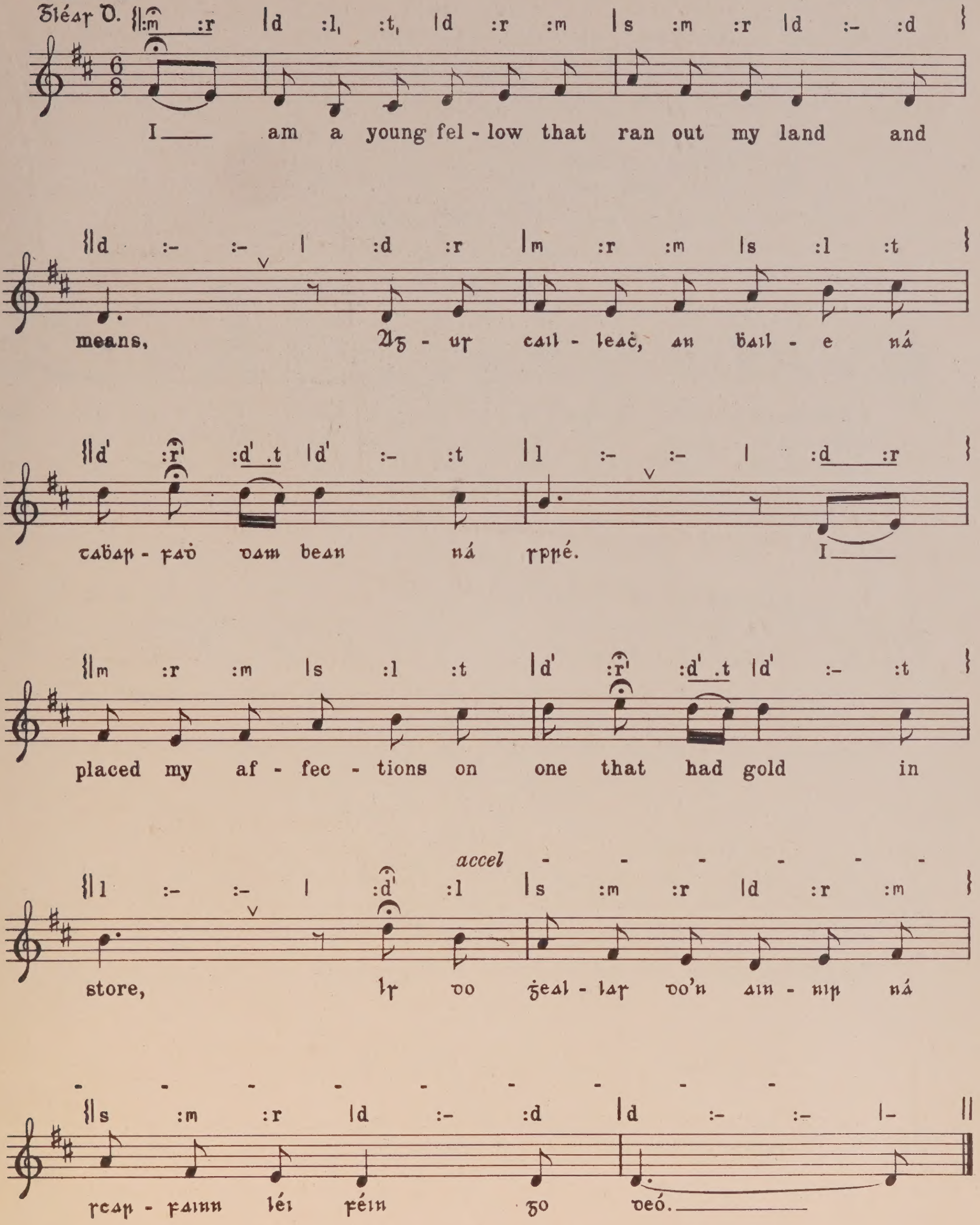
VIII.

When we were aquitted, my true-love I did embrace,
Agus chuadhas go dti'n sagart chum me cheangailt le gradh mo chleibh
He put on the knot, and 'twas aisy he got his change,
Agus mairim go socair 'dir Carraig-na-Siuire san Fiodhard.

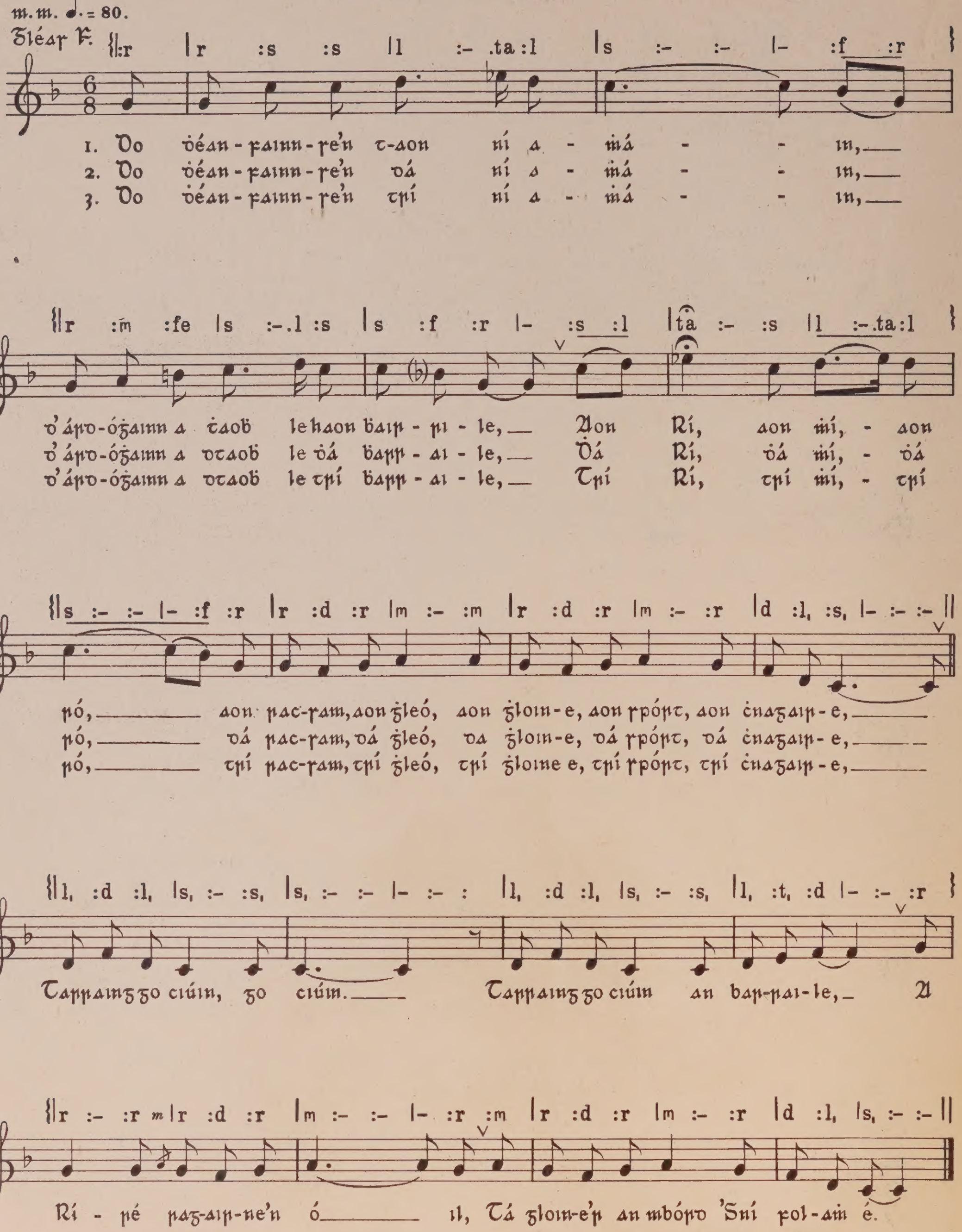
I AM A YOUNG FELLOW.

2nd Version

m.m. ♩. = 80.



Tarraing go ciúin.



TARRAING GO CIUIN.

(DRAW GENTLY.)

I.

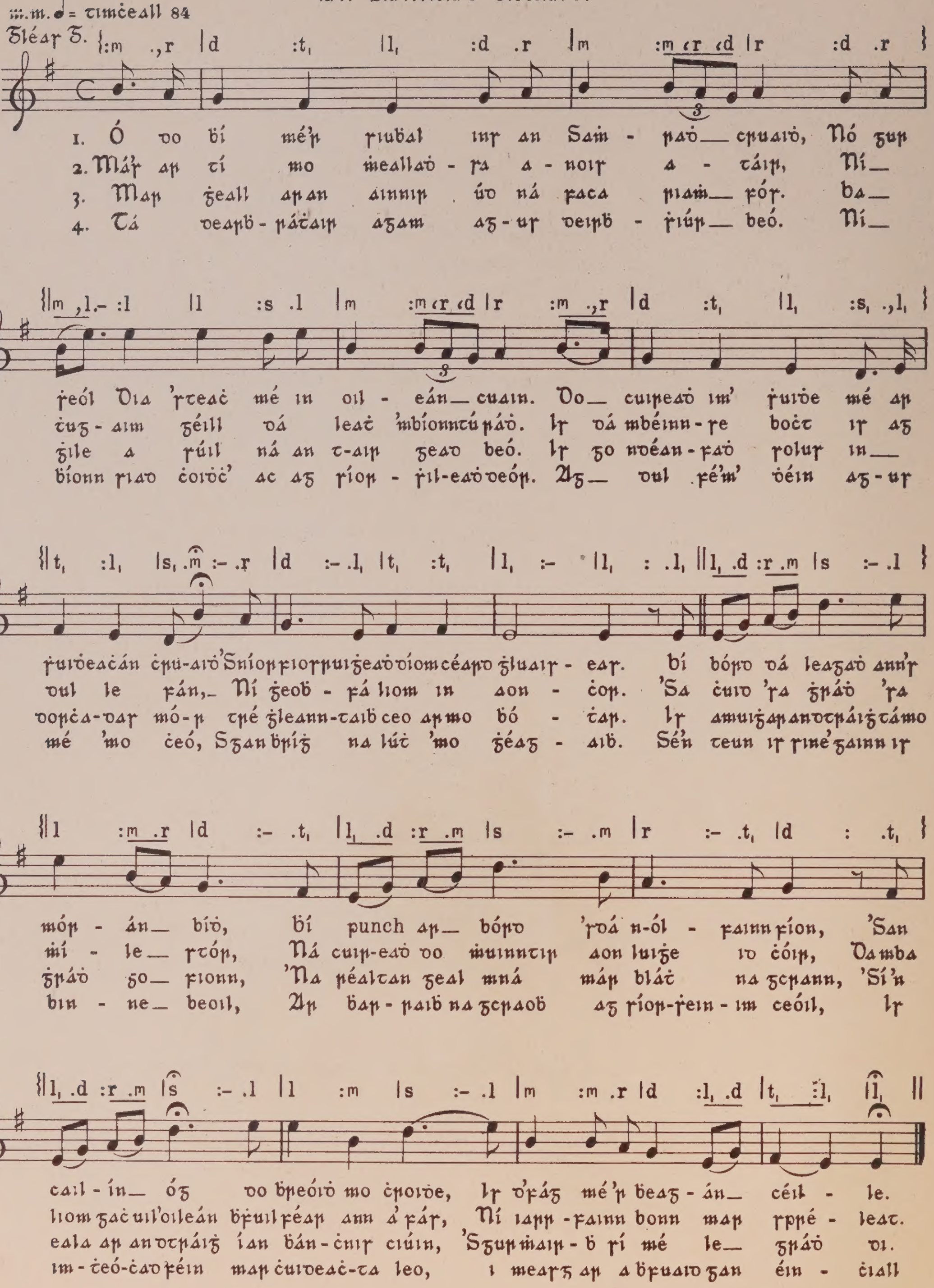
I'd do just one thing at a time,
I'd lift the side from one barrel O.
One king, one month, one rhyme,
One rally, one chime,
One rattling time,
    One gallon O!
        Gently as falls the dew,
        Gently draw the barrel on.
        The king of all revelry too,
        A glass on the board, and no empty one.

II.

I'd do just two things at a time,
I'd lift the sides from two barrels O.
Two kings, two months, two rhymes,
Two rallies, two chimes,
Two rattling times,
    Two gallons O!
        Gently as falls the dew,
        Gently draw the barrel on,
        The king of all revelry too,
        A glass on the board, and no empty one.

Repeat, using the different numerals up to ten.

An Samraḋ Cruaiḋ.



AN SAMHRADH CRUAIDH.

THE HARD (*i.e.*, WINTRY) SUMMER.

I.

In the wintry summer, as I did rove,
I met an Island in a sheltered cove,
A chair was placed for me with easy grace,
  Though they knew not my face nor fortune.
A board was spread there with food and wine,
If I should share it, and who'd decline,
So here's to the maiden, whose bright eyes shine,
  And leave me of sense no portion.

II.

Oh, never before saw I cailin like mine,
Her eyes like quicksilver bright do shine,
She'd make a light, in the darkest night,
  To guide me the road to follow.
I have a brother, and sister too,
And if I leave them, what can they do?
They'll follow me always, the wild mists through,
  O'er hill-top, bog and hollow.

III.

If 'tis to coax me that you're about,
I pay no heed—you're a rogue no doubt,
And if I were poor, you'd soon be out,
  For you're after my means and fortune.
My love, and my heart, and my treasure store,
Don't let your people keep me from your door,
For if I had this island, and twenty more,
  I'd take you without a portion.

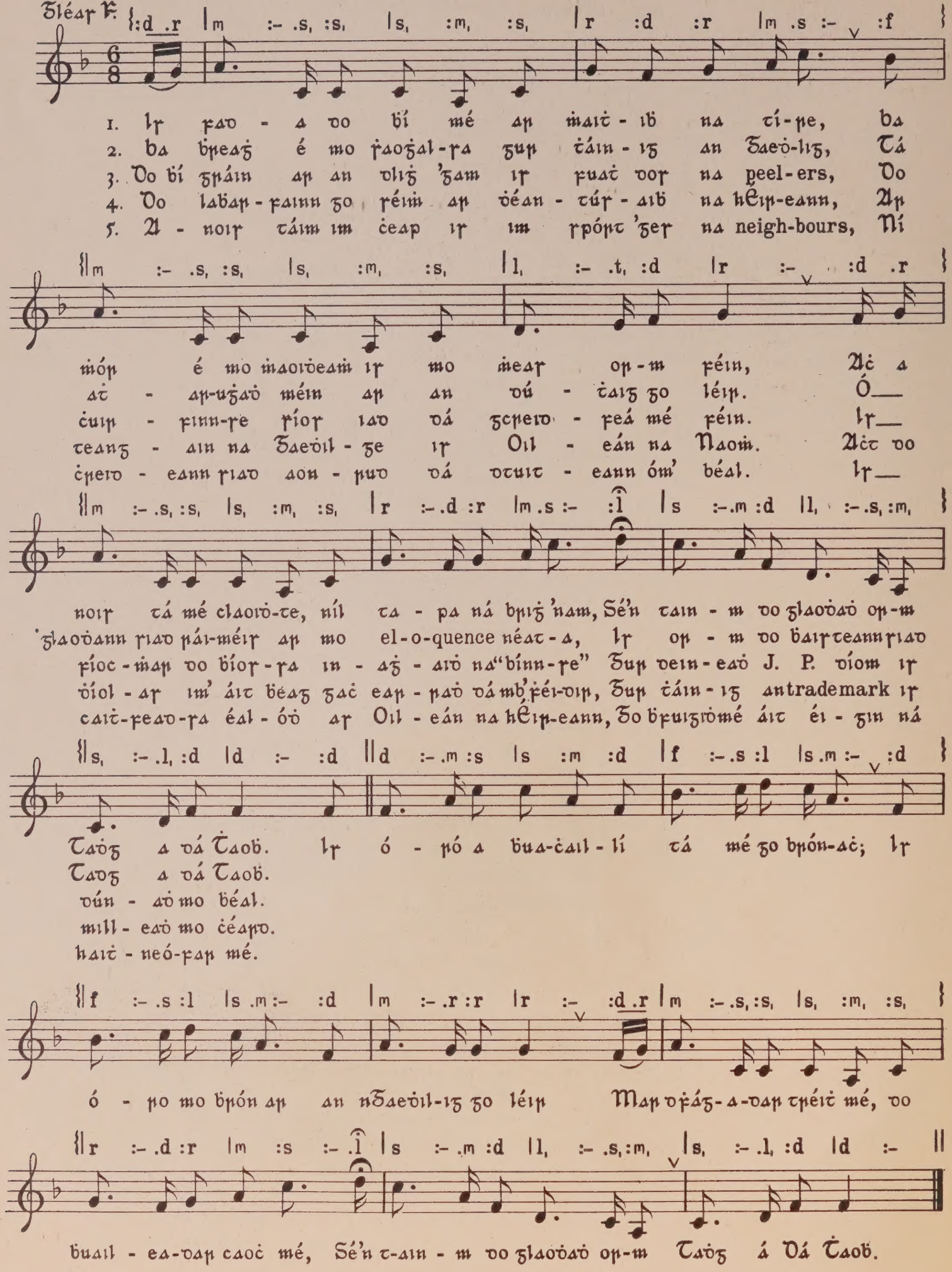
IV.

'Tis out on the strand is my heart's delight,
Her skin like the apple-tree's blossom bright,
Like the swan on the shore is her fair brow's light,
  For the love of her I'm dying.
The bird that's oldest has sweetest song,
On the branches he sings, the whole day long,
I'll go out with him, the birds among,
  To visit my true-love,—flying.

Taḋg a' Dá Ṫaoḃ.

Séamus de Clanndiolúin
do ċum idir ceol 7 focail

M.M. ♩.=76.
Gléas F.



TADHG A' DA THAOBH.

(TEIG A DHAW HAOV.)

(lit. Tim of the two sides, a name applied to an over-diplomatic person).

I.

Oh ! once on a day, I was happy and aisy,
So great was my pride that I couldn't behave,
But now I am broken, I'm nearly half-crazy,
The name that they call me is Teig-a-Dhaw-Haov.
And Oro ! my boys, sure I'm here left lamenting,
I'll ne'er be consenting this Gaelic to save,
It has me tormented, I'm nearly demented,
And the name that I'm called now is Teig-a-Dhaw-Haov.

II.

For many a day I was like a great leader,
Quite ready with speeches my country to save,
You'd think, just to hear me, that I was no pleader,
But a patriot stout, who no bounty did crave.
And Oro, etc.

III.

I had a great time till this Gaelic was started,
But now there's a change, that has come like a wave,
They won't hear my raimeis,* I am nigh broken-hearted,
And my name they have changed too, to Teig-a-Dhaw-Haov.
And Oro, etc.

IV.

O 'twas still my delight, each Saturday night too,
To fill up the pints and the glasses so brave,
A welcome had I for each thirsty wight too,
But now I am drowned in the " Temperance Wave."
And Oro, etc.

V.

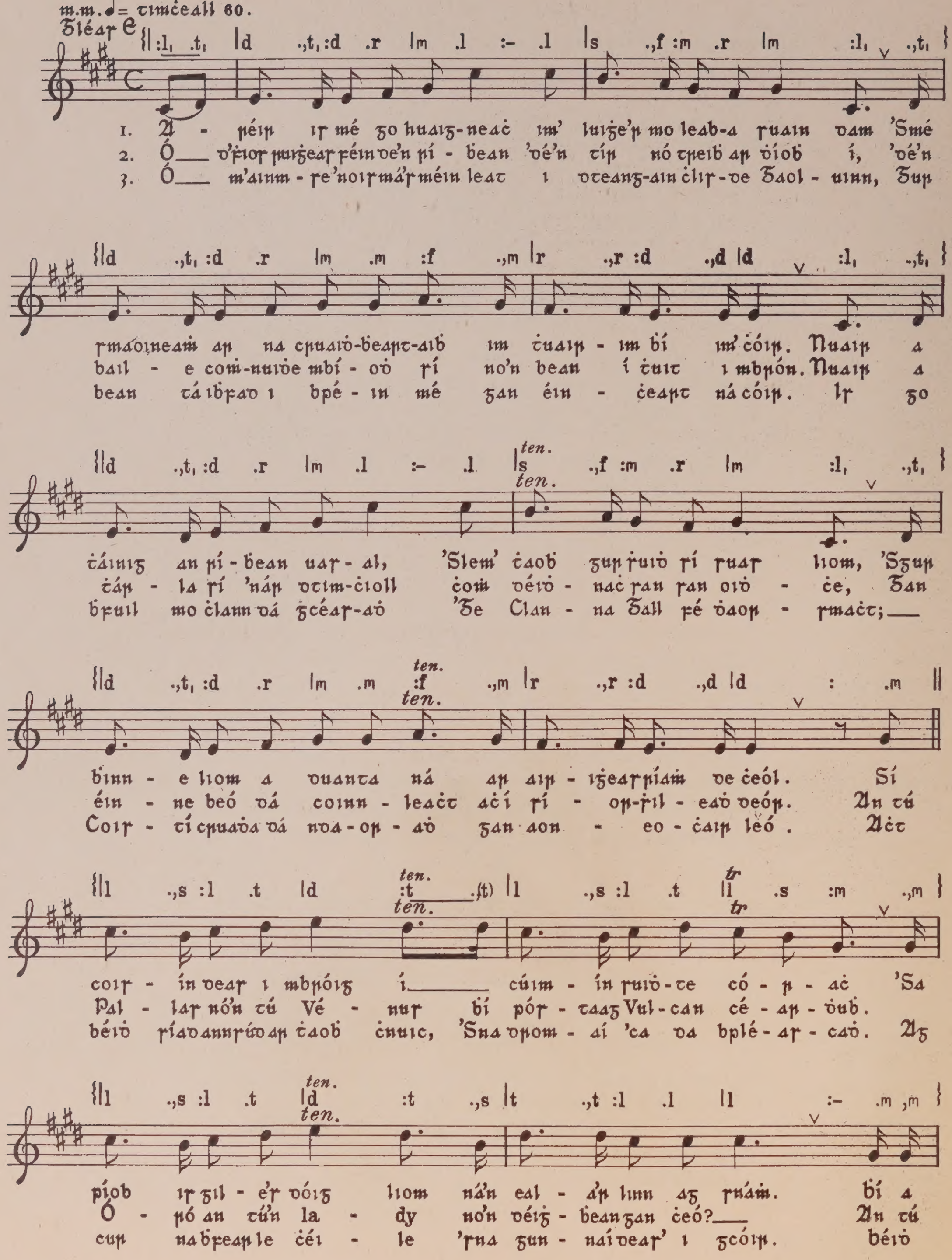
Like a judge I could talk about goods made in Erin,
But I sold all I could, though in Russia 'twere made,
And for all my fine talk now, there's nobody carin'
They invented a trade-mark—and ruined my trade.
And Oro, etc.

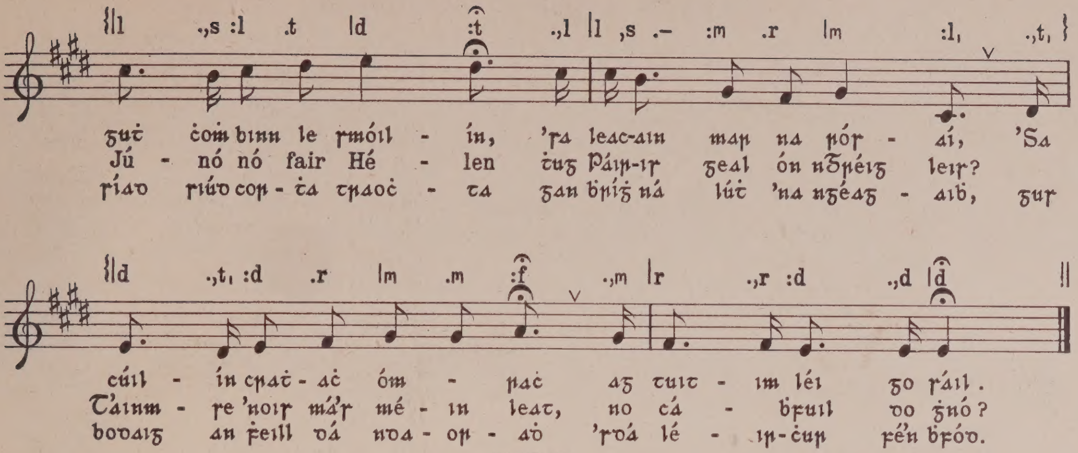
VI.

And now I'm a sport, and a joke with my neighbours
Whatever I say now, they'll say is a lie,
I must go from this island, despite all my labours,
And in far foreign lands I must stay till I die
And Oro, etc.

*Raimeis : pr. Rawmaish. Nonsensical or bombastic talk, " high-falutin."

Éire.


m.m. ♩= timċeall 60.
Gléas E
1. A - péir is mé go huaig-neaċ im' luiġe 's mo leab-a fuain dam 'Smé
2. Ó — d'fiosr puiġeas féin de'n rí - bean 'dé'n tír nó treib ar díob í, 'dé'n
3. Ó — m'ainm - se 'nois más méin leat i dteang-ain clis-de Gaol - uinn, Gur
smaoiḃneaṁ ar na cruaiḋ-beart-aiḃ im ċuair - im ḃí im' ċóir. Nuair a
bail - e coṁ-nuiḋe mbí - oḋ sí no'n bean í ċuit i mbrón. Nuair a
bean tá i bpfaḋ i bpé - in mé gan éin - ċeart ná cóir. Is go
ṫáinig an rí - bean uas - al, 'Slem' ṫaoḃ gur ṡuiḋ sí suas liom, 'Sgur
ṫár - la sí 'nár dtim-ċioll ċoṁ déiḋ - neaċ san san oiḋ - ċe, Gan
bfuil mo ċlann dá gcéas-aḋ 'Ge Clan - na Gall fé daor - smaċt; —
binn - e liom a duanta ná ar air - iġeas riaṁ de ċeól. Sí
éin - ne beó dá coinn - leaċt aċ í sí - or-ṡil - eaḋ deór. An tú
Cois - tí cruaḋa dá ndao-ar-aḋ gan aon - eo - ċair leó. Aċt
cois - ín deas i mbróig í — cúim - ín ruiḋ-te có - r - aċ 'Sa
Pal - las nó'n tú Vé - nus ḃí pós - taag Vul-can cé - ar - dub.
béiḋ siad ann súd ar ṫaoḃ ċnuic, 'Sna drom - aí 'ca da bplé - ar - caḋ. Ag
píob is gil - e's dóig liom ná'n eal - ar linn ag snáṁ. Ḃí a
Ó - ró an tú'n la - dy no'n déiġ - bean gan ċeó? — An tú
cur na bfear le céi - le 'sna gun - nai deas' i gcóir. Béiḋ



EIRE.

(ERIN).

I.

As I lay at night all lonely on my pillow poor and lowly,
  While a cloud of grief came o'er me that weighed on me full sore,
I saw a queenly maiden, who tenderly bent o'er me,
  Her tones were music sweeter than aught heard on earth before.
Her form was tall and slender, her feet like blossoms tender,
  And her white throat showed more snowy than the swan upon the lake.
Her voice like thrush at morning, her cheek like rose-buds dawning,
  And her shadowy amber tresses, that like aspen leaves did shake.

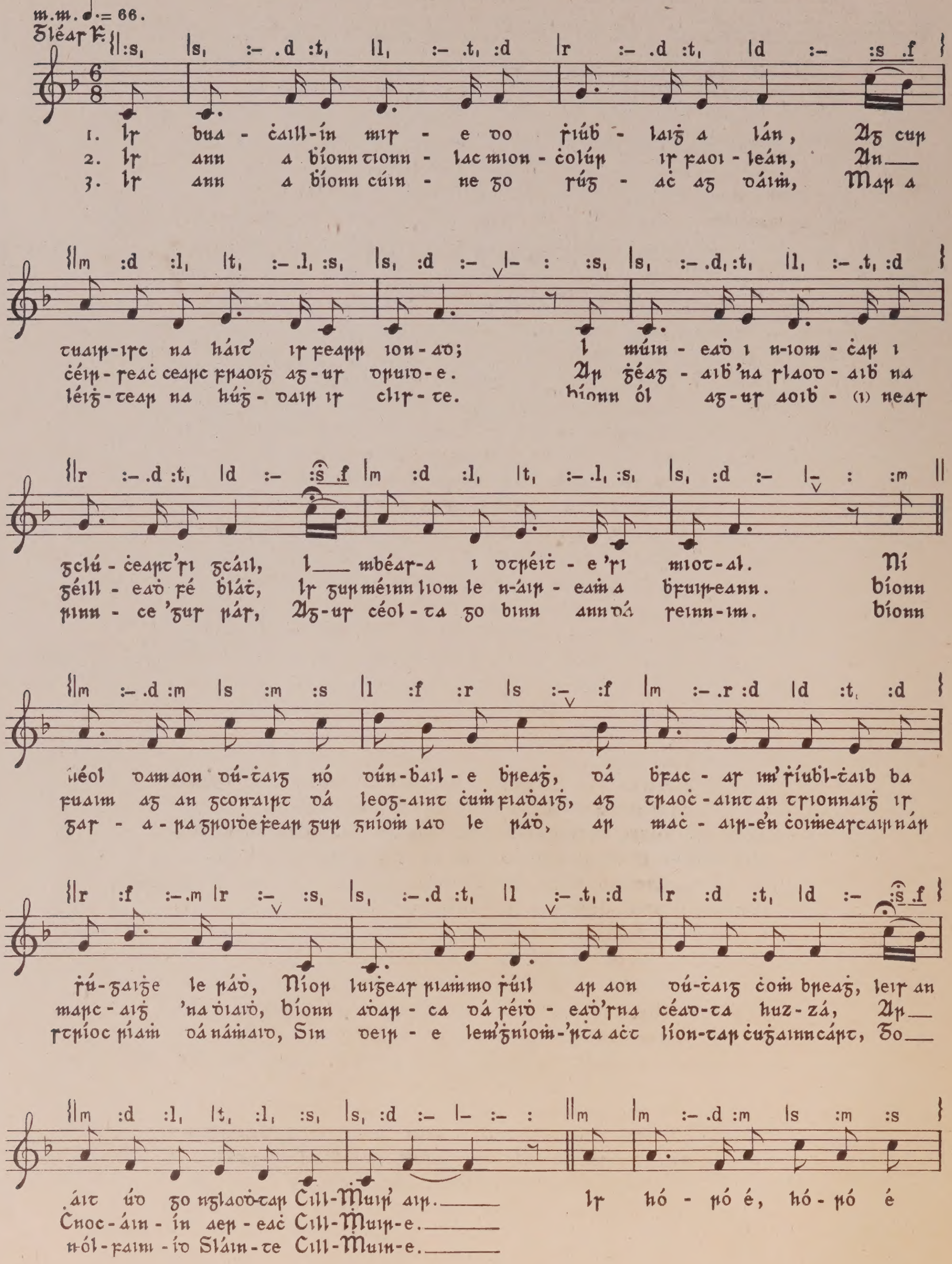
II.

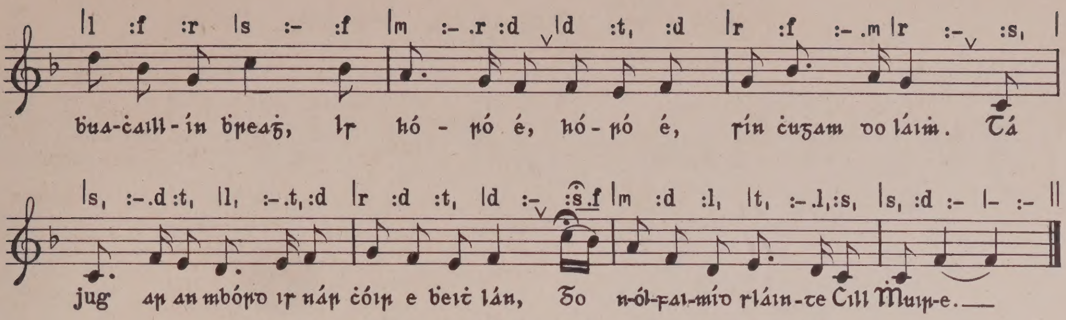
I asked the queenly maiden her country and her station,
  Her home or what her nation, or did grief oppress her soul,
That by night-time thus she sought me, like one by all forsaken,
  While in utter desolation her bitter tears did roll.
Are you Pallas or fair Venus, black Vulcan's fair deceiver,
  Or Diana the fairest of the goddesses of old?
Are you Juno or fair Helen, whom Paris took from Greece once,
  Your name I pray you tell me—or may that name be told?

III.

My name indeed I'll say thee, in my own native Gaelic,
  A woman long in pain I am, of all her rights bereft;
My children long in torment, beneath a foreign bondage,
  Condemned without a hearing, like helpless orphans left.
But on the hills they're forming, the drums roll out their warning,
  Their ranks they dress in order, and their guns in serried lines.
They dream of freedom's morning, their slavery they're scorning,
  And now may victory's dawning upon their banners shine.

Cnoċáinín Aereaċ Cill Ṁuire.





CNOCAININ AEREACH CILL MHUIRE.

(THE AIRY WEE HILL OF KILMURRAY.)

I.

Oh, I am a boy that has travelled afar,
Still seeking a neat place to settle,
Where manners, good taste, and good company are,
Men of intellect, courage and mettle.
I know of no district, or market-town rare,
That I saw in my rambles to every fair,
I ne'er saw a place that my mind could compare
With the Airy wee Hill of Kilmurray.
Sing horo-e,* horo-e, give us your hand,
Sing horo-e-ho, 'tis the best in the land,
There's a jug on the board, and to drain it is grand,
And we'll drink to the health of Kilmurray.

II.

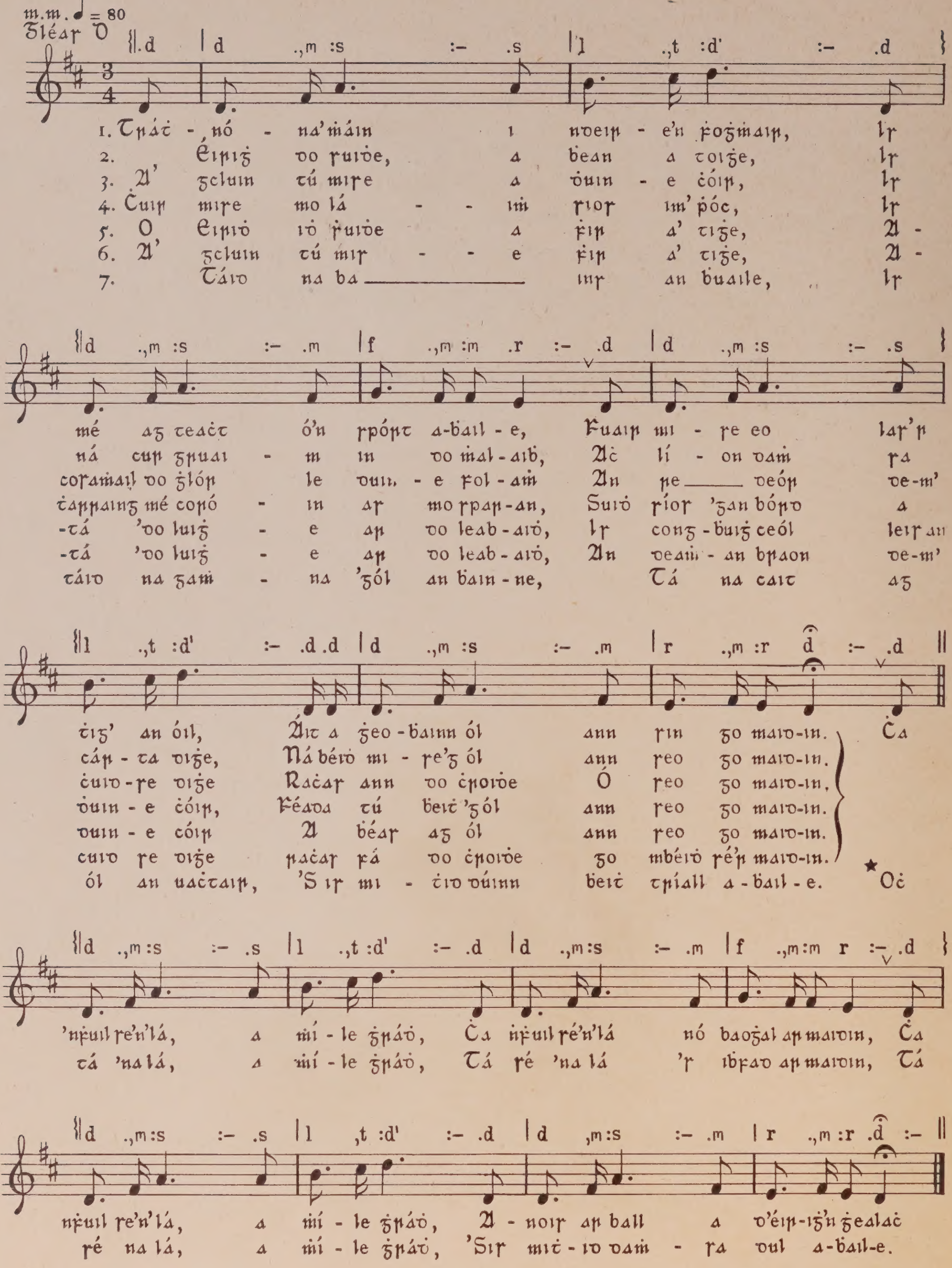
'Tis there that the birds come, both woodcock and grouse,
The starling, the doves, and the thrushes;
In crowds on the branches, and bending the boughs
And in thousands they cover the bushes.
'Tis there that you'll hear the sweet music of hounds,
While chasing the fox, and the gay horn sounds,
And the cheer of the meet through the county resounds
Near the Airy wee Hill of Kilmurray.
Sing horo-e, etc.

III.

'Tis there that a poet would get a snug place
Where the authors of old are recited,
There's drinking, and sporting; the dance and the race,
And with music our ears are delighted.
There are gallant stout fellows, all noble of heart,
Who ne'er bend to a foe, and can take a man's part.
Here's an end to my tale now, so fill up a quart,
Till we drink to the health of Kilmurray.
Sing horo-e, etc.

* Ho-ro-ay.

Tá 'n-a lá



*Don ḃéarsa deireannaċ aṁáin

TÁ 'NA LÁ.

('TIS THE DAY.)

I.

One evening, in the autumn time,
I rambled home, all danger scorning,
I heard the cheery glasses chime,
Where I could sit and drink till mornin',

'Tis no' the day, my brave lad stay,
'Tis no' the day, nor near the mornin',
'Tis no' the day, so longer stay,
But the bright moon's ray, the earth adornin'.

II.

Rise up here o Van-i-thee,
Cheerful smiles your face adornin'
And fill me out a quart of beer,
For I'll stay here and drink till mornin'.

'Tis no' the day, etc.

III.

" Now listen here, good man," says she,
" You'll talk too free to spend your earnin'
And not one drop of my good beer
You will get here, if you stay till mornin'."

'Tis no' the day, etc.

IV.

My hand I quickly then put down
And drew a crown from out my sporran,*
" Sit down at table, sir," she said,
" And you can stay, till dawns the morn.

'Tis no' the day, etc.

V.

" O landlord rise, and rub your eyes,
You lie so nicely there a-snorin',
Make music for the noble sport,
He'll call for quarts from here till morn."

'Tis no' the day, etc.

VI.

" O landlord, hear, and don't come near,
But still lie sleepin' there and snorin',
For not a drop of this good beer,
Your heart will cheer, till comes the morn."

'Tis no' the day, etc.

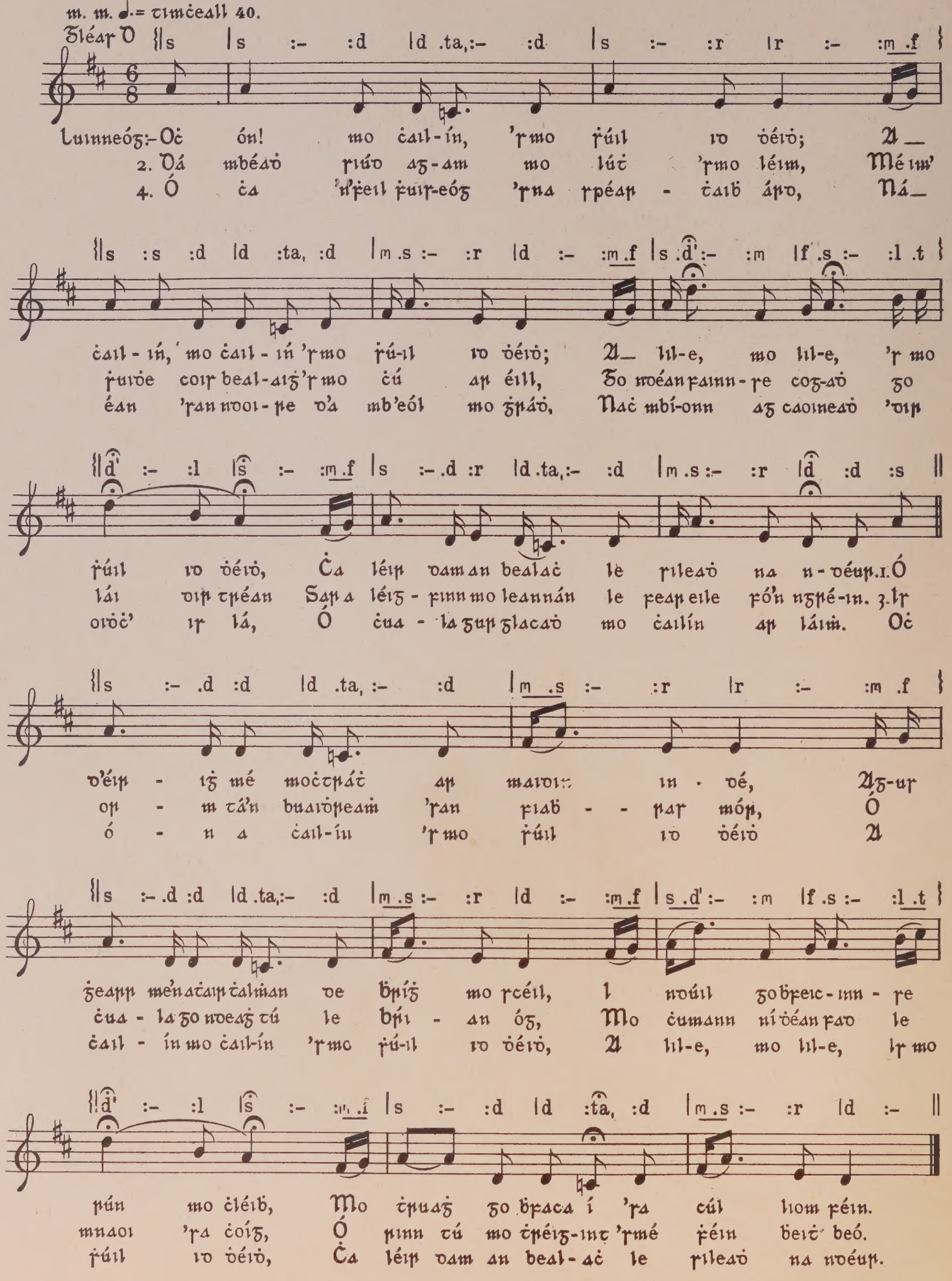
VII.

The cows are lowing in the byre,
The calves the morning's milk are drinking,
The cats are lapping at the cream,
'Tis time for me go home I'm thinking,

For 'tis the day, and I'll not stay,
It is the day, and gay bright mornin'.
It is the day, and I'll not stay,
The bright sun's ray's the vale adornin'.

Sporran, Gaelic sparan = a purse.

mo ṡúil id ḋéiḋ.



MO SHÚIL A'D DHEIDH.

(DREAMING OF THEE.)

Refrain :—

Horo, my cailin, of thee I dream
My cailin, dear cailin, of thee I dream.
My own, my cailin, throughout the years
Dark is my pathway, bedimmed with tears.

I.

I rose up early, ere dawn of day,
And cut me the yarrow mid new-mown hay,
To see by its magic my true-love dear,
Alas I saw her—she turned from me.

II.

O had I like others the strength of youth,
My hound to follow—my path were smooth.
Oh stark and grim is the fight I'd make
Ere I'd let man living my true-love take.

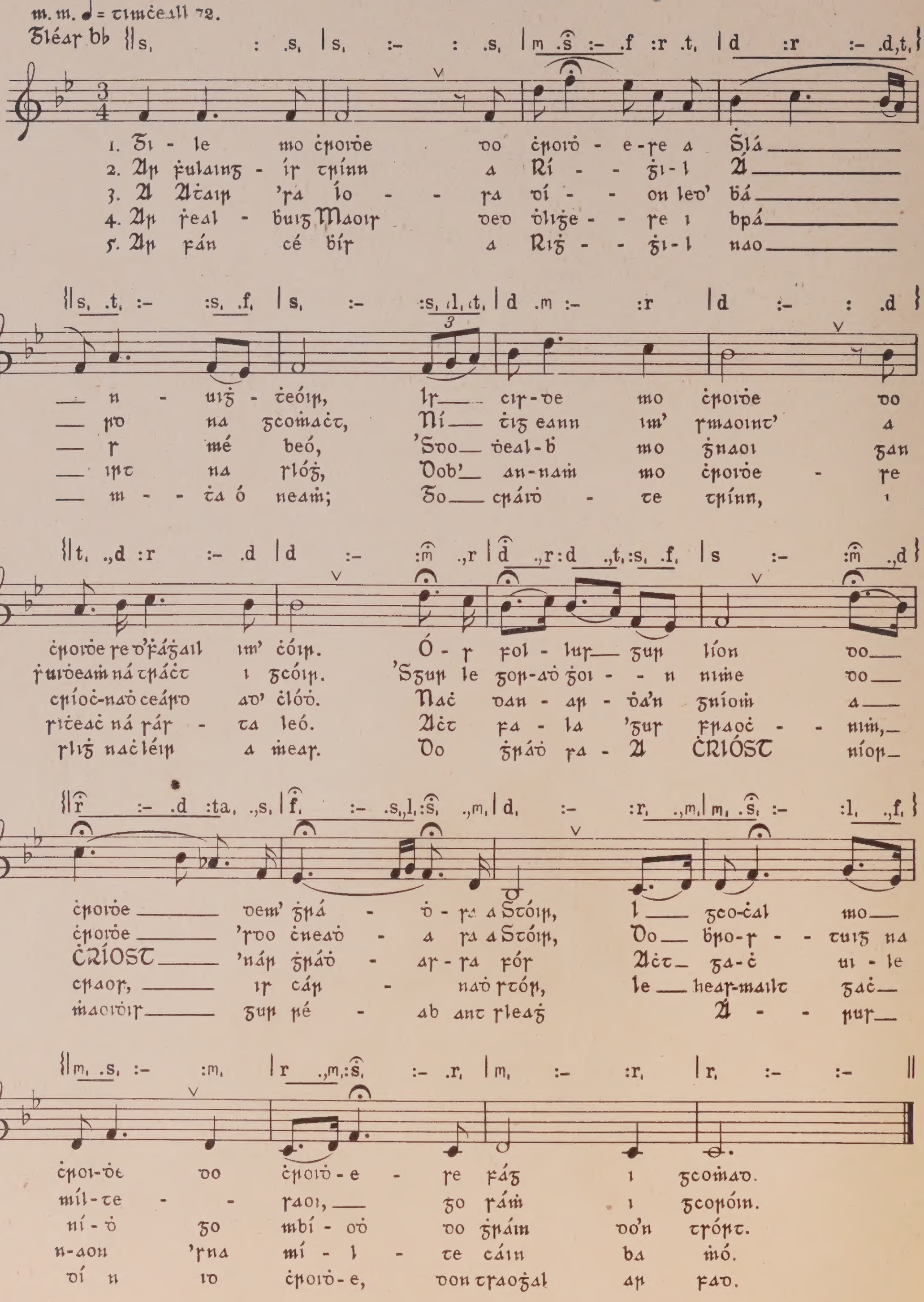
III.

No lark is there in the meadows nigh
Nor bird in the forest that hears my sigh
But mourns now with me, both night and day
Since I and my true-love are parted, for aye.

Refrain :—

Horo, my cailin, of thee I dream,
My cailin, dear cailin, of thee I dream.
My own, my cailin, throughout the years
Dark is my pathway, bedimmed with tears.

DUAN ĊROIḊE ÍOSA



DUAN CHROIDHE IOSA.

(HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.)

I.

Light of my heart Thy Heart, Dear Lord Divine,
My treasure bright Thy Heart to keep in mine,
Since Thy Heart filled, dear Lord, with love for me,
Let mine be cloak to fold and comfort Thee.

II.

What Thou'st suffered for me, O dear bright King of Powers
No heart can feel or speak those dreadful hours,
The burning pains that pierced Thy Heart Oh Lord,
Bring thousands daily safe to Thy reward.

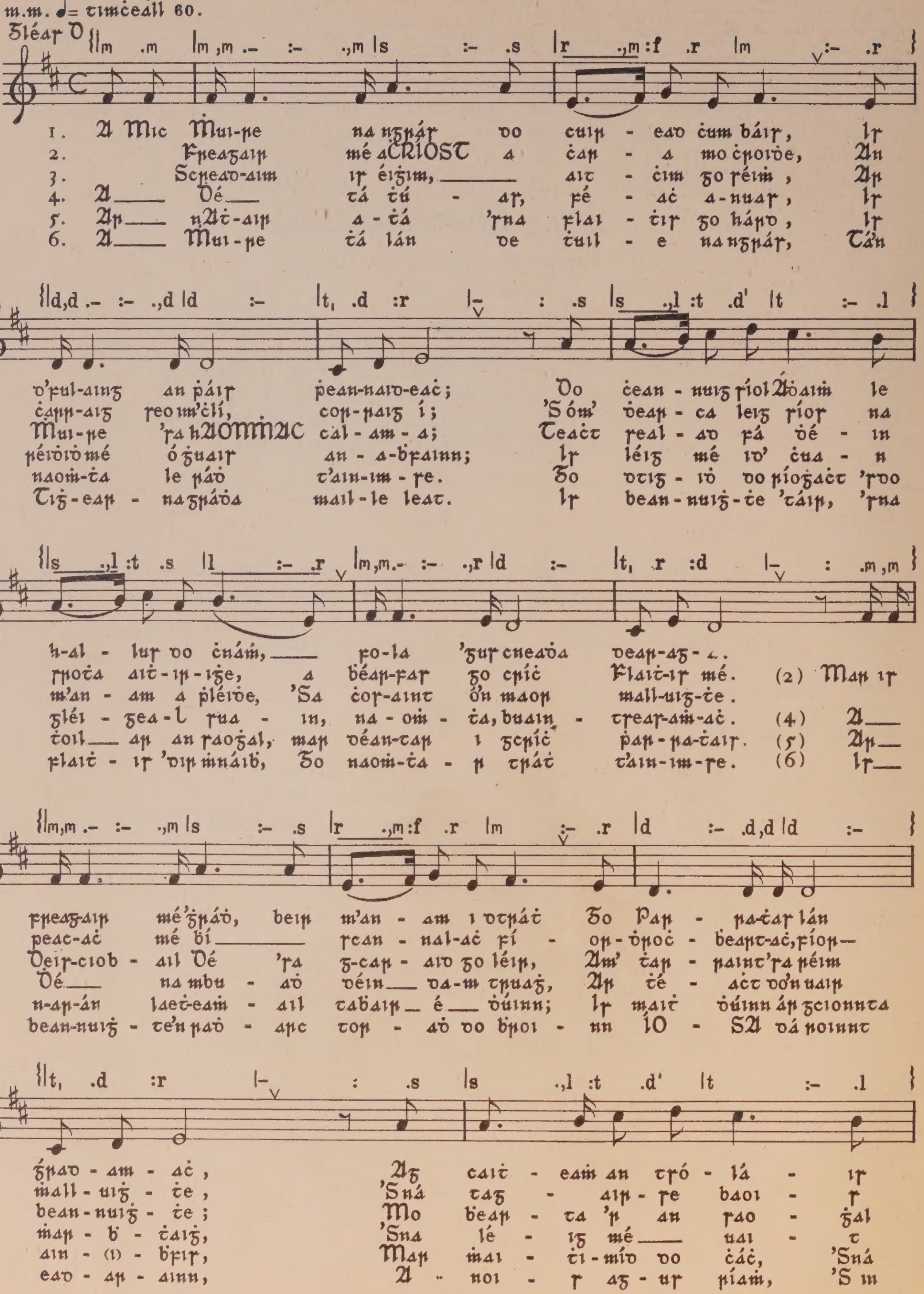
III.

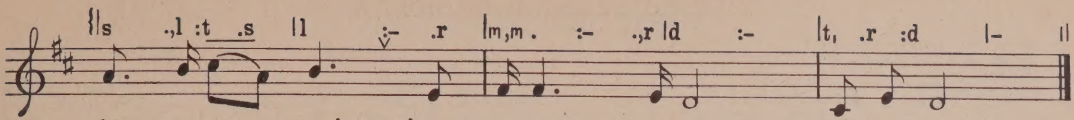
Jesus! Thy death doth save my soul alive,
Without Thy aid, I neither live nor thrive,
O! Bitter to say, though Thou my Friend did'st prove
Those things Thou hatest, these alone I love.

IV.

Thou'st wandered here, dear King, from Heaven afar,
And suffering drear Thy weary way doth mar,
Thy love, dear Christ, concealed, till that dread spear
Did tear Thy Heart, the world to shelter there.

Aitriġe Ṡeáġáin de hÓrda.





AITHRIGHE SHEAIN DE H-ÓRDHA.

(SEÁN DE HORE'S REPENTANCE.)

I.

Son of Mary, of grace,
Who grim death did face,
And suffered in dire
Agony,
Who bought Adam's race
With the keen scourge's trace,
Blood, and red wounds'
Misery ;
Answer me, Love,
And bear me above
To Heaven, Thy own
Dwelling-place,
Where Lord, we will be
Forever with Thee,
Thy angels, and all
Happiness.

II.

O ! answer I pray
My heart's cry this day,
My heart, cold as stone,
Move it Lord,
And let my eyes pour
Their tears in a shower,
If Thy grace but to me
Thou accord
For a sinner am I,
Rejected I lie,
And cursed my life
In misery,
But save me O Lord
Despite ill deed and word,
When Death with his sword
Comes for me.

III.

I praise God above
All on earth, and I love
His Mother, the bright Queen,
And I pray
Peter and Paul,
And saints one and all
And my Father, with me
Be this day
I confess before
Michael and Eoin,
And the blessed apostles
Heavenly,
That in deed I have sinned,
In thought and in mind,
In speech and in kind
Utterly.

IV.

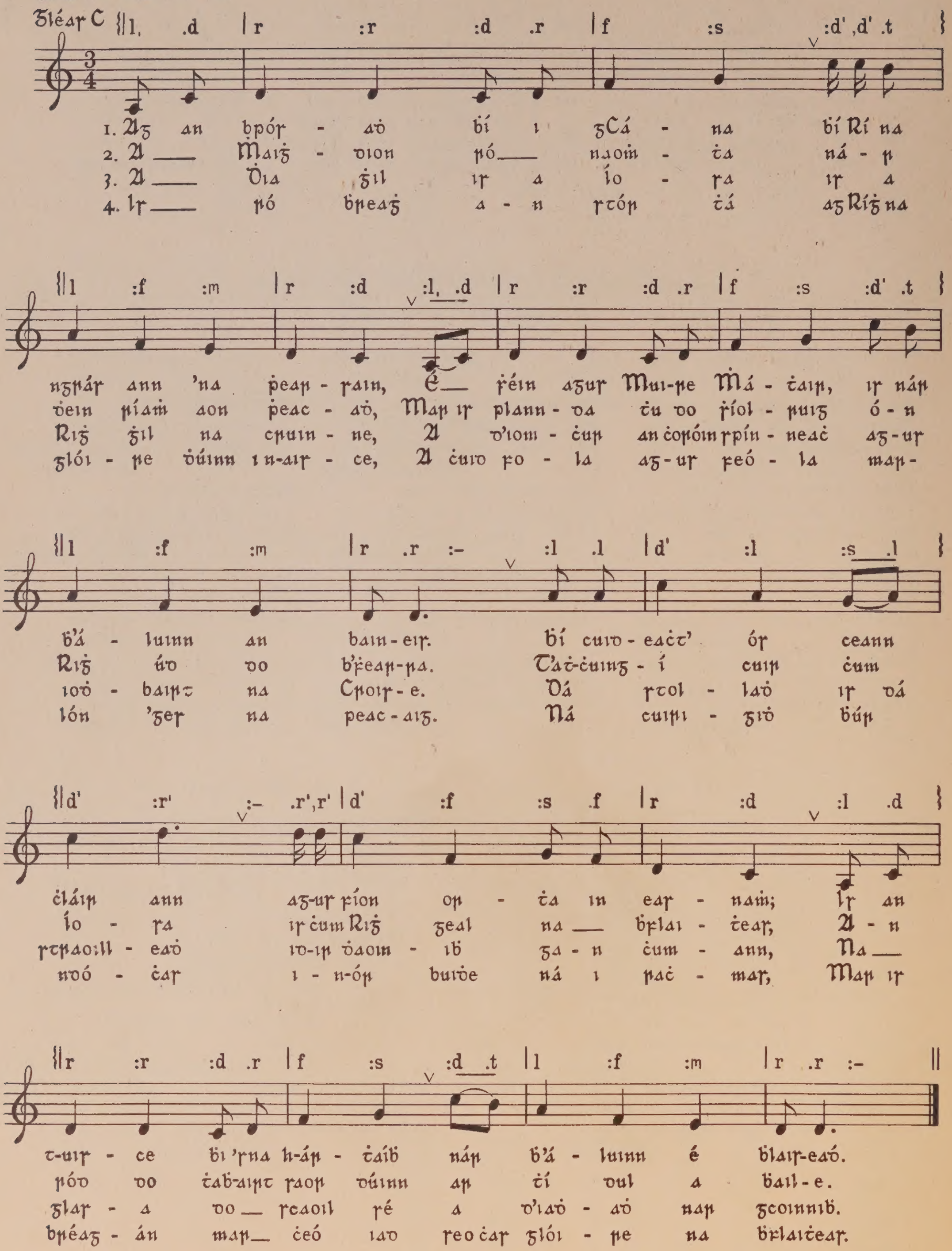
Our Father, Who art
In Heaven apart,
May Thy great Name I pray
Hallowed be ;
Thy Kingdom may't come,
Thy will be it done,
As in Heaven, Thy own
Counterie,
Our bread every day
O give it, we pray,
And forgive us our dire
Trepasses,
As we too forgive
Those with whom we live,
And save us when ill
Threatens us.

V.

O ! Mary whose face
Shows the full tide of grace
The great Lord of love is
Still with Thee.
O Blessed thou art,
From all women apart,
And blessed Thy name
Ever be.
Blessed the Fruit
Of Thy womb, and Thy truth,
Jesus, our souls'
Joy sharing.
Now and for aye,
And when we come to die
Be thou Mother, our way
Preparing.

Pósaḋ Naoṁṫa Cána.

m.m. ♩ = timċeall 60.



POSADH NAOMHTHA CANA.

(THE MARRIAGE FEAST OF CANA.)

I.

At the marriage feast of Cana, our Saviour was greeted.
He with Mary his mother, at table was seated,
The guests were all round them, in that happy hour,
When the water in the vessels was changed by God's power.

II.

Oh King of the World! O God Who hath borne
The way of the Cross, and the spine-crown of thorn,
By the harsh mob's ill-treatment, Whose features were marred
The gates closed against us He for ever unbarred.

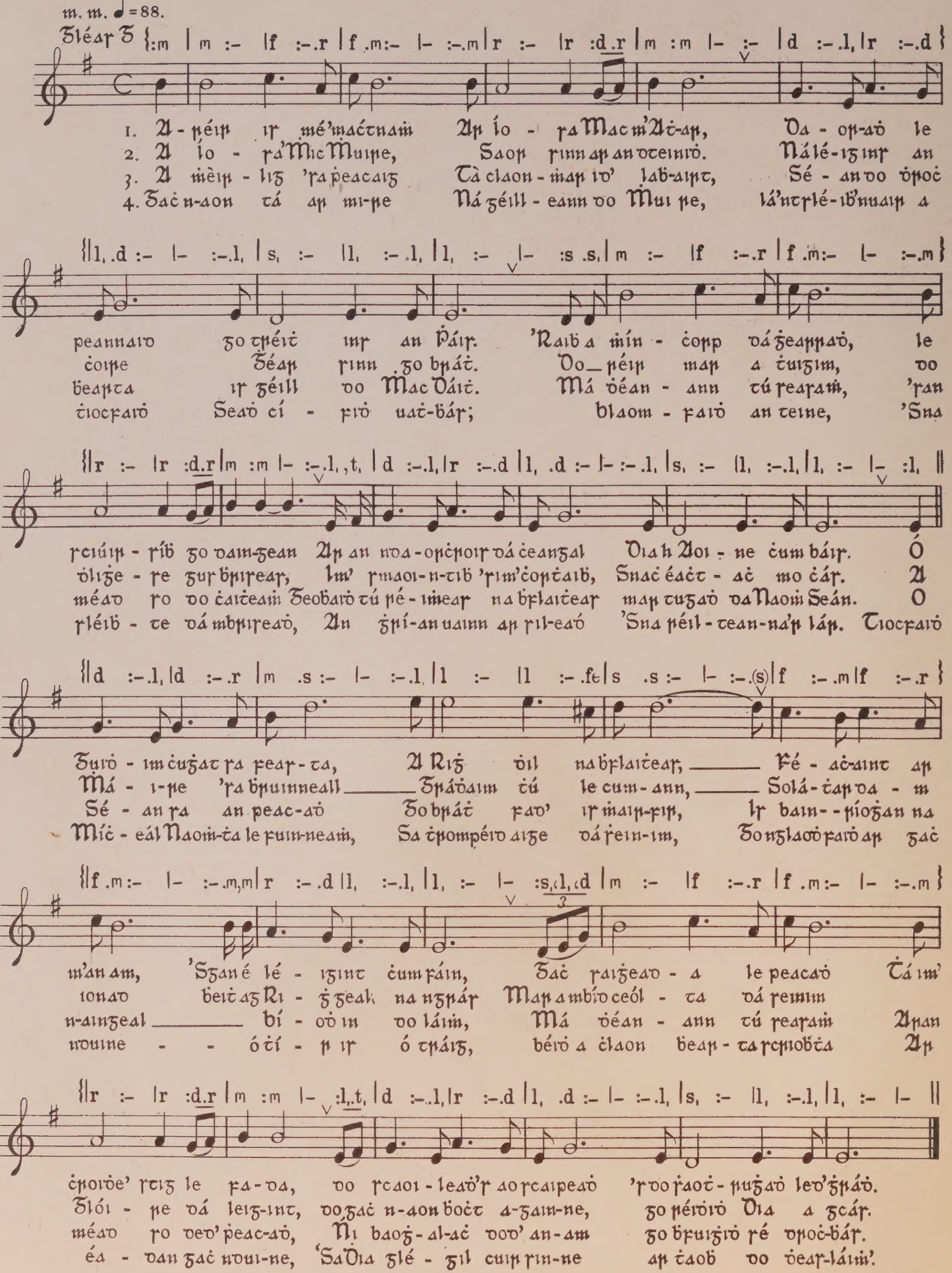
III

O Virgin most holy, whom sin ne'er enslavéd,
Whose long line has sprung from the root-stock of David,
Send thy sweet prayer to Jesus, the bright King, O Mother,
To make safe our road, when we go home together.

IV.

O great is the store that our King is providing,
In His own Flesh and Blood with poor sinners abiding,
Oh put not your hope in bright gold or gems treasured,
Like light mists they fade, when with God's glory measured.

Aréir is mé ag maċtnaṁ.



ARÉIR IS ME AĠ MACHTNAMH

(LAST NIGHT AS I WAS THINKING.)

I.

Last night as I lay dreaming
Of God's Son, my Jesus,
Doomed with scant hearing,
    And sentenced to die ;
His fair body torn
By scourge and by thorn,
The dear Cross he's borne
    To Calvary high.
Henceforth I pray Thee
Sweet King of Heaven,
Watch o'er my soul, lest
    It wander away ;
The arrows of passion
That deep in my heart be,
O ! loose them, and scatter ;
    Their wounds heal this day.

II.

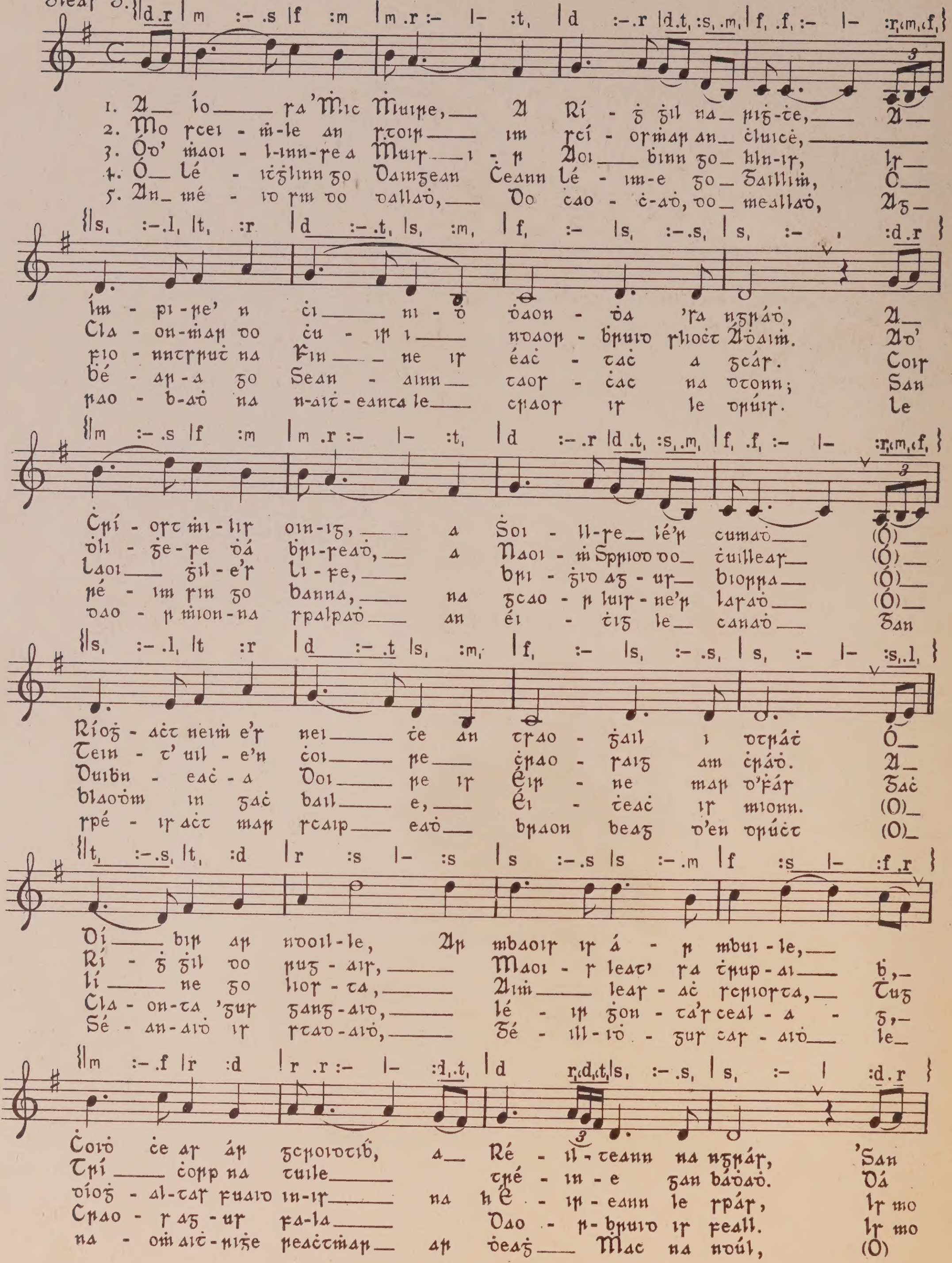
O fair Son of Mary,
Save me I pray Thee,
And from hell's torment
    Guard, when I die.
Thy law I have broken,
By each rash word spoken,
Each word and each toker
    Of tongue and of eye.
Oh Mary, my Mother,
Whom I love for ever,
With the High King of graces
    Find me a place ;
Where sweet strains are sounding,
Glorias resounding,
God's mercy abounding
    Saves Adam's race.

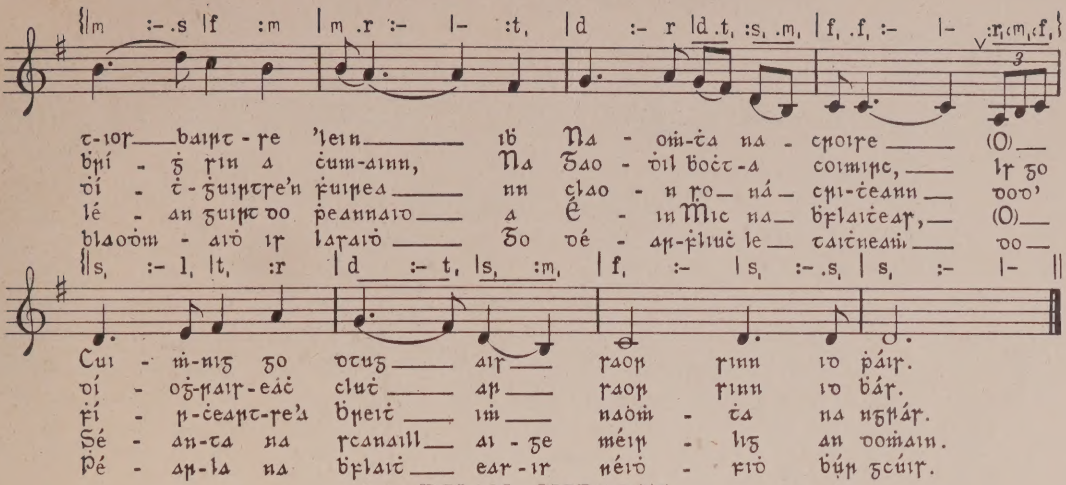
III.

O blind ones, who yield not
To Mary, and feel not,
When sounds the last summons
    In terror you'll stand.
When lightning is flashing,
Mountains are crashing,
The sun downward dashing,
    And stars meet the land.
The Great Angel sounding
His trumpet resounding
Shall call on each mortal
    From sea and from strand,
Their sins and their graces
Stamped clear on all faces,
And Bright God, then place us
    Upon Thy right hand !

Duan Críost

M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = timċeall 88.
Gléas G.





DUAN CHRIOST.

(THE HYMN OF CHRIST.)

I.

O Jesus, Son of Mary,
King of Kings, we pray Thee,
Emperor and lover
    Of all Adam's race,
Oh dear Christ, Beloved,
Light Which hath moved
All Heaven's Kingdom,
    And this world's face.
Banish our blindness,
Our rage change to kindness,
Our hearts move to mildness,
    Bright Star of Grace ;
By the Cross Thou hast borne,
In Thy Passion forlorn,
Remember, O Infant,
    Thou savest our race.

II.

Oh fierce is the storm
Sin's dreadful form
In bondage o'erthrowing
    All Adam's race ;
Thy sacred law breaking,
Holy Spirit, forsaking
Thy truth, leaves us quaking
    Before Death's dread face.
O bright King, who Moses
Guided, and those who
Followed him over
    Through the heart of the wave ;
We pray Thee, Oh Dearest,
When danger is nearest,
Protect Thou the Gael, and
    In Thy mercy save.

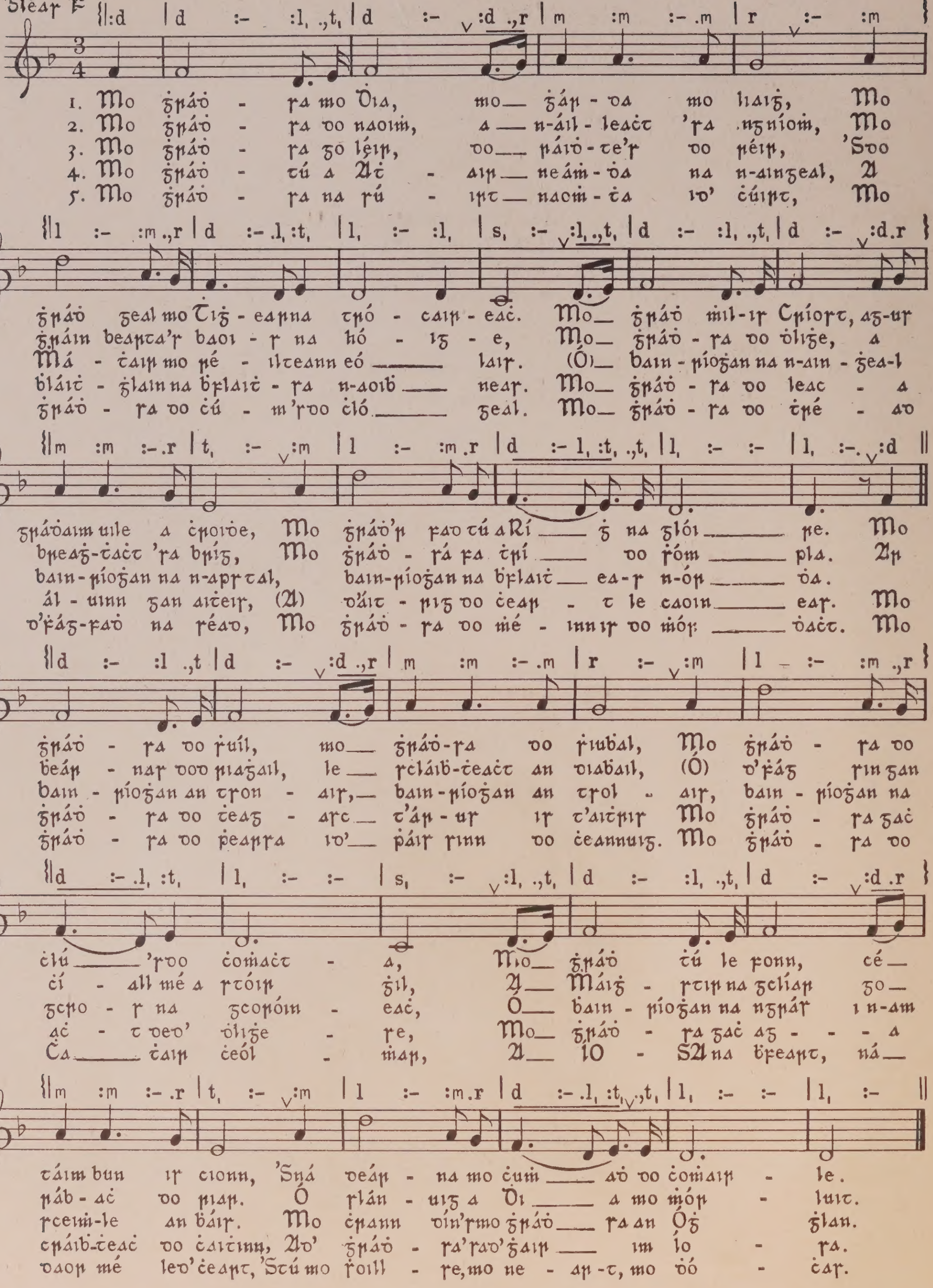
III.

O souls Sin has darkened
O blind ones, now hearken,
From God's Kingdom parting,
    Through deadliest crime,
With oath lightly taken,
God's law forsaken !
Heedless ones waken,
    And turn ye in time.
Cease from ill-doing,
Dark ways pursuing,
Turn you with longing
    To God's Son of Grace,
Your hearts with love burning
For God ever yearning,
May the Pearl bright of Heaven
    Your poor souls embrace.

DUAN AN T-SLÁNUIĠṪEÓRA

M.M. ♩= timċeall 76

Gléas F



DUAN AN T-SLANUIGHTHEORA.

(HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.)

I.

My God is my Love,
My Guard from above,
My bright Love, my Lord most holy,
My sweet love is Christ,
His Heart my delight,
My whole Love, Great King of Glory.
My Love, Thy soft eye,
Thy walk is my joy,
My love is Thy name and power,
My strong love Thou art,
Though I've wandered apart,
And sinned in an evil hour.

II.

My love every day
Thy Word and Thy way,
And Thy Mother, like star beholden,
The apostles' bright Queen,
And the angels' unseen,
The Queen of the Heavens golden,
The Queen of all light,
Of happiness bright,
The Queen of the Cross and Glory,
O bright Queen of grace,
When grim death I face,
Still aid me, though sad my story.

III.

My love are all those
Thy bright courts enclose,
My love Thy bright form and features,
My love is Thy flock,
Who at earth's riches mock,
My love Thy great love for Thy creatures.
Thy Person has sought us,
Thy Passion has bought us,
In Thy city of joy reward us.
Oh Christ! do not yield
To Thy justice, but shield
The sinner in need, and guard us.

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